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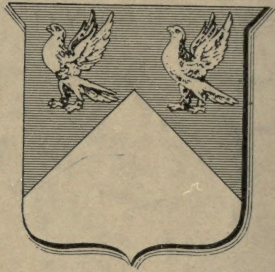


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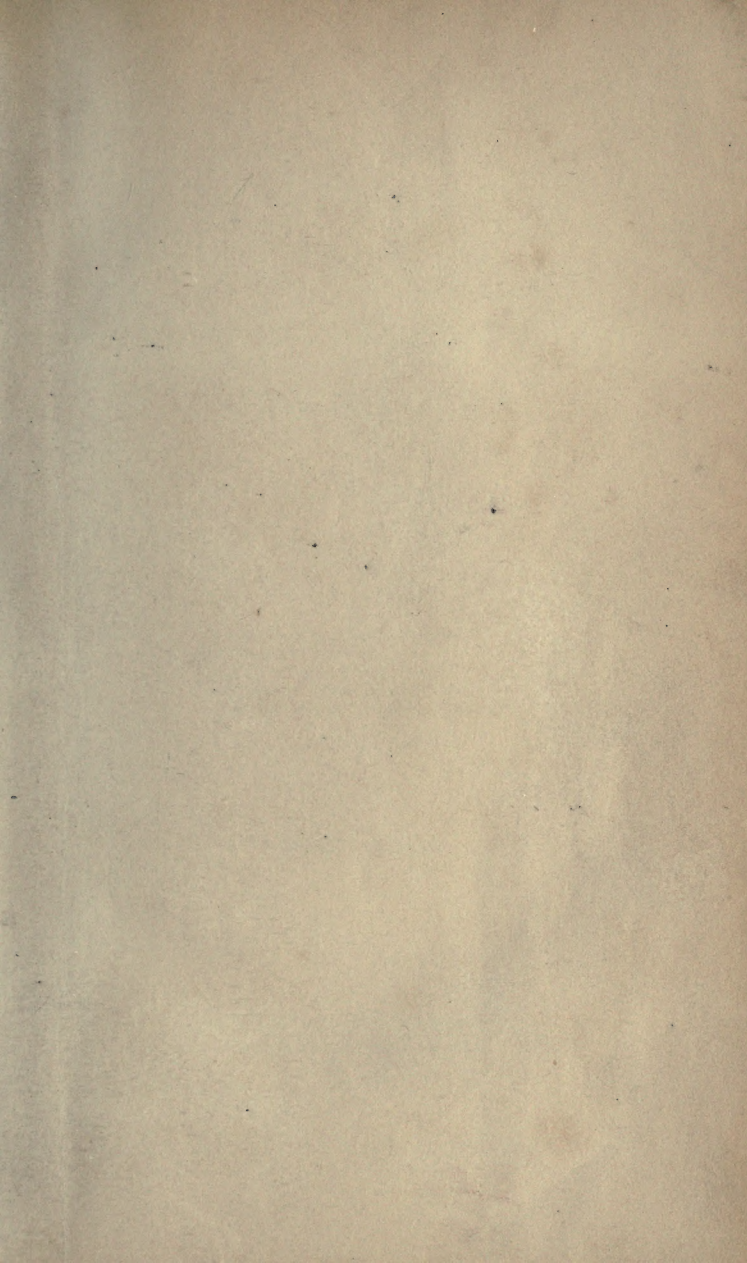
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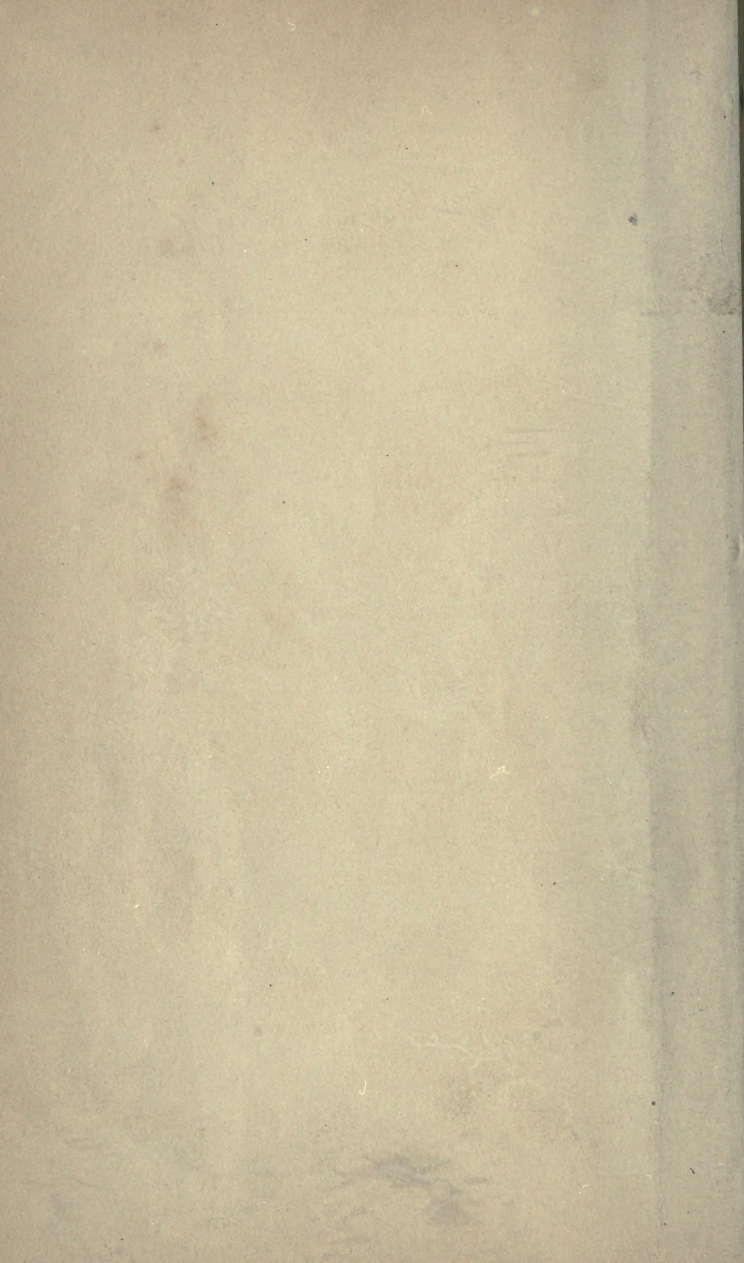
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# JOHN MILTON.

WITH LIFE.

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Is not each great, each amiable Muse  
Of classic ages in our MILTON met?  
A genius universal as his theme;  
Astonishing as Chaos, as the bloom  
Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven sublime!

THOMSON

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Complete Edition.

LONDON: JOHN KENDRICK,  
CHARLOTTE ROW MANSION HOUSE.

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# LIFE OF JOHN MILTON.

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## CHAPTER I.

### EARLY LABOURS.

JOHN MILTON was born in Bread Street, in the city of London, December 9, 1608. He was descended of an ancient family of that name at *Milton*, near Abingdon, in Oxfordshire, where there still exists a monument of the family in the parish church. During the bloody contests between the houses of York and Lancaster, his ancestors allied themselves to the weaker side, and nearly all the family estates were forfeited. The father of Milton was a man of considerable ability, a great proficient in music, and by profession a scrivener,—an honourable occupation at that period, and one by which he speedily acquired a considerable fortune. His parents were bigotedly attached to the Romish faith; and upon his abjuring its errors, and embracing the Protestant religion, he was disinherited by them.

Johnson begins his biography by remarking, that the life of Milton has been already written in so many forms, and with such minute inquiry, that a new one is almost superfluous; yet with all this, the account that has been preserved of his early years is so meagre, as scarcely to present a single characteristic incident.

Doubtless, under the instructions of a father who had suffered for conscience-sake, Milton early acquired those high views of civil and religious liberty which he advocated so

strenuously throughout the whole period of his life. His mother also is said to have been "a woman of incomparable virtue and goodness," so that he enjoyed the highest advantages of domestic education and example. He early exhibited a lively fancy, and quick powers of perception; his progress in every department of knowledge within his reach was so rapid as to outstrip the efforts of his instructors. Even at the premature age of twelve, he manifested such a thirst for learning, that it required restraint rather than encouragement, and he seldom forsook his studies till midnight.

Milton's father was himself a student of Oxford, and he early destined his son for a scholar. His education was at first pursued at home, under the care of Thomas Young, a Puritan, who was afterwards appointed chaplain to the English merchants at Hamburg. The opinions of his tutor would tend to confirm him in the views already inculcated by his father; and this may in some degree furnish a clue to his public life, and the unchanging hostility he afterwards manifested to the established government in Church and State.

From the instructions of his domestic tutor, young Milton passed to St Paul's school, and from thence, at the age of fifteen, he proceeded to Christ's College, Cambridge, there to acquire the higher branches of education. Even thus early he gave evidence of his poetic genius, and during the first two years of his residence at Cambridge, he composed his poem on the Gunpowder Plot, with other productions in verse, that have led an eminent critic to say of him,— "Milton's writings show him to have been a man from his childhood." There he continued his studies till he attained his twenty-fourth year; when, having taken his degree of Master of Arts, he finally quitted the University, carrying with him the esteem and admiration of all who knew him.

After visiting London for a short period, he retired to his father's estate at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, and there he spent the greater portion of the next five years of his life, occupied with the study of the ancient classics, and the finest works of modern European literature, and giving full play to all the powers of his fine intellect, amid the sweet scenes of

rural retirement,—a period of literary leisure and quiet domestic enjoyment, that may justly be regarded as the happiest of his life. He inherited from his father a passionate love of music, which afforded him the means of pleasing relaxation; and long after, when shut out for ever from the light of day, it solaced the declining years of the great poet.

During this period of quiet seclusion, Milton gave up his mind to the delightful task of poetic composition, and furnished in the *Mask of Comus* a splendid record of the early development of his poetic genius in all its power. This *Mask* was represented by the Lady Alice Egerton and her brothers, the younger members of the Earl of Bridgewater's family, at Ludlow Castle, on Michaelmas Eve, 1634. The story is stated by Symmons to have been suggested by the circumstance of the Lady Alice having been separated from her company in the night, and having wandered for some time in the forest of Haywood, as she was returning from a distant visit, to meet her father, on his taking possession of his newly intrusted sceptre, as President of Wales. The composition and acting of masks were favourite amusements of some of the greatest men of the best era of English literature, and even the character of *Comus* had been introduced already by Ben Jonson and others; but none of them surpasses this in its richness of poetic thought and fine chaste simplicity. The high estimation it secured is best shown by the fact of so many of its lines having become as it were the current change of thought, so that thousands who now use them are unconscious of their source. This is no less characteristic of all the poetic productions of this period of retirement;—the *Arcades*, the *Lycidas*, *L'Allegro*, and *Il Penseroso*, were all written within these five years; and the reader who peruses them for the first time will be astonished to find how familiar he already is with many of their finest thoughts, which have excited such universal sympathy and admiration, that they have become common household words throughout the land.

Milton had long wished to improve his knowledge by observing the customs and institutions of other countries; the death of his mother in 1637, by removing one of the strongest domestic ties, seems to have set him at liberty to prosecute

his favourite object; and, accordingly, he obtained his father's consent in the following year, and proceeded on a European tour. He received at this time a friendly letter of advice from the celebrated Sir Henry Wotton, formerly ambassador to the Republic of Venice, in which he intimates his knowledge of the authorship of *Comus*, adding, "that he had seen yet nothing parallel to it in our language."

On his arrival at Paris, he was introduced by Lord Scudamore to the celebrated Grotius, then ambassador from Christina, Queen of Sweden. The French capital, however, seems to have excited in him but little interest; and after a very brief stay, he proceeded on his route, visiting Nice, Genoa, Pisa, and Florence. The last city excited his liveliest admiration. The place, the language and manners of the people, and the interesting circle of literary men to whom he was introduced, all afforded him a high source of gratification. He continued there above two months, and afterwards kept up frequent correspondence with several eminent men of learning to whom he had been introduced.

From Florence he proceeded to Rome, which impressed his mind as strongly by its decaying monuments of the past, as Florence did by its living beauty; there also he was at once admitted to the society of the most learned men of the day, and derived the highest gratification from the rich stores of classical learning which were thrown open to him in the library of the Vatican.

After visiting Naples, he was preparing to continue his travels through Sicily and Greece, when the news of the state of affairs at home, just then tending to the outbreak of the first civil war, induced him to direct his course homeward, "deeming it," says his nephew, "a thing unworthy of him to be diverting himself in security abroad, when his countrymen were contending with an insidious monarch for their liberty." On his way home he again spent some time at Rome and Florence, though against the advice of some friends who feared he had rendered himself obnoxious to the machinations of the Romanists by the free expressions of his opinions. It little coincided with the courage and nobleness of his mind, either to shun such danger, or, by a line of du-

plicity, to avoid such offence. Without courting controversy, he never hesitated freely to express opinions when circumstances seemed to require it, and though not without some danger, he returned home in safety, with his mind stored with enlarged views, and his imagination filled with the grandeur and beauty derived from beholding the noble remains of ancient Rome, and the most splendid creations of modern art. He had visited and conversed with the great Galileo, then a prisoner in the Inquisition, and in spite of his religion and the bold expression of his opinions, he had formed lasting friendships with some of the most eminent men in the south of Europe, and had received from all marks of honour and esteem.

After an absence of about fifteen months, Milton returned to England, just as Charles the First was setting out on his second expedition against the Scots. On his return, he undertook the education of two of his nephews; and soon after he was induced by some of his friends to admit their sons to the same privilege. On this Dr Johnson remarks, "Let not our veneration for Milton forbid us to look with some degree of merriment on great promises and small performance: on the man who hastens home because his countrymen are contending for their liberty, and when he reaches the scene of action, vapours away his patriotism in a private boarding-school." This unworthy sneer is easily confuted. Milton knew his own intellectual powers too well—even had he possessed the necessary bodily strength—to imagine that the only, or even the most useful course that lay open for him in the cause of liberty, was the profession of arms; and his labours with his pen during the long continuance of the contest, afford the best evidence that he lent his energies with no grudging hand to the cause of liberty.

They must be very ignorant of the history of England at this period who imagine that Milton was avoiding the post of danger, in thus taking up the pen as his weapon of war. Laud had already organized that systematic persecution of the Puritans, which, by the cruel lawlessness with which it was pursued, needed the evils of a revolution to wipe away the stain from the nation: and the unhappy king, with his

high notions of prerogative, had abundantly shown that he would permit no law to stand between him and his opponents. The cruelties enforced by the Star-Chamber on such victims as Prynne, Bastwick, and Leighton, may afford some conception of the dangers that Milton voluntarily dared in returning to his country, and thus boldly defending his opinions at such a time.

From his efforts for the removal of ecclesiastical grievances, he next applied himself to securing the liberty of the press. He had already set at defiance the law's restrictions on its just freedom, and now he exposed with masterly vigour the evils engendered by its thralldom. In this noble work the passage occurs in which he speaks of Galileo, a victim of the same system that denied the free expression of opinions, against which he was now contending. "There it was, in Italy," says he, "that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old a prisoner in the Inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought. And though I knew that England was groaning loudest under the prelatie yoke, nevertheless I took it for a pledge of future happiness, that other nations were so persuaded of her liberty. Yet was it beyond my hope, that those worthies who were then breathing in her air, should be her leaders to such a deliverance as shall never be forgotten by any revolution of time that this world hath to finish."

It was not till a second revolution had finally banished the Stuarts from the throne, that the press was freed from the trammels under which it had been so long restrained, and left to develop its mighty energies for the national well-being.

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## CHAPTER II.

### POLITICAL LIFE.

AT the age of thirty-five, Milton married Mary, the daughter of Richard Powell, a wealthy royalist, and justice of the peace in Oxfordshire. No account is preserved of the circumstances that led to this union; but it proved unhappy, and gave rise to incidents in his life which the biographer



would gladly omit. They had only been married a month when the young bride sought permission to spend the rest of the summer with her friends in Oxfordshire. The request is scarcely less singular than the immediate compliance it met with. The period of Michaelmas was fixed for her return, but she came not; and repeated letters from her husband were even left unanswered. Milton then sent a messenger, demanding her immediate return home, when she at length positively refused to come, dismissing his messenger with contempt. From all that appears, the probability seems to be that the fault lay more with her relatives than herself; they seem to have sanctioned the marriage with the zealous republican when their party appeared to be on the wane, and to have repented of the match when a temporary success of the royalists had revived their hopes, the haughty cavaliers being probably somewhat ashamed of an alliance with one who took so active a part against royalty. This at least may be concluded, that she was a young and frivolous girl, little fitted to be the companion of such a man. The reasons assigned in her defence abundantly confirm this: it is stated that she had been accustomed to a great deal of company, with merriment and dancing, so that she found her married life solitary and irksome, and at length went home to her parents.

Whatever were the reasons for her departure, all attempts of Milton to prevail on her to return proved ineffectual; and, with a just feeling of indignation, he declared that he no longer held her as his wife. This occurrence set him seriously to consider the nature of those obligations involved in the marriage tie, in consequence of which he published his work on the Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce, which led him into various controversies, conducted on his part with his usual energy.

Fully four years elapsed without Milton meeting with his wife, and he had taken the most decided steps to show his conviction that all ties between them were dissolved. Time, however, had led her to repent of her foolish step; and learning of his intention to visit a common friend, she suddenly presented herself before him, and throwing herself at his

feet, with tears besought his forgiveness. A perfect reconciliation took place between them, and so completely did he overlook all that had passed, that he soon after received into his own house her father and mother, and several of her brothers and sisters, affording them an asylum there, and exerting all his political influence in their behalf, when they were involved in the final overthrow of the royal cause.

The pen of Milton was again called into requisition on a subject of the highest public value. He put forth his "Treatise on Education," a work intended to strike at the root of the prevalent system of employing the whole time and energies of the youthful mind in mastering one or two dead languages. Fully two centuries have since elapsed, but so slow is the mass of mankind in receiving the wisdom of its great teacher, that we are only now beginning to apply the sound suggestions which he so eloquently enforced.

Within a year after his reunion with his wife, his family was increased by the birth of a daughter, Anne, the eldest of his children, who was lame either from her birth, or in consequence of some accident in her early infancy. His second daughter, Mary, was born in the same large house in the Barbican, which had sufficed to accommodate his numerous train of dependant relatives. Shortly after their departure, he quitted this house for a smaller one in Holborn, opening into Lincoln's Inn Fields; and there he continued to reside, closely engaged in a variety of studies, till his acceptance of the office of Latin Secretary to the Commonwealth rendered a situation nearer to Whitehall an object of convenience to him.

In 1649 the grand climax of successive civil wars was at length accomplished in the death of the king. Milton was in no way implicated in this act of judicial judgment by the popular leaders on their king; but he viewed with disgust the lamentations of the Presbyterian party for the final accomplishment of the result which they had so long laboured to bring about; and to meet the exigencies of the period, he published his "Tenure of Kings and Magistrates." "This work," he says, "was not published till after the death of the king, and was written rather to tranquillize the minds of

men, than to discuss any part of the question respecting Charles—a question, the decision of which belonged to the magistrate and not to me, and which had now received its final determination.”

During Milton's residence in his new apartments in Scotland-yard, his third child, a son, was born, but he only survived a few months. From this he removed, in 1652, to a handsome house opening into St James's Park, adjoining the mansion of Lord Scudamore, and here he continued to reside till the Restoration.

Charles, the son of the late king, anxious to appeal to the courts of Europe against the judgment of the people of England, employed, as his advocate, Salmasius, an honorary professor in the University of Leyden. It would have been difficult for Charles readily to have found a foreigner at this period well qualified for the task, but in his choice he seems to have been peculiarly unfortunate. This man, though possessed of great erudition and considerable critical acumen, was altogether destitute of those practical talents that were needed for the work imposed on him; and, above all, he was utterly ignorant of the entire facts and bearings of the question he thus undertook to exhibit in its true light to others; so that he was entirely dependant for his materials on the prejudiced representations of ruined cavaliers.

In reply to the work thus produced, Milton published in 1651, his "Defence of the People of England," giving in it, perhaps, the noblest instance of self-sacrifice that ever patriotism offered. He had already greatly injured his eyes by his protracted studies, and his physicians now assured him that unless he abandoned this labour, he must lose his sight. "On this occasion," says Milton, replying to an antagonist who had made his blindness a reproach, "I reflected that many had purchased with a superior evil a lighter good, glory with death;—to me, on the contrary, greater good was purchased with an inferior evil; so that by incurring blindness alone, I might fulfil the most honourable of all duties."

The unanimous voice of the Council had called him to this work, and the reception it met with on the Continent was such as might have satisfied the highest ambition;—enemies

no less than friends manifested their sense of its power. It was publicly burned at Paris and Toulouse. It was translated into Dutch for the special benefit of the countrymen of Salmasius, to his own extreme vexation, while the States-General ordered its suppression as a national disgrace. Its author received the highest encomiums from the most eminent men in Europe. Queen Christina of Sweden especially marked her admiration of his work; but above all, it completely accomplished the purpose for which it was written, so that his unfortunate opponent was utterly overwhelmed in the encounter. He possessed all the extravagant vanity of a pedant, so that he must have felt with proportionate acuteness his humiliating overthrow. Even his own friends made it matter of complaint that his work was never heard of, while his antagonist's reply was the theme of interest to every court of Europe.

Europe indeed seemed to be astonished at the genius thus displayed by one unknown before, and whose work did not win its way to public estimation by the gradual steps of a literary fame, but burst upon it at once with a blaze of splendour. "The scholars of Europe," says Symmons, "actuated by a similar spirit with the spectators of the old Olympian games, threw garlands on the conqueror of Salmasius;" and the ambassadors then in London acknowledged the universal estimation of the author by official visits.

Salmasius laboured without success to produce an answer to this masterly defence. He died in 1653, the victim, as was generally believed, of wounded pride, leaving it unfinished; and when at length the fragment was published, the people of England had reversed their judgment by a "*glorious restoration*;" and it was as useless, as it was dangerous, for Milton to reply.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### HIS BLINDNESS.

ON the 2d of May, 1662, Milton's family was increased by another daughter, at the cost of her mother's life. The ac-

count of his nephew affords abundant evidence that Milton, in receiving back his wife to that place in his home which she had so rashly forfeited, with the generosity of a noble mind, buried the past in oblivion, though she was probably no help-meet for such a man. Yet their domestic life had been the source of endearing ties; and now when suddenly bereft of her society, and left with three orphan daughters, his solitude was rendered the more painful by the rapid advances of blindness.

His mind must have been long prepared for this trying affliction. In a letter to a friend about this period, he says,—"It is about ten years, I think, since I perceived my sight to grow weak and dim;" and he adds, that the sight of one eye had almost entirely disappeared fully three years before the other was much affected. That which his physicians had foretold was now rapidly hastening to its fatal accomplishment, but he repined not at the irreparable loss. He had fallen as the good soldier falls, foremost in the battlefield in his country's cause, and he considered that no unworthy shrine whereon to lay so costly a sacrifice. As a Christian, he bore the privation with noble fortitude; as a patriot, with the just consciousness of having deserved well of his country,—a debt still unpaid; for England, proud of the Poet whom the world reveres, has shrunk from the acknowledgment of the Patriot's claims; and the monument that bears his name in Westminster Abbey is more a memorial of its titled donor than a tribute to the memory of England's gifted son.

"It is not miserable to be blind," says Milton, with calm dignity, in reply to one of his heartless antagonists. "He only is miserable who cannot acquiesce in his blindness with fortitude; and why should I repine at a calamity which every man's mind ought to be so prepared and disciplined, as to be able to undergo with patience;—a calamity to which every man by the condition of his nature is liable, and which I know to have been the lot of some of the greatest and best of my species?"

So completely unimpaired were his energies, that he continued till the Restoration to dictate all the most important

foreign correspondence of the Commonwealth. In this high office he took an active share in the foreign policy of Cromwell, which, whatever be the opinion formed of the Protectorate, as the government of a free people, is universally acknowledged to have elevated England to the highest rank among the kingdoms of Europe,—to have made her respected and feared wherever she was known. Milton penned the indignant remonstrance that stayed the sword of persecution against the helpless Protestants of Piedmont, as well as the sonnet that records their sufferings. He conducted the bold correspondence that set at defiance the haughty bigotry of Spain; and Johnson closes his narrative of this period of his life with this account:—"His agency was considered as of great importance; for when a treaty with Sweden was artfully suspended, the delay was publicly imputed to Milton's indisposition; and the Swedish agent was provoked to express his wonder that only one man in England could write Latin, and that man blind."

Like other great geniuses, Milton appears to have sought relaxation only in a change of mental labour. His habit was to devote as many hours each day to intense study as his faculties could bear, and he now engaged in this manner on three great works;—a Latin Dictionary, which, though never published, served as the basis of one afterwards issued from the Cambridge press;—a History of England, and his great epic poem.

The dependent situation in which he was now placed by the loss of his sight, and with a young family around him, which his studious habits were alone sufficient to have incapacitated him from taking any charge of, speedily induced him to marry again. He chose as his second wife, Catherine, the daughter of Captain Woodcock, a zealous republican. She proved a most tender and affectionate wife, and Milton seems to have been devotedly attached to her; but their happiness was destined to be very brief. Within the year of their marriage she gave birth to a daughter, and very soon followed her to the grave.

In 1665, he was joined in his office of Latin Secretary by his friend, Andrew Marvell; and after his severe affliction,

he seems to have withdrawn into the closest retirement, only visiting the court or government offices when absolutely called thither by his public duties. He was equally silent as an author for several years. In a letter, written the year before Cromwell's death, to a young friend in Holland, who had besought his influence for him in some public matter, he says, "I have very few familiars with the *gratiosi* of the court, who keep myself almost wholly at home, and am willing to do so."

Milton seems to have felt at this period that the time for using his pen in behalf of the Commonwealth was past. Notwithstanding all that has been said on the subject by political opponents and injudicious apologists, there seems no reason to think that Milton disapproved of the general policy of Cromwell. He willingly lent his services till the close of the Protectorate, and he was not the man to co-operate in a government he deemed inimical to the true interests of his country. During the convulsions that succeeded, the probability of his writing being productive of any benefit was still more doubtful, and he remarked on it in a letter to an old pupil, "My country does not now stand in need of a person to record her intestine commotions, but of one qualified to bring them to an auspicious conclusion."

The crisis that seemed rapidly approaching, at length urged him to make a last effort in the cause of liberty; and he published, almost immediately before the Restoration had been determined on by the leaders that now assumed the government, an eloquent remonstrance against abandoning "this goodly tower of a Commonwealth which they had begun to build," foretelling in strong language what proved to be the consequences of restoring the hereditary claimant to the throne. But the courageous effort in behalf of his favourite scheme of a republic was addressed to unwilling ears. General Monk had already taken his resolution, and this display of Milton's patriot zeal was made in vain.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE RESTORATION.

GENERAL MONK having perfected his arrangements, and the Parliament concluded their negotiations with Charles II. at Breda, Milton was discharged from his office as Latin Secretary. He was compelled to secrete himself for a time in a friend's house in St Bartholomew Close until the first burst of vindictive rage in the triumphant royalists was past; and the more effectually to screen him from the search that would otherwise have been instituted, his friends spread a report of his death, and, assembling in mournful procession, followed his supposed corpse to the grave. On the King afterwards learning of this device, it is said to have afforded him much mirth, and he commended his policy "in escaping death by a seasonable show of dying."

In this concealment he remained safe, while some of his old friends expiated their alleged offences by bloody execution, and other cruel indignities, as *regicides*. Even his public funeral did not stay the issue of a proclamation for his arrest, though it probably prevented any further search. The Parliament endeavoured to testify their loyalty by ordering the Attorney-General to commence a prosecution against him; and immediately before the passing of the General Act of Oblivion, his two books, the "Eiconoclastes," and the "Defence of the People," were publicly burned by the common hangman. The same had been done to the latter work long before at Paris; and now the unfinished reply of Salmasius was published, to crown the whole, it may well be believed only exciting a smile in him against whom these annoyances were directed.

Fortunately for the honour of England the name of Milton was not included in the list of exceptions to the Act of Oblivion; and accordingly, on its passing, he left his place of concealment where he had continued nearly four months, only three days after the burning of his writings.

He was arrested on his appearance by the obsequious Parliament, but released after a time on the payment of costly



fees. From this time till his death, he interfered no more in politics, though ever faithful to his cause; he withdrew entirely into private life, content, like Bacon, to leave his reputation to the judgment of posterity.

He had on many occasions exercised his influence during the period of the Commonwealth, in acts of generosity and benevolence to the discomfited royalists. Sir William Davenant, the poet-laureate of Charles, owed his life to his intercession, and it became a graceful act of gratitude to use his influence in returning the favour. But from this period the few friends of the blind old man seemed to have been found among those who, having sympathized with him in his high aspirations for the people's liberty, now mourned over the dissolute excesses in which every hope of it was being swept away.

The account furnished by Aubrey as to the periods at which he wrote the *Paradise Lost*, is further corroborated both by external and internal evidence. According to him it was begun two years before the restoration of the king, and finished about three years after that event. It formed his solace and occupation during those months of concealment, to which a passage in the seventh book is, with much probability, supposed to allude.

Released, however, as we have seen, from his anxious duration, he withdrew to a small house in the Artillery Walk, near Bunhill Fields; a humble dwelling, suited to his reduced circumstances, where he continued to reside during the remainder of his life.

The poet, now experiencing the premature advances of age, with his name held up to public scorn, his hopes blighted, and his means of support withdrawn, had yet added to all these the bitterness of ungrateful children. His two eldest daughters seem to have been destitute alike of affection and pity; and he who was from his infirmities so peculiarly dependant on domestic enjoyments, found there his sharpest sorrows. Such circumstances must almost have compelled him to seek again to supply their undutiful neglect by marriage; and, accordingly, shortly after this, in his fifty-fourth year, he married his third wife, Elizabeth Minshall, the

daughter of a gentleman in Cheshire. He is said to have formed this attachment on the recommendation of his friend, Dr Paget, an eminent physician of the city, to whom the lady was related.

The marriage was probably rather dictated by prudence and mutual respect than any deeper feelings; but Aubrey, to whom she was personally known, mentions her as "a gentle person, of a peaceful and agreeable humour." Her memory deserves to be had in grateful remembrance by the admirers of the great poet; she alleviated his sufferings, soothed his cares, and proved to him a tender and affectionate wife.

It is painful to reflect on this great and good man needing a protector against his own daughters; and with those who have proved themselves so ready to avail themselves of every means of blasting his reputation, and casting a shadow around his great name, this has not been overlooked as a source of defamation. But it is pleasing to think that he had, in his youngest daughter, Deborah, one dutiful and favourite child, who deemed it no cruelty to be required to read to her blind father, or pen for him his immortal works.

The discovery of Milton's will, which had been long sought in vain, brought to light much interesting information regarding his domestic life, exhibiting the suffering to which he was subjected by the ingratitude of those most bound to alleviate his misfortunes; while it brings out his own disposition in a remarkably pleasing and amiable light. It may in some degree account for the conduct of his daughters, though it cannot be an excuse for it—that they were early left without a mother, and their father, from studious habits and official duties, as well as his early loss of sight, was unable to take any charge of them, so that they may have been exposed to injurious influence from those around them. But, however it may be accounted for, their treatment of their father is proved to have been most heartless and cruel.

The will was set aside from some technical objection, and owing to the litigation consequent on its being disputed, a collection of evidence relating to its author has been preserved of an unusually minute and interesting character. A servant gives evidence that her deceased master, a little be-

fore his marriage, had lamented to her the ingratitude and cruelty of his children; and it is shown they had defrauded him in a way that must have been doubly felt by him, not only overreaching him in the economy of the house, but disposing of his books, and often bartering them with the hucksters at the door for any trifle they might offer.

We have already seen the dangers to which Milton was exposed at the Restoration, and abundant evidence exists to show that the rancorous feelings of the royalists followed him till his death; that they insulted over him in his poverty, and rejoiced at his sufferings, as marks of the special vengeance of God, and a doom worse than the axe he had escaped.

The following story has been preserved, exhibiting this in a very characteristic manner.

The Duke of York, afterwards James II., expressed one day to the king, his brother, a great desire to see old Milton, of whom he had heard so much. The king replied that he had not the slightest objection to the duke's satisfying his curiosity; and, accordingly, soon afterwards, James went privately to Milton's house, where, after an introduction, which explained to the old republican the rank of his guest, a free conversation ensued between these very dissimilar and discordant characters. In the course, however, of the conversation, the duke asked Milton whether he did not regard the loss of his eye-sight as a judgment inflicted on him for what he had written against the late king. Milton's reply was to this effect: "If your highness thinks that the calamities which befall us here are indications of the wrath of Heaven, in what manner are we to account for the fate of the king, your father? The displeasure of Heaven must, upon this supposition, have been much greater against him than me—for I have only lost my eyes, but he lost his head."

Much discomposed by this answer, the duke speedily took his leave. On his return to court, the first words which he spoke to the king were, "Brother, you are greatly to blame that you do not have that old rogue Milton hanged." "Why, what is the matter, James? Have you seen Milton?" "Yes," answered the duke, "I have seen him." "Well," said the

king, "in what condition did you find him?" "Condition? why he is old and very poor." "Old and poor! Well, and he is blind, too—is he not?" "Yes, blind as a beetle." "Why, then," observed the king, "you are a fool, James, to have him hanged as a punishment; to hang him will be doing him a service; it will be taking him out of his miseries. No—if he is old, poor, and blind, he is miserable enough; in all conscience let him live."

The story is so consistent throughout, and so characteristic of the different dispositions of the parties, that it bears internal evidence of authenticity, and exhibits very strikingly the gay and gloomy malignity of the two royal brothers, Charles and James.

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## CHAPTER V.

### PARADISE LOST.

THE labours of Milton, altogether independent of his great Epic, were such as must have rendered his memory an object of interest to after-ages; but his immortal poem, as we have seen, was the object of his life, from which he turned only at the call of duty, and when the circumstances of his country summoned him to enlist his gifted mind in the cause of freedom.

His last wife, who survived him, in a state of widowhood, nearly fifty-five years, has recorded interesting information as to its progress. She states that her husband composed principally in the winter; and on his waking in the morning, would make her write down sometimes twenty or thirty verses. His natural disposition inclined him to deep and earnest study, and the loss of his sight must have greatly increased his proneness to contemplation, and indeed compelled him to find therein his chief enjoyment. His circumstances latterly precluded him from engaging a permanent assistant in the capacity of private secretary, which was the only means that could have supplied in any measure his great loss. We find him, accordingly, subjected to many

difficulties, and compelled to treasure his compositions in his memory until chance afforded him the aid of some friendly transcriber. The petty calls of daily domestic duties in his scanty household must have frequently broken in upon the rapt fervour of poetic thought, when he sought the aid of his wife's willing pen. A lively illustration is afforded of these difficulties, in the postscript to a Latin letter addressed to Heimbach, an accomplished German: "Let me obtain from you this favour, that if you find any parts of this incorrectly written, you will impute it to the boy who writes for me, who is utterly ignorant of Latin, and to whom I am forced (wretchedly enough) to repeat every single syllable that I dictate."

He often made considerable pauses in the progress of his great work, doubtless sometimes occasioned by such difficulties, but also from that preference for the winter season to which his wife alludes. His nephew, Philips, to whom we are indebted for an interesting and incidental narrative, remarks, "I had the perusal of the *Paradise Lost* from the very beginning—for some years as I went from time to time to visit him—in parcels of ten, twenty, or thirty verses at a time; which, being written by whatever hand came next, might possibly want correction as to the orthography and pointing. Having as the summer came on, not been shown any for a considerable while, and desiring the reason thereof, I was answered that his vein never happily flowed but from the autumnal equinox to the vernal."

It is a curious fact in the history of the great Epic, that, when completely prepared for the press, it narrowly escaped suppression from the ignorance or malice of the Licenser. This office, which had been abolished during the Protectorate, was restored by Charles II. Under the new regulations, poetry came within the province of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the fate of the *Paradise Lost* was accordingly committed to the judgment of the Rev. Thomas Tomkyns, one of his chaplains. The reverend Licenser was doubtless prepared to find treason in every line, and speedily pounced on a well-known passage in the first book, as containing *treason* in its most malignant form:—

“—— As when the sun new risen  
Looks through the horizontal misty air  
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon  
In dim eclipse disastrous twilight sheds  
On half the nations, and with fear of change  
Perplexes monarchs.”

The particulars of this fortunate escape from so dangerous an obstruction have not been preserved; but much as we may now be disposed to smile at the absurd objection, the world has cause to rejoice that party malice and rancour did not succeed in strangling the immortal poem in its birth.

Milton was accustomed, as we have already mentioned, to employ his daughters to read to him, as well as to transcribe from his dictation, but on their expressing dislike to such occupations in the service of their blind father, he at once dispensed with their assistance, and set them to learn the working of embroidery in gold and silver—an art which, at that time, formed one of the chief employments of females of rank and fortune. From that time forward, he always engaged some young man for this honourable service. Shortly after his last marriage, his kind friend Dr Paget, who had been his adviser in the choice of a wife, introduced to him the amiable but singular Thomas Ellwood, who added to the most conscientious adherence to the tenets and practices of the Quakers, an ardent thirst for learning, and a keen relish for poetry.

We are indebted to him for some interesting notices of Milton, which occur in his minute history of his own life. Ellwood, at this time about three-and-twenty, was the son of a justice of the peace in Oxfordshire, who, from motives of economy, took him early from school. After several years had been wasted in this forced idleness, he adopted with great zeal the novel tenets of Quakerism, submitting to much cruel treatment from his father, as well as to long imprisonments at different periods of his life, on account of his religious opinions. By the mediation of Dr Paget, he obtained access to Milton, and engaged to read to him such authors as he desired.

The object of Ellwood in seeking this introduction, was to increase the scanty share of learning his father's mercenary

conduct had permitted him to acquire. He accordingly devoted a portion of each day to reading aloud such Latin authors as Milton wished to hear read; and the gentleness and courtesy with which the latter condescended to all his difficulties, and sought to make their intercourse profitable to his young friend, manifest how strangely the native kindness of his disposition has been falsified by those who represent him as harsh and morose. But their intercourse experienced many painful interruptions; long sickness, on one occasion, and successive arbitrary imprisonments afterwards, separated them, so that learning, as the poor youth remarks, was almost a forbidden fruit to him.

During the prevalence of the plague in London in 1665, Ellwood manifested his gratitude to his instructor, by obtaining for him a pleasant little cottage at Chalfont, in Buckinghamshire, near to which he was then engaged in the capacity of tutor in a wealthy Quaker's family. On his first visit to Milton in this new retreat, he was shown the manuscript of the *Paradise Lost*.

On their next interview after Ellwood had "modestly and freely" expressed his opinion, he adds, "I pleasantly said to him, Thou hast said much here of *Paradise Lost*, but what hast thou to say of *Paradise Found*?" Nothing more was said on this subject at the time; but when, at a later period, in London, Milton showed him the *Paradise Regained*, he added, "This is owing to you, for you put it into my head, by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of."

The first edition of the *Paradise Lost* was published in 1665, the author receiving, as is well known, the sum of five pounds for his immortal work, with a further condition of receiving fifteen pounds more, should it reach a third edition! Whatever be the feelings of sorrow or indignation with which his admirers may now regard this fact, it is to the honour of his countrymen, that in defiance of the prejudices and personal enmity of his contemporaries, its sale was rapid, and the admiration it excited almost universal. Some of the most eminent men of his time addressed to him the highest

eulogies; and its first announcement to the world, as related by Richardson, was worthy of its pre-eminent worth.

Sir John Denman, a man distinguished as a soldier, a senator, and a poet, entered the House of Commons with a proof-sheet of Milton's work, wet from the press, and exclaimed, "This is part of the noblest poem that ever was written in any language or in any age;" and Dryden's exclamation on first seeing it was no less pithy—"This man cuts us all out, and the ancients too!"

With the close of his great life-work, we may end this biographical sketch. Ere the first edition of his poem had been sold, he was numbered with the mighty dead. "With a dissolution so easy that it was unperceived by the persons in his bed-chamber, he closed a life, clouded indeed by uncommon and various calamities, yet ennobled by the constant exercise of such rare endowments, as render his name, perhaps the very first in that radiant and comprehensive list, of which England, the most fertile of countries in the produce of mental power, has reason to be proud."

His funeral was attended by "all his learned and great friends in London, not without a friendly concourse of the vulgar." His place of burial is in the church of St Giles's, Cripplegate, and there England's noblest poet was committed to the dust, calm in the Christian's sure and certain hope of a blessed immortality.



PARADISE LOST. UNIV.

CALIFORNIA



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BOOK I.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*The first Book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject, Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise, wherein he was placed. Then touches the prime cause of his fall, the serpent, or rather Satan in the serpent; who, revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of angels, was by the command of God driven out of heaven, with all his crew, into the great deep. Which action passed over, the Poem hastens into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his angels now fallen into hell, described here, not in the centre (for heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed,) but in a place of utter darkness, fittest called Chaos: here Satan, with his angels lying on the burning lake, thunder-struck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him: they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded: they rise, their numbers, array of battle; their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech; comforts them with hope yet of regaining heaven, but tells them lastly of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in heaven: for that angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the deep: the infernal Peers there sit in council.*

# PARADISE LOST.

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## BOOK I.

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OF Man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,  
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man  
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,  
Sing, heavenly Muse! that on the secret top  
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire  
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,  
In the beginning, how the Heavens and Earth  
Rose out of Chaos: or, if Sion hill  
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook, that flowed  
Fast by the oracle of God, I thence  
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,  
That with no middle flight, intends to soar  
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues  
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.  
And chiefly Thou, O Spirit! that dost prefer,  
Before all temples, the upright heart and pure,  
Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first  
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,  
Dove-like, sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,

And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark,  
Illumine: what is low, raise and support;  
That, to the height of this great argument  
I may assert Eternal Providence,  
And justify the ways of God to men. [view,  
Say first, for Heaven hides nothing from thy  
Nor the deep tract of Hell; say first, what cause  
Moved our grand parents, in that happy state,  
Favour'd of Heaven so highly, to fall off  
From their Creator, and transgress his will,  
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?  
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?—  
The infernal Serpent! he it was, whose guile,  
Stir'd up with envy and revenge, deceived  
The mother of mankind, what time his pride  
Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his host  
Of rebel angels; by whose aid, aspiring  
To set himself in glory above his peers,  
He trusted to have equall'd the Most High,  
If he opposed; and, with ambitious aim,  
Against the throne and monarchy of God,  
Raised impious war in Heaven, and battle proud,  
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power  
Hurl'd headlong, flaming, from the ethereal sky,  
With hideous ruin and combustion, down  
To bottomless perdition: there to dwell  
In adamant chains and penal fire,  
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.  
Nine times the space, that measures day and night  
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew  
Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,

Confounded, though immortal: but his doom  
Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought  
Both of lost happiness, and lasting pain,  
Torments him: round he throws his baleful eyes,  
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay  
Mix'd with obdurate pride and steadfast hate.

At once, as far as angels ken, he views  
The dismal situation, waste and wild.  
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round, [flames  
As one great furnace, flamed; yet from those  
No light, but rather darkness visible,  
Served only to discover sights of woe,  
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace  
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes,  
That comes to all; but torture without end  
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed  
With ever-burning sulphur, unconsumed.

Such place Eternal Justice had prepared  
For those rebellious: here their prison ordain'd  
In utter darkness; and their portion set,  
As far removed from God and light of Heaven,  
As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.  
Oh! how unlike the place from whence they fell!  
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd  
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,  
He soon discerns; and, weltering by his side,  
One next himself in power, and next in crime,  
Long after known in Palestine, and named  
Beëlzebub. To whom the Arch-Enemy, [words,  
And thence in Heaven call'd Satan, with bold  
Breaking the horrid silence, thus began.

“ If thou beest he; but oh! how fallen! how changed  
From him, who, in the happy realms of light,  
Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine  
Myriads, though bright! if he, who mutual league,  
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope  
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,  
Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd  
In equal ruin: into what pit, thou seest, [proved  
From what height fallen; so much the stronger  
He, with his thunder: and till then who knew  
The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,  
Nor what the potent Victor, in his rage  
Can else inflict, do I repent, or change,  
Though changed in outward lustre, that fix'd mind,  
And high disdain from sense of injured merit,  
That, with the Mightiest, raised me to contend,  
And, to the fierce contention, brought along  
Innumerable force of spirits arm'd,  
That durst dislike his reign; and me preferring,  
His utmost power with adverse power opposed  
In dubious battle, on the plains of Heaven,  
And shook his throne. What tho' the field be lost?  
All is not lost: the unconquerable will,  
And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
And courage never to submit or yield,  
And what is else, not to be overcome;  
That glory never shall his wrath or might  
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace,  
With suppliant knee, and deify his power,  
Who, from the terror of this arm, so late  
Doubted his empire; that were low indeed;

That were an ignominy and shame beneath  
This downfall: since by fate, the strength of gods  
And this empyreal substance cannot fail,  
Since, through experience of this great event,  
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,  
We may, with more successful hope, resolve  
To wage, by force or guile, eternal war,  
Irreconcilable to our grand Foe,  
Who now triumphs, and, in the excess of joy  
Sole reigning, holds the tyranny of Heaven."

So spake the apostate Angel, though in pain,  
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair:  
And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer.—

"O Prince! O Chief of many throned Powers!  
That led the embattled Seraphim to war  
Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds  
Fearless, endanger'd Heaven's perpetual King,  
And put to proof his high supremacy,  
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate;  
Too well I see and rue the dire event,  
That, with sad overthrow and foul defeat,  
Hath lost us Heaven, and all this mighty host,  
In horrible destruction, laid thus low,  
As far as gods and heavenly essences  
Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains  
Invincible, and vigour soon returns,  
Though all our glory' extinct, and happy state  
Here swallow'd up in endless misery.  
But what if he, our Conqueror, whom I now  
Of force believe almighty, since no less [ours,  
Than such could have o'erpower'd such force as

Have left us this our spirit and strength entire,  
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,  
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,  
Or do him mightier service, as his thralls  
By right of war, whate'er his business be;  
Here, in the heart of Hell, to work in fire,  
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep?  
What can it then avail, though yet we feel  
Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being  
To undergo eternal punishment?"

Whereto with speedy words the Arch-Fiend replied.

" Fallen Cherub! to be weak is miserable,  
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,  
To do aught good never will be our task;  
But ever to do ill our sole delight,  
As being the contrary to his high will,  
Whom we resist. If then his providence  
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,  
Our labour must be to pervert that end,  
And out of good still to find means of evil:  
Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps  
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb  
His inmost counsels from their destined aim.  
But see! the angry Victor hath recall'd  
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit  
Back to the gates of Heaven; the sulphurous hail,  
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid  
The fiery surge, that, from the precipice  
Of Heaven, received us falling; and the thunder,  
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,  
Perhaps hath spent his shafts; and ceases now



To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.

Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn,

Or satiate fury, yield it from our Foe.

Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,

The seat of desolation, void of light,

Save what the glimmering of these livid flames

Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend,

From off the tossing of these fiery waves:

There rest, if any rest can harbour there;

And, re-assembling our afflicted Powers,

Consult, how we may henceforth most offend

Our enemy; our own loss how repair;

How overcome this dire calamity;

What reinforcement we may gain from hope;

If not, what resolution from despair."

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,

With head uplift above the wave, and eyes

That sparkling blazed: his other parts besides,

Prone on the flood, extended long and large,

Lay floating many a rood: in bulk as huge

As whom the fables name of monstrous size,

Titanian or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove;

Briareos or Typhon, whom the den

By ancient Tarsus held; or that sea-beast

Leviathan, which God of all his works

Created hugest, that swim the ocean stream:

Him, haply, slumbering on the Norway foam,

The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff,

Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,

With fixed anchor in his scaly rind,

Moors by his side, under the lee, while night

Invests the sea, and wished morn delays.  
So stretch'd out, huge in length, the Arch-Fiend lay,  
Chain'd on the burning lake: nor ever thence  
Had risen, or heaved his head; but that the will  
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven  
Left him at large to his own dark designs:  
That, with reiterated crimes, he might  
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought  
Evil to others; and enraged might see  
How all his malice served but to bring forth  
Infinite goodness, grace and mercy, shown  
On man, by him seduced; but on himself  
Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.  
Forthwith upright he rears, from off the pool,  
His mighty stature: on each hand the flames,  
Driven backward, slope their pointing spires, and,  
In billows, leave in the midst a horrid vale. [roll'd  
Then with expanded wings, he steers his flight  
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,  
That felt unusual weight, till on dry land  
He lights; if it were land that ever burn'd  
With solid, as the lake with liquid, fire;  
And such appear'd in hue, as when the force  
Of subterranean wind transports a hill,  
Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side  
Of thundering *Ætna*, whose combustible  
And fuell'd entrails, thence conceiving fire,  
Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds;  
And leave a singed bottom, all involved [sole  
With stench and smoke. Such resting found the  
Of unblest feet. Him follow'd his next mate:

Both glorying to have 'scaped the Stygian flood,  
As gods, and by their own recover'd strength,  
Not by the sufferance of supernal Power.

“Is this the region? this the soil? the clime,

(Said then the lost Archangel) this the seat

That we must change for Heaven? this mournful

For that celestial light? Be it so, since he, gloom

Who now is Sovereign, can dispose and bid

What shall be right: farthest from him is best,

Whom reason hath equall'd; force hath made supreme

Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,

Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail,

Infernal world! and thou, profoundest Hell!

Receive thy new possessor: one, who brings

A mind not to be changed by place or time:

The mind is its own place, and in itself

Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.

What matter where, if I be still the same,

And what I should be; all but less than He,

Whom thunder hath made greater! Here, at least

We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built

Here for his envy; will not drive us hence:

Here, we may reign secure; and, in my choice,

To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:

Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven.

But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,

The associates and co-partners of our loss,

Lie thus astonish'd on the oblivious pool,

And call them not to share with us their part

In this unhappy mansion; or, once more,

With rallied arms, to try what may be yet

Regain'd in Heaven, or what more lost in Hell?"  
 So Satan spake, and him Beëlzebub  
 Thus answer'd. "Leader of those armies bright  
 Which, but the Omnipotent, none could have foil'd!  
 If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge  
 Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft  
 In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge  
 Of battle, when it raged, in all assaults  
 Their surest signal, they will soon resume  
 New courage and revive; though now they lie  
 Grovelling and prostrate, on yon lake of fire,  
 As we erewhile, astounded and amazed;  
 No wonder, fallen such a pernicious height."

He scarce had ceased when the superior Fiend  
 Was moving toward the shore: his ponderous  
 Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round, [shield,  
 Behind him cast: the broad circumference  
 Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb  
 Through optic-glass, the Tuscan artist views  
 At evening from the top of Fesolè,  
 Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,  
 Rivers or mountains, in her spotty globe.  
 His spear (to equal which the tallest pine  
 Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast  
 Of some great admiral, were but a wand,)  
 He walked with, to support uneasy steps,  
 Over the burning marle: not like those steps  
 On Heaven's azure; and the torrid clime  
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire:  
 Nathless he so endured, till on the beach  
 Of that inflamed sea he stood; and call'd

His legions, angel-forms, who lay entranced,  
Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks  
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades,  
High over-arch'd, imbower; or scatter'd sedge  
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd  
Hath vex'd the Red Sea coast, whose waves o'er-  
Busiris, and his Memphian chivalry, [threw  
While with perfidious hatred they pursued  
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld,  
From the safe shore, their floating carcasses,  
And broken chariot-wheels: so thick bestrown,  
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,  
Under amazement of their hideous change.  
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep,  
Of Hell resounded: "Princes, Potentates,  
Warriors, the flower of Heaven, once yours, now  
If such astonishment as this can seize [lost,  
Eternal Spirits; or have ye chosen this place,  
After the toil of battle, to repose  
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find  
To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?  
Or, in this abject posture, have ye sworn  
To adore the Conqueror? who now beholds  
Cherub and Seraph, rolling in the flood,  
With scatter'd arms and ensigns; till anon  
His swift pursuers from Heaven-gates discern  
The advantage, and, descending, tread us down  
Thus drooping; or, with linked thunderbolts,  
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.  
Awake! arise! or be for ever fallen!" [sprung  
They heard, and were abash'd, and up they

Upon the wing; as when men wont to watch  
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,  
Rouse and bestir themselves, ere well awake.  
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight  
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;  
Yet to their General's voice they soon obey'd;  
Innumerable. As when the potent rod  
Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,  
Waved round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud  
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,  
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung,  
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:  
So numberless were those bad angels seen  
Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell,  
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;  
Till, as a signal given, the uplifted spear  
Of their great Sultan, waving to direct  
Their course, in even balance down they light  
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain:  
A multitude, like which the populous North  
Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass  
Rhene or the Danaw; when her barbarous sons  
Came, like a deluge, on the South, and spread  
Beneath Gibraltar to the Lybian sands.  
Forthwith, from every squadron, and each band,  
The heads and leaders thither haste, where stood  
Their great Commander; god-like shapes and forms  
Excelling human; princely Dignities;  
And Powers that erst in Heaven sat on thrones;  
Though of their names in heavenly records now  
Be no memorial; blotted out, and rased,

By their rebellion, from the book of life.  
Nor had they yet, among the sons of Eve, [earth,  
Got them new names : till, wandering o'er the  
Through God's high sufferance, for the trial of man,  
By falsities and lies, the greatest part  
Of mankind they corrupted, to forsake  
God their Creator, and the invisible  
Glory of Him that made them; to transform  
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd  
With gay religions, full of pomp and gold,  
And devils to adore for Deities:  
Then were they known to men, by various names,  
And various idols, through the Heathen world.  
Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who  
Roused from the slumber, on that fiery couch, [last,  
At their great Emperor's call, as next in worth,  
Came singly, where he stood on the bare strand,  
While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof.  
The chief were those, who, from the pit of Hell,  
Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix  
Their seats, long after next the seat of God,  
Their altars by his altar; (gods adored  
Among the nations round;) and durst abide  
Jehovah thundering out of Sion, throned  
Between the Cherubim : yea, often placed  
Within his sanctuary itself, their shrines,  
Abominations; and, with cursed things,  
His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned;  
And with their darkness durst affront his light. 391  
First Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood  
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears;

Though, for the noise of drums and timbrels loud,  
 Their children's cries unheard, that pass'd through  
 To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite [fire  
 Worshipp'd in Rabba and her watery plain,  
 In Argob and in Basan, to the stream  
 Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such  
 Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart  
 Of Solomon he led, by fraud, to build  
 His temple, right against the temple of God  
 On that opprobrious hill; and made his grove  
 The pleasant valley of Hinnom; Tophet thence  
 And black Gehenna call'd, the type of Hell.

Next Chemos, the obscene, dread of Moab's sons,  
 From Aroer to Nebo, and the wild  
 Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon  
 And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond  
 The flowery dale of Sibma, clad with vines,  
 And Eleälé to the Asphaltic pool:  
 Peor his other name, when he enticed  
 Israel, in Sittim, on their march from Nile,  
 To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.  
 Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarged,  
 Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove  
 Of Moloch, homicide; lust hard by hate:  
 Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell.  
 With these came they, who, from the bordering  
 Of old Euphrates, to the brook that parts [flood  
 Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names  
 Of Baälim and Ashtaroth; those male,  
 These feminine: for Spirits, when they please,  
 Can either sex assume, or both; so soft



And uncompounded is their essence pure :  
Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,  
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,  
Like cumbrous flesh; but, in what shape they  
Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure, [choose,  
Can execute their airy purposes,  
And works of love or enmity fulfil.  
For those the race of Israel oft forsook  
Their living Strength, and unfrequented left  
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down  
To bestial gods: for which their heads, as low  
Bow'd down in battle, sunk before the spear  
Of despicable foes. With these in troop  
Came Astoreth, whom the Phoenicians call'd  
Astarté, queen of Heaven, with crescent horns:  
To whose bright image nightly by the moon,  
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs:  
In Sion also not unsung, where stood  
Her temple, on the offensive mountain, built  
By that uxorious king, whose heart, though large,  
Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell  
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,  
Whose annual wound, in Lebanon, allured  
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate,  
In amorous ditties, all a summer's day;  
While smooth Adonis from his native rock,  
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood  
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale  
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat;  
Whose wanton passions, in the sacred porch,  
Ezekiel saw when, by the vision led,

His eye surveyed the dark idolatries  
Of alienated Judah. Next came one  
Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive ark  
Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off,  
In his own temple, on the groundsil-edge,  
Where he fell flat, and shamed his worshippers:  
Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man  
And downward fish: yet had his temple, high  
Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coast  
Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,  
And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.  
Him follow'd Rimmon, whose delightful seat  
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks  
Of Abana and Pharpar, lucid streams.  
He also against the house of God was bold:  
A leper once he lost, and gain'd a king,  
Ahaz, his sottish conqueror, whom he drew  
God's altar to disparage, and displace  
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn  
His odious offerings, and adore the gods  
Whom he had vanquish'd. After these appear'd  
A crew, who, under names of old renown,  
Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,  
With monstrous shapes and sorceries, abused  
Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek  
Their wandering gods, disguised in brutish forms,  
Rather than human. Nor did Israel 'scape  
The infection, when their borrow'd gold composed  
The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king  
Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,  
Likening his Maker to the grazed ox;

Jehovah, who, in one night, when he pass'd  
From Egypt marching, equalled, with one stroke,  
Both her first-born, and all her bleating gods.  
Belial came last, than whom a Spirit more lewd  
Fell not from Heaven, or more gross, to love  
Vice for itself; to him no temple stood,  
Or altar smoked; yet who more oft than he,  
In temples and at altars, when the priest  
Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who fill'd  
With lust and violence the house of God?  
In courts and palaces he also reigns,  
And in luxurious cities, where the noise  
Of riot ascends, above their loftiest towers,  
And injury and outrage: and when night  
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons  
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.  
Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night  
In Gibeah, when the hospitable door  
Exposed a matron to avoid worse rape;  
These were the prime in order and in might:  
The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd:  
The Ionian Gods, of Javan's issue, held  
Gods, yet confess'd later than Heaven and Earth,  
Their boasted parents: Titan, Heaven's first-born,  
With his enormous brood, and birth-right seized  
By younger Saturn; he, from mightier Jove,  
His own and Rhea's son, like measure found:  
So Jove usurping reign'd. These, first in Crete  
And Ida known, thence, on the snowy top  
Of cold Olympus, ruled the middle air,  
Their highest Heaven; or, on the Delphian cliff,

Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds  
Of Doric land; or, who with Saturn old,  
Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields,  
And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles. [looks

All these, and more, came flocking; but with  
Down-cast and damp; yet such wherein appear'd  
Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their  
chief

Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost  
In loss itself; which on his countenance cast  
Like doubtful hue: but he, his wonted pride  
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore  
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised  
Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears.

Then straight commands, that, at the warlike sound  
Of trumpets loud, and clarions, be uprear'd  
His mighty standard. That proud honour claim'd  
Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall,

Who forthwith, from the glittering staff, unfurl'd  
The imperial ensign; which, full high advanced,  
Shone, like a meteor, streaming to the wind,  
With gems and golden lustre rich imblazed,  
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while  
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:

At which the universal host up-sent  
A shout that tore Hell's concave; and beyond,  
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.  
All in a moment, through the gloom, were seen  
Ten thousand banners rise into the air,  
With orient colours waving: with them rose  
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms

Appear'd, and serried shields, in thick array,  
Of depth immeasurable. Anon they move  
In perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood  
Of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised  
To height of noblest temper heroes old,  
Arming to battle; and, instead of rage,  
Deliberate valour breathed, firm, and unmoved  
With dread of death, to flight or foul retreat;  
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage,  
With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase  
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain  
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,  
Breathing united force, with fixed thought,  
Moved on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd  
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil: and now  
Advanced in view they stand, a horrid front  
Of dreadful length, and dazzling arms, in guise  
Of warriors old, with order'd spear and shield;  
Awaiting what command their mighty Chief  
Had to impose. He, through the armed files  
Darts his experienced eye; and soon traverse  
The whole battalion views; their order due;  
Their visages and stature, as of Gods:  
Their number last he sums. And now his heart  
Distends with pride, and, hardening in his strength,  
Glories: for never, since created man  
Met such embodied force, as, named with these  
Could merit more than that small infantry  
Warr'd on by cranes; though all the giant-brood  
Of Phlegra, with the heroic race, were join'd,  
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side

Mix'd with auxiliar Gods; and what resounds  
In fable or romance, of Uther's son,  
Begirt with British, and Armoric knights;  
And all, who since, baptized or infidel,  
Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,  
Damasco, or Morocco, or Trebisond;  
Or, whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,  
When Charlemain, with all his peerage, fell,  
By Fontarabia. Thus far these beyond  
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed  
Their dread Commander. He, above the rest  
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,  
Stood like a tower: his form had yet not lost  
All her original brightness; nor appear'd  
Less than Archangel ruin'd, and the excess  
Of glory obscured: as when the sun, new risen,  
Looks through the horizontal misty air,  
Shorn of his beams, or, from behind the moon,  
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds  
On half the nations, and with fear of change  
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone  
Above them all the Archangel: but his face  
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd; and care  
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows  
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride;  
Waiting revenge. Cruel his eye, but cast  
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold  
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,  
Far other once beheld in bliss, condemn'd  
For ever now to have their lot in pain:  
Millions of Spirits, for his fault, amerced

Of Heaven, and from eternal splendours flung,  
For his revolt: yet faithful how they stood,  
Their glory wither'd: as when Heaven's fire  
Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines,  
With singed top, their stately growth, though bare,  
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared  
To speak; whereat, their doubled ranks they bend,  
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round,  
With all his peers: attention held them mute.  
Thrice he essay'd, and thrice, in spite of scorn,  
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth. At last  
Words, interwove with sighs, found out their way.

“O Myriads of immortal Spirits! O Powers!  
Matchless, but with the Almighty; and that strife  
Was not inglorious, though the event was dire,  
As this place testifies, and this dire change,  
Hateful to utter: but what power of mind,  
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth  
Of knowledge, past or present, could have fear'd,  
How such united force of Gods, how such  
As stood like these, could ever know repulse?  
For who can yet believe, though after loss,  
That all these puissant legions, whose exile  
Hath emptied Heaven, shall fail to re-ascend,  
Self-raised, and re-possess their native seat?  
For me, be witness all the host of Heaven,  
If counsels different, or danger shunn'd  
By me, have lost our hopes. But he, who reigns  
Monarch in Heaven, till then, as one secure,  
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,  
Consent or custom, and his regal state,

Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd;  
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.  
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own;  
So as not either to provoke, or dread  
New war, provoked: our better part remains,  
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,  
What force effected not; that he no less  
At length from us may find, who overcomes  
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.  
Space may produce new worlds; whereof so rife  
There went a fame in Heaven that he ere long  
Intended to create, and therein plant  
A generation, whom his choice regard  
Should favour equal to the sons of Heaven.  
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps  
Our first eruption; thither or elsewhere:  
For this infernal pit shall never hold  
Celestial spirits in bondage, nor the abyss  
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts  
Full counsel must mature: peace is despair'd;  
For who can think submission? War then, war,  
Open or understood, must be resolved."

He spake: and, to confirm his words, out-flew  
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs  
Of mighty Cherubim. The sudden blaze  
Far round illumined Hell: highly they raged  
Against the Highest; and fierce, with grasped arms,  
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,  
Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top  
Belch'd fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire



Shone with a glossy scurf; undoubted sign,  
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,  
The work of sulphur. Thither, wing'd with speed,  
A numerous brigade hasten'd: as when bands  
Of pioneers, with spade and pick-axe arm'd,  
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,  
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on;  
Mammon, the least erected Spirit, that fell  
From Heaven; for, e'en in Heaven, his looks and  
thoughts

Were always downward bent, admiring more  
The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,  
Than aught, divine or holy, else enjoy'd  
In vision beatific. By him first  
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,  
Ransack'd the centre, and, with impious hands,  
Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth  
For treasures, better hid. Soon had his crew  
Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,  
And digged out ribs of gold. Let none admire,  
That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best  
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those,  
Who boast in mortal things, and wondering, tell,  
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,  
Learn, how their greatest monuments of fame,  
And strength, and art, are easily out-done  
By Spirits reprobate; and in an hour,  
What in an age, they, with incessant toil,  
And hands innumerable, scarce perform.  
Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepared,  
That underneath had veins of liquid fire,

*with bullion*

Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude,  
With wondrous art, founded the massy ore,  
Severing each kind, and scummed the bullion dross:  
A third as soon had form'd, within the ground  
A various mold, and from the boiling cells,  
By strange conveyance, fill'd each hollow nook;  
As in an organ, from one blast of wind,  
To many a row of pipes, the sound-board breathes.  
Anon, out of the earth, a fabric huge  
Rose, like an exhalation, with the sound  
Of dulcet symphonies, and voices sweet;  
Built like a temple, where pilasters round  
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid  
With golden architrave: nor did there want  
Cornice or frieze, with bossy Sculptures graven;  
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,  
Nor great Alcairo, such magnificence  
Equall'd, in all their glories, to enshrine  
Belus or Serapis their gods; or seat  
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove  
In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile [doors,  
Stood fix'd her stately height: and straight the  
Opening their brazen folds, discover wide  
Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth  
And level pavement. From the arched roof,  
Pendant by subtle magic, many a row  
Of starry lamps, and blazing cressets, fed  
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light,  
As from a sky. The hasty multitude  
Admiring enter'd; and the work some praise,  
And some the architect: his hand was known

In Heaven, by many a tower'd structure high,  
 Where scepter'd angels held their residence,  
 And sat as princes; whom the Supreme King  
 Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,  
 Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.  
 Nor was his name unheard, or unadored  
 In ancient Greece; and, in Ausonian land,  
 Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell *ashtetur*  
 From Heaven, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove,  
 Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from morn  
 To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,  
 A summer's day; and with the setting sun  
 Dropt from the zenith, like a falling star,  
 On Lemnos, the Ægean isle. Thus they relate,  
 Erring; for he, with this rebellious rout,  
 Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now  
 To have built in Heaven high towers; nor did he  
 By all his engines: but was headlong sent, [*scape*  
 With his industrious crew, to build in Hell.

Meanwhile the winged heralds, by command  
 Of sovereign power, with awful ceremony,  
 And trumpets' sound, throughout the host, proclaim  
 A solemn council, forthwith to be held  
 At Pandemonium, the high capital  
 Of Satan and his peers. Their summons call'd,  
 From every band and squared regiment,  
 By place or choice the worthiest. They anon,  
 With hundreds and with thousands trooping, came  
 Attended: all access was throng'd. The gates  
 And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall,  
 Though like a covered field, where champions bold

Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair;  
Defied the best of Panim chivalry  
To mortal combat, or career with lance,  
Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,  
Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees  
In spring-time, when the sun with Taurus rides,  
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive  
In clusters: they among fresh dews and flowers  
Fly to and fro, or, on the smoothed plank,  
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,  
New rubbed with balm, expatiate, and confer  
Their state affairs. So thick the airy crowd  
Swarm'd, and were straiten'd; till, the signal given,  
Behold a wonder! They but now who seem'd  
In bigness to surpass Earth's giant sons,  
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room  
Throng numberless; like that pygmean race  
Beyond the Indian mount: or faery elves,  
Whose midnight revels, by a forest-side,  
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,  
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon  
Sits arbitress; and, nearer to the earth,  
Wheels her pale course: they, on their mirth and  
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear: [dance  
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.  
Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms  
Reduced their shapes immense; and were at large,  
Though without number, still amidst the hall  
Of that infernal court. But far within,  
And, in their own dimensions, like themselves,  
The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim

In close recess, and secret conclave, sat;  
A thousand Demi-gods, on golden seats,  
Frequent and full. After short silence then,  
And summons read, the great consult began.

END OF BOOK I



**PARADISE LOST**

—  
BOOK II.

## THE ARGUMENT

*The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: some advise it, others dissuade. A third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in Heaven concerning another world and another kind of creature, equal, or not much inferior, to themselves, about this time to be created: their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search: Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honoured and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to Hell gates; finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them; by whom at length they are opened, and discover to him the great gulf between Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new world which he sought.*



# PARADISE LOST.

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## BOOK II.

---

HIGH on a throne of royal state, which far  
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,  
Or, where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,  
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,  
Satan exalted sat; by merit raised  
To that bad eminence; and, from despair,  
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires  
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue  
Vain war with Heaven, and by success untaught;  
His proud imaginations thus display'd:

“Powers and Dominions! Deities of Heaven!  
For since no deep within her gulf can hold  
Immortal vigour, though oppress'd and fall'n,  
I give not Heaven for lost. From this descent  
Celestial virtues rising, will appear  
More glorious, and more dread, than from no fall,  
And trust themselves, to fear no second fate.  
Me, though just right, and the fix'd laws of Heaven  
Did first create your leader, next free choice,  
With what besides, in council or in fight,  
Hath been achieved of merit; yet this loss,

Thus far at least recovered, hath much more  
 Establish'd, in a safe unenvied throne,  
 Yielded with full consent. The happier state  
 In Heaven, which follows dignity, might draw  
 Envy from each inferior; but who here  
 Will envy, whom the highest place exposes,  
 Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim,  
 Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share  
 Of endless pain? Where there is then no good  
 For which to strive, no strife can grow up there  
 From faction; for none, sure, will claim in Hell  
 Precedence; none, whose portion is so small  
 Of present pain, that with ambitious mind  
 Will covet more. With this advantage then  
 To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,  
 More than can be in Heaven, we now return,  
 To claim our just inheritance of old;  
 Surer to prosper, than prosperity  
 Could have assured us; and by what best way,  
 Whether of open war, or covert guile,  
 We now debate: who can advise may speak."

He ceased; and next him Moloch, sceptred king,  
 Stood up; the strongest and the fiercest Spirit  
 That fought in Heaven, now fiercer by despair.  
 His trust was with the Eternal to be deem'd  
 Equal in strength; and rather than be less,  
 Cared not to be at all; with that care lost,  
 Went all his fear; of God, or Hell, or worse,  
 He reck'd not; and these words thereafter spake:

"My sentence is for open war: of wiles,  
 More unexpert, I boast not: them let those

Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.  
For, while they sit contriving, shall the rest,  
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait  
The signal to ascend, sit lingering here,  
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place  
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,  
The prison of his tyranny, who reigns  
By our delay? No, let us rather choose,  
Arm'd with Hell-flames and fury, all at once,  
O'er Heaven's high towers to force resistless way;  
Turning our tortures into horrid arms,  
Against the torturer; when, to meet the noise  
Of his almighty engine, he shall hear  
Infernal thunder; and, for lightning, see  
Black fire and horror, shot with equal rage  
Among his Angels; and his throne itself  
Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,  
His own invented torments. But perhaps  
The way seems difficult and steep to scale,  
With upright wing, against a higher foe.  
Let such bethink them; if the sleepy drench  
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still;  
That in our proper motion we ascend  
Up to our native seat: descent and fall  
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,  
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear,  
Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,  
With what compulsion and laborious flight  
We sunk thus low? The ascent is easy then;  
The event is fear'd; should we again provoke  
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find

To our destruction; if there be in Hell  
 Fear to be worse destroy'd. What can be worse  
 Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, con-  
 In this abhorred deep, to utter woe; [demn'd  
 Where pain of unextinguishable fire  
 Must exorcise us, without hope of end,  
 The vassals of his anger, when the scourge  
 Inexorable, and the torturing hour,  
 Calls us to penance? More destroy'd than thus,  
 We should be quite abolish'd, and expire.  
 What fear we then? what doubt we to incense  
 His utmost ire? which to the height enraged,  
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce  
 To nothing this essential; happier far  
 Than, miserable, to have eternal being:  
 Or, if our substance be indeed divine,  
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst  
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel  
Our power sufficient to disturb his Heaven,  
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,  
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:  
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge."

He ended frowning, and his look denounced  
 Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous  
 To less than Gods. On the other side up-rose  
 Belial, in act more graceful and humane;  
A fairer person lost not Heaven; he seem'd  
 For dignity composed and high exploit;  
 But all was false and hollow; though his tongue  
 Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear  
 The better reason, to perplex and dash

Maturest counsels; for his thoughts were low;  
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds  
Timorous and slothful; yet he pleased the ear;  
And with persuasive accent thus began.

“ I should be much for open war, O Peers,  
As not behind in hate; if what was urged,  
Main reason to persuade immediate war,  
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast  
Ominous conjecture on the whole success;  
When he, who most excels in fact of arms,  
In what he counsels, and in what excels,  
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair,  
And utter dissolution, as the scope  
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.  
First, what revenge? The towers of Heaven are fill'd  
With armed watch, that render all access  
Impregnable: oft on the bordering deep  
Encamp their legions; or, with obscure wing,  
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,  
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way  
By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise,  
With blackest insurrection, to confound  
Heaven's purest light, yet our great Enemy,  
All incorruptible, would on his throne  
Sit unpolluted; and the ethereal mould,  
Incapable of stain, would soon expel  
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,  
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope  
Is flat despair. We must exasperate  
The Almighty Victor, to spend all his rage,  
And that must end us, that must be our cure,

To be no more. Sad cure! for who would lose,  
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
Those thoughts, that wander through eternity,  
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost,  
In the wide womb of uncreated night,  
Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,  
Let this be good, whether our angry foe  
Can give it, or will ever? how he can,  
Is doubtful; that he never will, is sure.  
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,  
Belike through impotence, or unaware,  
To give his enemies their wish, and end  
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves  
To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then,  
Say they who counsel war? we are decreed,  
Reserved, and destined, to eternal woe,  
Whatever doing; what can we suffer more,  
What can we suffer worse? Is this then worst,  
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?  
What when we fled amain, pursued, and struck  
With Heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought  
The deep to shelter us? this Hell then seem'd  
A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay  
Chain'd on the burning lake? that sure was worse.  
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,  
Awaked, should blow them into seven-fold rage,  
And plunge us in the flames? or, from above,  
Should intermitted vengeance arm again  
His red right hand to plague us? What if all  
Her stores were open'd, and this firmament  
Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,

Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall,  
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps,  
Designing or exhorting glorious war,  
Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurl'd,  
Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey  
Of wracking whirlwinds; or for ever sunk  
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;  
There to converse, with everlasting groans,  
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,  
Ages of hopeless end? This would be worse.  
War, therefore, open or conceal'd, alike,  
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile  
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye  
Views all things at one view? He from Heaven's  
All these our motions vain, sees and derides; [height,  
Not more almighty, to resist our might,  
Than wise, to frustrate all our plots and wiles.  
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heaven,  
Thus trampled, thus expell'd, to suffer here  
Chains and these torments? better these than worse,  
By my advice; since fate inevitable  
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,  
The Victor's will. To suffer, as to do,  
Our strength is equal; nor the law unjust  
That so ordains: this was at first resolved,  
If we were wise, against so great a foe  
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.  
I laugh, when those, who at the spear are bold  
And venturous, if that fail them, shrink and fear,  
What yet they know must follow, to endure  
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,

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The sentence of their conqueror: this is now  
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,  
Our supreme foe, in time, may much remit  
His anger; and perhaps, thus far removed,  
Not mind us, not offending, satisfied  
With what is punished: whence, these raging fires  
 Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.  
 Our purer essence then will overcome  
 Their noxious vapour; or inured, not feel;  
 Or changed at length, and to the place conform'd  
 In temper and in nature, will receive  
 Familiar the fierce heat; and void of pain;  
 This horror will grow mild, this darkness light;  
 Besides what hope the never-ending flight [change,  
 Of future days may bring, what chance, what  
 Worth waiting; since our present lot appears  
 For happy, though but ill, for ill not worst,  
 If we procure not to ourselves more woe."

Thus Belial, with words cloth'd in reason's garb,  
Counsell'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,  
Not peace: and after him thus Mammon spake.

"Either, to disenthroned the King of Heaven  
 We war, if war be best, or to regain  
 Our own right lost. Him to unthroned we then  
 May hope, when everlasting fate shall yield  
 To fickle chance, and Chaos judge the strife.  
 The former, vain to hope, argues as vain  
 The latter: for what place can be for us, [supreme  
 Within Heaven's bound, unless Heaven's Lord  
 We overpower? Suppose he should relent,  
 And publish grace to all, on promise made



Of new subjection; with what eyes could we  
Stand in his presence, humble, and receive  
Strict laws imposed to celebrate his throne,  
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing  
Forced hallelujahs; while he lordly sits  
Our envied Sovereign, and his altar breathes  
Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers,  
Our servile offerings? This must be our task  
In Heaven, this our delight: how wearisome  
Eternity so spent, in worship paid  
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue  
By force impossible, by leave obtained  
Unacceptable, though in Heaven, our state  
Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek  
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own,  
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,  
Free, and to none accountable, preferring  
Hard liberty, before the easy yoke  
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear  
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,  
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,  
We can create; and in what place soe'er  
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain,  
Through labour and endurance. This deep world  
Of darkness do we dread? How oft, amidst  
Thick clouds and dark, doth Heaven's all-ruling  
Choose to reside, his glory unobscured, [Sire  
And with the majesty of darkness round  
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar,  
Mustering their rage, and Heaven resembles Hell?  
As he our darkness, cannot we his light

Imitate when we please? This desert soil  
 Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;  
 Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise  
 Magnificence; and what can Heaven show more?  
 Our torments also may, in length of time,  
 Become our elements; these piercing fires  
 As soft as now severe, our temper changed  
 Into their temper; which must needs remove  
 The sensible of pain. All things invite  
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state  
Of order; how in safety best we may  
Compose our present evils, with regard  
Of what we are, and where; dismissing quite  
All thoughts of war:—ye have what I advise.”

He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd  
 The assembly, as when hollow rocks retain [long  
 The sound of blustering winds, which all night  
 Had roused the sea; now with hoarse cadence lull  
 Sea-faring men, o'erwatch'd, whose bark, by chance,  
 Or pinnace, anchors in a craggy bay  
 After the tempest. Such applause was heard  
 As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased,  
 Advising peace: for such another field  
 They dreaded worse than Hell: so much the fear  
 Of thunder, and the sword of Michael,  
 Wrought still within them; and no less desire  
 To found this nether empire, which might rise  
 By policy, and long process of time,  
 In emulation opposite to Heaven.  
 Which when Beëlzebub perceived; than whom,  
 Satan except, none higher sat, with grave

Aspect he rose; and in his rising seem'd  
A pillar of state. Deep on his front, engraven  
Deliberation sat, and public care;  
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,  
Majestic though in ruin: sage he stood,  
With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear  
The weight of mightiest monarchies. His look  
Drew audience and attention, still as night,  
Or summer's noon-tide air, while thus he spake:—

“Thrones and Imperial Powers! Offspring of  
Ethereal Virtues! or, these titles now [Heaven!  
Must we renounce, and changing style, be call'd  
Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote  
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here  
A growing empire. Doubtless! while we dream,  
And know not, that the King of Heaven hath doom'd  
This place our dungeon; not our safe retreat,  
Beyond his potent arm; to live exempt  
From Heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league,  
Banded against his throne; but to remain  
In strictest bondage, though thus far removed,  
Under the inevitable curb, reserved  
His captive multitude. For he, be sure,  
In height or depth, still first and last will reign,  
Sole King, and of his kingdom lose no part  
By our revolt; but over Hell extend  
His empire, and with iron sceptre rule  
Us here, as with his golden, those in Heaven.  
What sit we then projecting peace and war?  
War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loss  
Irreparable: terms of peace yet none

Vouchsafed or sought. For what peace will be  
To us enslaved, but custody severe, [given  
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment  
Inflicted? and what peace can we return?  
But to our power hostility and hate,  
Untamed reluctance, and revenge, though slow;  
Yet ever plotting, how the conqueror least  
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice  
In doing, what we most in suffering feel.  
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need,  
With dangerous expedition, to invade  
Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault, or siege,  
Or ambush, from the deep. What if we find  
Some easier enterprise? There is a place—  
If ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven  
Err not—another world, the happy seat  
Of some new race call'd Man, about this time  
To be created, like to us, though less  
In power and excellence, but favour'd more  
Of Him who rules above. So was his will  
Pronounced among the Gods; and by an oath,  
That shook Heaven's whole circumference, con-  
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn [firm'd.  
What creatures there inhabit; of what mould  
Or substance; how endued, and what their power,  
And where their weakness; how attempted best,  
By force or subtlety. Though Heaven be shut,  
And Heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure  
In his own strength; this place may lie exposed  
The utmost border of his kingdom, left  
To their defence who hold it. Here, perhaps,

Some advantageous act may be achieved,  
 By sudden onset; either with Hell-fire,  
 To waste his whole creation, or possess  
 All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,  
 The puny habitants; or, if not drive,  
 Seduce them to our party, that their God  
 May prove their foe, and with repenting hand  
 Abolish his own works. This would surpass  
 Common revenge; and interrupt his joy,  
 In our confusion, and our joy upraise,  
 In his disturbance; when his darling sons,  
 Hurl'd headlong, to partake with us, shall curse  
 Their frail original, and faded bliss,  
 Faded so soon. Advise, if this be worth  
 Attèmping; or to sit in darkness here,  
 Hatching vain empires." Thus Beëlzebub  
 Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devised  
 By Satan, and in part proposed. For whence,  
 But from the author of all ill, could spring  
 So deep a malice, to confound the race  
 Of mankind, in one root, and Earth with Hell  
 To mingle and involve; done all to spite  
 The great Creator? But their spite still serves  
 His glory to augment. The bold design  
 Pleased highly those infernal States, and joy  
 Sparkled in all their eyes; with full assent  
 They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews:  
 "Well have ye judged, well ended long debate,  
 Synod of Gods; and, like to what ye are,  
 Great things resolved: which from the lowest deep,  
 Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,

Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view [arms,  
 Of those bright confines, whence, with neighb'ring  
 And opportune excursion, we may chance  
 Re-enter Heaven; or else in some mild zone  
 Dwell, not unvisited of Heaven's fair light,  
 Secure; and at the bright'ning orient beam  
 Purge off this gloom: the soft delicious air,  
 To heal the scar of these corrosive fires, [send  
 Shall breathe her balm. But first, whom shall we  
 In search of this new world? whom shall we find  
 Sufficient? who shall tempt, with wandering feet  
 The dark, unbottom'd, infinite abyss,  
 And through the palpable obscure find out  
 His uncouth way; or spread his airy flight,  
 Upborne with indefatigable wings,  
 Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive  
 The happy isle? What strength, what art can  
 Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe [then  
 Through the strict senteries and stations thick  
 Of Angels watching round? Here he had need  
 All circumspection; and we, now, no less  
 Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send,  
 The weight of all, and our last hope, relies."

This said, he sat; and expectation held  
 His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd  
 To second, or oppose, or undertake  
 The perilous attempt: but all sat mute,  
 Pondering the danger, with deep thoughts; and  
 In other's countenance read his own dismay, [each  
 Astonish'd. None among the choice and prime  
 Of those Heaven-warring champions, could be found

So hardy, as to proffer or accept,  
Alone, the dreadful voyage; till at last  
Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised  
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride,  
Conscious of highest worth, unmoved, thus spake.

“O progeny of Heaven! empyreal thrones!  
With reason hath deep silence and demur  
Seized us, though undismay'd: long is the way  
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light;  
Our prison strong; this huge convex of fire,  
Outrageous to devour, immures us round  
Ninefold; and gates of burning adamant,  
Barred over us, prohibit all egress.  
These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound  
Of unessential Night receives him next,  
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being  
Threatens him, plunged in that abortive gulf.  
If thence he 'scape, into whatever world,  
Or unknown region, what remains him less  
Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?  
But I should ill become this throne, O Peers,  
And this imperial sovereignty, adorn'd [posed,  
With splendour, arm'd with power, if aught pro-  
And judged of public moment, in the shape  
Of difficulty or danger, could deter  
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume  
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,  
Refusing to accept as great a share  
Of hazard as of honour, due alike  
To him who reigns, and so much to him due  
Of hazard more, as he above the rest

High honour'd sits? Go, therefore, mighty powers!  
Terror of Heaven, though fall'n! intend at home,  
While here shall be our home, what best may ease  
The present misery, and render Hell  
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm  
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain  
Of this ill mansion. Intermit no watch  
Against a wakeful foe, while I, abroad,  
Through all the coasts of dark destruction, seek  
Deliverance for us all. This enterprise  
None shall partake with me." Thus saying, rose  
The Monarch, and prevented all reply;  
Prudent, lest, from his resolution raised,  
Others among the chief might offer now,  
Certain to be refused, what erst they fear'd;  
And, so refused, might in opinion stand  
His rivals; winning cheap the high repute, [they  
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But  
Dreaded not more the adventure, than his voice  
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose:  
Their rising, all at once, was as the sound  
Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend,  
With awful reverence prone; and as a God  
Extol him, equal to the Highest in Heaven.  
Nor fail'd they to express, how much they praised,  
That, for the general safety, he despised  
His own: for neither do the Spirits damn'd  
Lose all their virtue, lest bad men should boast  
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,  
Or close ambition, varnish'd o'er with zeal.  
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark



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Ended, rejoicing in their matchless Chief;  
As when from mountain-tops the dusky clouds  
Ascending, while the north-wind sleeps, o'erspread  
Heaven's cheerful face, the lowering element  
Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape, snow or shower;  
If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet,  
Extend his evening-beam, the fields revive,  
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds  
Attest their joy, that hill and valley ring.  
O shame to men! Devil with Devil damned  
Firm concord holds, men only disagree  
Of creatures rational; though under hope  
Of heavenly grace, and God proclaiming peace:  
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife,  
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,  
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy;  
As if, which might induce us to accord,  
Man had not hellish foes enow besides,  
That day and night for his destruction wait.

The Stygian council thus dissolved; and forth  
In order came the grand infernal peers.  
Midst came their mighty Paramount, and seem'd  
Alone the antagonist of Heaven; nor less  
Than Hell's dread emperor, with pomp supreme,  
And god-like imitated state: him round  
A globe of fiery seraphim enclosed,  
With bright emblazonry, and horrent arms.  
Then of their session ended they bid cry,  
With trumpets' regal sound, the great result.  
Toward the four winds, four speedy Cherubin  
Put to their mouths the sounding alchemy,

By herald's voice explained: the hollow abyss  
 Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell,  
 With deafening shout, return'd them loud acclaim.  
 Thence, more at ease their minds, and somewhat  
 raised

By false presumptuous hope, the ranged Powers  
 Disband; and wandering each his several way,  
 Pursues, as inclination or sad choice  
 Leads him, perplex'd, where he may likeliest find  
 Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain  
 The irksome hours, till his great chief return.  
 Part on the plain, or in the air sublime  
 Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,  
 As at the Olympian games or Pythian fields:  
 Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal  
 With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form:  
 As when, to warn proud cities, war appears  
 Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush  
 To battle in the clouds; before each van  
 Prick forth the airy knights, and couch their spears  
 Till thickest legions close: with feats of arms,  
 From either end of Heaven, the welkin burns.  
 Others, with vast Typhœan rage more fell,  
 Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air  
 In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar  
 As when Alcides, from Cæchalia crown'd  
 With conquest, felt the envenom'd robe, and tore,  
 Through pain, up by the roots, Thessalian pines;  
 And Lichas, from the top of Cæta, threw  
 Into the Euboic sea. Others more mild,  
 Retreated in a silent valley; sing,

With notes angelical, to many a harp,  
Their own heroic deeds, and hapless fall  
By doom of battle; and complain, that fate  
Free virtue should enthrall to force or chance.  
Their song was partial; but the harmony—  
What could it less when Spirits immortal sing?—  
Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment  
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet,  
For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense,  
Others apart sat, on a hill retired,  
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high  
Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate;  
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;  
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost:  
Of good and evil much they argued then,  
Of happiness, and final misery,  
Passion and apathy, and glory, and shame;  
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy:  
Yet, with a pleasing sorcery, could charm  
Pain for a while, or anguish, and excite  
Fallacious hope; or arm the obdured breast  
With stubborn patience, as with triple steel.  
Another part, in squadrons and gross bands,  
On bold adventure, to discover wide  
That dismal world, if any clime perhaps  
Might yield them easier habitation, bend  
Four ways their flying march, along the banks  
Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge,  
Into the burning lake, their baleful streams:  
Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;  
Sad Acheron, of sorrow black and deep;

Cocytus, named of lamentation loud  
Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegethon,  
Whose waves of torrent-fire inflame with rage.  
Far off from these, a slow and silent stream,  
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls  
Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks,  
Forthwith his former state and being forgets;  
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.  
Beyond this flood, a frozen continent  
Lies, dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms  
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land  
Thaws not; but gathers heap, and ruin seems  
Of ancient pile: or else deep snow and ice,  
A gulf profound, as that Serbonian bog  
Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,  
Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air  
Burns frore, and cold performs the effect of fire.  
Thither, by harpy-footed furies haled,  
At certain revolutions, all the damn'd  
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change  
Of fierce extremes; extremes by change more fierce;  
From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice  
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine  
Immovable, infix'd, and frozen round,  
Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire.  
They ferry over this Lethean sound,  
Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment;  
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach  
The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose,  
In sweet forgetfulness, all pain and woe,  
All in one moment, and so near the brink:

But fate withstands; and to oppose the attempt,  
Medusa, with Gorgonian terror, guards  
 The ford; and of itself the water flies  
 All taste of living wight, as once it fled  
 The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on,  
 In confused march forlorn, the adventurous bands.  
 With shuddering horror pale, and eyes aghast,  
 View'd first their lamentable lot, and found  
 No rest. Through many a dark and dreary vale  
 They pass'd, and many a region dolorous;  
 O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp, [of death:  
 Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades  
 A universe of death, which God by curse  
 Created evil, for evil only good:  
 Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,  
 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,  
 Abominable, inutterable, and worse  
 Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceived,  
 Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire.

Meanwhile the Adversary of God and Man,  
 Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest design,  
 Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of Hell  
 Explores his solitary flight. Sometimes  
 He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left:  
 Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars  
 Up to the fiery concave, towering high:  
 As when, far off at sea, a fleet descry'd  
 Hangs on the clouds, by equinoctial winds  
 Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles  
 Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring  
 Their spicy drugs; they, on the trading flood,

Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape  
Ply, stemming nightly toward the pole: so seem'd \*  
Far off the flying Fiend. At last appear  
Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,  
And thrice three-fold the gates; three folds were  
Three iron, three of adamantine rock, [brass,  
Impenetrable, empaled with circling fire,  
Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there sat,  
On either side, a formidable shape;  
The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair,  
But ended foul, in many a scaly fold,  
Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd  
With mortal sting: about her middle round  
A cry of Hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd,  
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung  
A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would creep,  
If aught disturb'd their noise, into her womb,  
And kennel there; yet there still bark'd and howl'd  
Within, unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these  
Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea, that parts  
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore:  
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, call'd  
In secret, riding through the air she comes,  
Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance  
With Lapland witches; while the labouring moon  
Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,  
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none  
Distinguishable, in member, joint, or limb;  
Or substance might be call'd, that shadow seem'd,  
For each seem'd either: black it stood as Night,  
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as Hell,

And shook a dreadful dart: what seem'd his head.  
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.

Satan was now at hand; and from his seat  
The monster, moving onward, came as fast,  
With horrid strides: Hell trembled as he strode.  
The undaunted fiend, what this might be, admired,  
Admired, not fear'd: God and his Son except,  
Created thing nought valued he, nor shunn'd;  
And with disdainful look, thus first began:

“ Whence, and what art thou, execrable shape,  
That darest, though grim and terrible, advance  
Thy miscreated front athwart my way  
To yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass,  
That be assured, without leave asked of thee.  
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,  
Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heaven.”

To whom the goblin, full of wrath, replied,  
“ Art thou that traitor-Angel, art thou he,  
Who first broke peace in Heaven, and faith, till  
Unbroken; and, in proud rebellious arms, [then  
Drew after him the third part of Heaven's sons,  
Conjured against the Highest; for which both thou  
And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd  
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?  
And reckon'st thou thyself with Spirits of Heaven,  
Hell-doom'd, and breathest defiance here and scorn,  
Where I reign king, and, to enrage, thee more,  
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,  
False fugitive; and to thy speed add wings,  
Lest, with a whip of scorpions, I pursue  
Thy lingering; or, with one stroke of this dart

Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.”

So spake the grisly Terror, and in shape,  
So speaking, and so threatening, grew ten-fold  
More dreadful and deform. On the other side,  
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood  
Unterrified; and like a comet burned,  
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge,  
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair  
Shakes pestilence and war. ✓ Each at the head  
Levell'd his deadly aim: their fatal hands  
No second stroke intend; and such a frown  
Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,  
With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on  
Over the Caspian; then stand front to front,  
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow,  
To join their dark encounter in mid air.  
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that Hell  
Grew darker at their frown; so match'd they stood:  
For never but once more was either like  
To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds  
Had been achieved, whereof all Hell had rung,  
Had not the snaky sorceress, that sat  
Fast by hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,  
Risen, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.  
“O Father, what intends thy hand,” she cried,  
“Against thy only son? What fury, O Son,  
Possesses thee, to bend that mortal dart  
Against thy Father's head? and know'st for whom?  
For him, who sits above, and laughs the while  
At thee, ordain'd his drudge, to execute  
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids;



His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both."

She spake, and at her words the hellish pest  
Forbore; then these to her Satan returned:

"So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange  
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand,  
Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds,  
What it intends; till first I know of thee, [why,  
What thing thou art, thus double-formed; and  
In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st  
Me father, and that phantasm call'st my son:  
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now  
Sight more detestable, than him and thee."

To whom, thus the portress of Hell-gate replied.  
"Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem  
Now in thine eye so foul? once deem'd so fair  
In Heaven, when at the assembly, and in sight  
Of all the Seraphim, with thee combined,  
In bold conspiracy against Heaven's King,  
All on a sudden miserable pain  
Surprised thee; dim thine eyes, and dizzy swam  
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast  
Threw forth, till on the left side, opening wide,  
Likest to thee in shape and countenance bright,  
Then shining heavenly fair, a goddess arm'd,  
Out of thy head I sprang. Amazement seized  
All the host of Heaven; back they recoil'd, afraid  
At first, and call'd me SIN: and for a sign  
Portentous held me: but familiar grown,  
I pleased, and with attractive graces won  
The most averse; thee chiefly, who full oft,  
Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing,

Becamest enamour'd; and such joy thou took'st  
With me in secret, that my womb conceived  
A growing burden. Meanwhile war arose,  
And fields were fought in Heaven; wherein remain'd,

For what could else?—to our Almighty Foe  
Clear victory; to our part, loss and rout,  
Through all the empyrean. Down they fell  
Driven headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down  
Into this deep; and, in the general fall,  
I also: at which time, this powerful key  
Into my hand was given, with charge to keep  
These gates for ever shut; which none can pass  
Without my opening. Pensive here I sat,  
Alone; but long I sat not, till my womb,  
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,  
Prodigious motion felt, and rueful throes.  
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,  
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way,  
Tore through my entrails; that with fear and pain  
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew  
Transform'd: but he, my inbred enemy,  
Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart,  
Made to destroy. I fled, and cried out, DEATH!  
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd  
From all her caves, and back resounded, DEATH!  
I fled; but he pursued, though more, it seems,  
Inflamed with lust than rage, and swifter far,  
Me overtook, his mother, all dismay'd,  
And in embraces forcible and foul  
Ingendering with me, of that rape begot

These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry  
Surround me, as thou saw'st; hourly conceived,  
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite  
To me; for when they list, into the womb  
That bred them they return, and howl and gnaw  
My bowels, their repast: then bursting forth  
A fresh, with conscious terrors vex me round;  
That rest or intermission none I find.

Before mine eyes, in opposition sits  
Grim Death, my son and foe, who sets them on;  
And me, his parent, would full soon devour,  
For want of other prey, but that he knows  
His end with mine involved; and knows, that I  
Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,  
Wheneve that shall be: so Fate pronounced.  
But thou, O Father, I forewarn thee, shun  
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope  
To be invulnerable in those bright arms,  
Though temper'd heavenly; for, that mortal dint,  
Save he who reigns above, none can resist.

She finish'd; and the subtle fiend his lore  
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd  
smooth:

“ Dear daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy sire,  
And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge  
Of dalliance had with thee in Heaven, and joys  
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire  
change

Befallen us unforeseen, unthought of; know,  
I come no enemy, but to set free,  
From out this dark and dismal house of pain,

Both him and thee; and all the heavenly host  
 Of Spirits, that, in our just pretences arm'd,  
 Fell with us from on high. From them I go  
 This uncouth errand, sole, and one for all,  
 Myself expose; with lonely steps to tread [mense  
 The unfounded deep, and through the void im-  
 To search, with wandering quest, a place foretold  
 Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now  
 Created, vast and round, a place of bliss,  
 In the purlieus of Heaven; and therein placed  
 A race of upstart creatures, to supply  
 Perhaps our vacant room, though more removed;  
 Lest Heaven, surcharged with potent multitude,  
 Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or aught  
 Than this more secret, now design'd, I haste  
 To know; and, this once known, shall soon return,  
 And bring ye to the place, where thou and Death  
 Shall dwell at ease; and up and down unseen  
 Wing silently the buxom air, imbalm'd  
 With odours; there ye shall be fed and fill'd  
 Immeasurably: all things shall be your prey."

He ceased; for both seem'd highly pleased, and  
 Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear [Death  
 His famine should be fill'd; and blessed his maw,  
 Destined to that good hour: no less rejoiced  
 His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire:

"The key of this infernal pit by due,  
 And by command of Heaven's all-powerful King,  
 I keep; by him forbidden to unlock  
 These adamantine gates: against all force  
 Death ready stands to interpose his dart,

Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might.  
But what owe I to his commands above,  
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down,  
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound;  
To sit in hateful office here confined,  
Inhabitant of heaven, and heavenly-born,  
Here, in perpetual agony and pain,  
With terrors and with clamours compass'd round  
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?  
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou  
My being gavest me; whom should I obey  
But thee? whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon  
To that new world of light and bliss, among  
The Gods who live at ease; where I shall reign  
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems  
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end."

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,  
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;  
And towards the gate rolling her bestial train,  
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew;  
Which, but herself, not all the Stygian Powers  
Could once have moved: then in the keyhole turns  
The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar,  
Of massy iron or solid rock, with ease  
Unfastens. On a sudden open fly,  
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound  
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate  
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook  
Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut  
Excell'd her power; the gates wide open stood,  
That with extended wings, a banner'd host,

Under spread ensigns marching, might pass through,  
With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;  
So wide they stood; and like a furnace-mouth  
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.  
Before their eyes, in sudden view appear,  
The secrets of the hoary deep; a dark  
Illimitable ocean, without bound, [height,  
Without dimension; where length, breadth, and  
And time, and place, are lost; where eldest Night  
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold  
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise  
Of endless wars; and by confusion stand  
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce,  
Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring  
Their embryon atoms: they around the flag  
Of each his faction, in their several clans,  
Light-arm'd, or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,  
Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the sands  
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,  
Levied to side with warring winds, and poise  
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere  
He rules a moment: Chaos umpire sits,  
And by decision more embroils the fray,  
By which he reigns: next him, high arbiter,  
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss,  
The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave,  
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,  
But all these, in their pregnant causes, mix'd  
Confusedly; and which thus must ever fight,  
Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain,  
His dark materials, to create new worlds:

Into this wild abyss, the wary fiend  
Stood on the brink of Hell, and look'd a while,  
Pondering his voyage; for no narrow frith  
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd  
With noises loud and ruinous, to compare  
Great things with small, than when Bellona storms  
With all her battering engines, bent to rase  
Some capital city; or less, than if this frame  
Of Heaven were falling, and these elements  
In mutiny, had from her axle torn  
The steadfast earth. At last, his sail-broad vans  
He spreads for flight, and, in the surging smoke  
Uplifted, spurns the ground: thence many a league,  
As in a cloudy chair ascending; rides  
Audacious; but that seat soon failing, meets  
A vast vacuity. All unawares, —  
Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb down he drops  
Ten thousand fathom deep; and to this hour  
Down had been falling, had not, by ill chance,  
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,  
Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him  
As many miles aloft: that fury stay'd,  
Quench'd in a boggy syrtis, neither sea,  
Nor good dry land; nigh founder'd, on he fares,  
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,  
Half flying; behoves him now both oar and sail,  
As when a griffon, through the wilderness  
With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,  
Pursues the Arimaspian, who by stealth  
Had, from his wakeful custody, purloin'd  
The guarded gold: so eagerly the fiend,

O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or  
rare,  
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way;  
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.  
At length an universal hubbub wild  
Of stunning sounds, and voices all confused,  
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear  
With loudest vehemence. Thither he plies,  
Undaunted, to meet there, whatever power,  
Or spirit, of the nethermost abyss,  
Might in that noise reside; of whom to ask,  
Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies,  
Bordering on light: when straight, behold the  
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion, spread [throne  
Wide on the wasteful deep: with him enthroned,  
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,  
The consort of his reign; and by them stood  
Orcus and Ades, and the dreadful name  
Of Demogorgon: Rumour next, and Chance,  
And Tumult, and Confusion, all embroil'd;  
And Discord, with a thousand various mouths.  
To whom Satan, turning boldly, thus: "Ye powers  
And Spirits of this nethermost abyss,  
Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy.  
With purpose to explore, or to disturb  
The secrets of your realm; but by constraint,  
Wandering this darksome desert, as my way  
Lies through your spacious empire, up to light:  
Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek [bounds  
What readiest path leads, where your gloomy  
Confine with Heaven; or if some other place,



From your dominion won, the ethereal King  
Possesses lately, thither to arrive,  
I travel this profound: direct my course;  
Directed, no mean recompense it brings  
To your behoof; if I that region lost,  
All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce  
To her original darkness, and your sway  
Which is my present journey and once more  
Erect the standard there of ancient Night.  
Yours be the advantage all, mine the revenge."

Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,  
With faltering speech and visage incomposed,  
Answer'd: " I know thee, Stranger, who thou art;  
That mighty leading angel, who of late [thrown  
Made head against Heaven's King, though over-  
I saw and heard; for such a numerous host  
Fled not in silence, through the frighted deep,  
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,  
Confusion worse confounded; and Heaven-gates  
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands,  
Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here  
Keep residence; if all I can will serve  
That little, which is left so to defend,  
Encroach'd on still, through your intestine broils,  
Weakening the sceptre of old Night: first Hell,  
Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath,  
Now lately Heaven and Earth, another world,  
Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain  
To that side Heaven, from whence your legions fell.  
If that way be your walk, you have not far;  
So much the nearer danger: go, and speed:

Havoc, and spoil, and ruin are my gain.”  
He ceased; and Satan staid not to reply;  
But glad, that now his sea should find a shore,  
With fresh alacrity and force renew'd,  
Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,  
Into the wild expanse; and, through the shock  
Of fighting elements, on all sides round  
Environ'd, wins his way; harder beset  
And more endanger'd, than when Argo pass'd  
Through Bosporus, betwixt the justling rocks:  
Or when Ulysses, on the larboard, shunn'd  
Charybdis, and by the other whirlpool steer'd,  
So he, with difficulty and labour hard,  
Moved on; with difficulty and labour he.  
But he once past, soon after, when man fell,  
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain,  
Following his track, such was the will of Heaven,  
Paved after him a broad and beaten way,  
Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf  
Tamely endured a bridge, of wondrous length,  
From Hell continued, reaching the utmost orb  
Of this frail world: by which the Spirits perverse,  
With easy intercourse, pass to and fro  
To tempt or punish mortals; except whom,  
God and good angels guard, by special grace.  
But now, at last, the sacred influence  
Of light appears; and from the walls of Heaven  
Shoots far, into the bosom of dim Night,  
A glimmering dawn. Here Nature first begins  
Her furthest verge, and Chaos to retire;  
As from her outmost works, a broken foe,

With tumult less, and with less hostile din;  
That Satan, with less toil, and now with ease,  
Wafts on the calmer wave, by dubious light,  
And, like a weather-beaten vessel, holds  
Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn;  
Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,  
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold  
Far off the empyreal Heaven, extended wide  
In circuit, undetermined, square or round;  
With opal towers, and battlements adorn'd,  
Of living sapphire, once his native seat;  
And fast by, hanging in a golden chain,  
This pendent world, in bigness as a star  
Of smallest magnitude, close by the moon.  
Thither, full fraught with mischievous revenge,  
Accurs'd, and in a cursed hour, he hies.

END OF BOOK II.



PARADISE LOST.

BOOK III.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*God sitting on his throne sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shows him to the Son, who sat at his right hand; foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free, and able enough to have withstood his tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man: but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of divine justice; Man hath offended the majesty of God, by aspiring to Godhead, and therefore, with all his progeny, devoted to death, must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for Man; the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in heaven and earth; commands all the angels to adore him; they obey, and, hymning to their harps in full quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Meanwhile, Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb; where, wandering, he first finds a place, since called the Limbo of Vanity; what persons and things fly up thither; thence comes to the gate of Heaven, described ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it; his passage thence to the orb of the sun, he finds there Uriel, the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner angel; and, pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation, and Man whom God had placed here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed; alights first on Mount Niphates.*

# PARADISE LOST.

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## BOOK III.

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HAIL, holy Light! offspring of Heaven first-born;  
Or, of the Eternal co-eternal beam,  
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,  
And never but in unapproached light  
Dwelt from eternity; dwelt then in thee,  
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.  
Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,  
Whose fountain who shall tell? before the sun,  
Before the heavens thou wert; and at the voice  
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest  
The rising world of waters, dark and deep,  
Won from the void and formless infinite.  
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,  
Escaped the Stygian pool; though long detain'd  
In that obscure sojourn; while, in my flight,  
Through utter and through middle darkness borne  
With other notes, than to the Orphean lyre,  
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;  
Taught, by the heavenly muse, to venture down  
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,  
Though hard and rare. Thee I revisit safe,

And feel thy sovereign vital lamp; but thou  
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain  
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;  
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,  
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more  
Cease I to wander, where the muses haunt,  
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,  
Smit with the love of sacred song: but chief  
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,  
That wash thy hallow'd feet and warbling flow,  
Nightly I visit. Nor, sometimes, forget  
Those other two, equall'd with me in fate,  
So were I equall'd with them in renown,  
Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides;  
And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets old,  
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move  
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird  
Sings darkling, and, in shadiest covert hid,  
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year  
Seasons return; but not to me returns  
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,  
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,  
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine:  
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark  
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men  
Cut off; and, for the book of knowledge fair,  
Presented with a universal blank  
Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased;  
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.  
So much the rather thou, celestial Light,  
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers



Irradiate; there plant eyes; all mist from thence  
Purge and disperse, that I may see, and tell  
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Now had the Almighty Father from above,  
From the pure empyrean, where he sits  
High throned, above all height, bent down his eye,  
His own works, and their works, at once to view.  
About him all the Sanctities of Heaven  
Stood thick as stars, and from his sight received  
Beatitude past utterance: on his right  
The radiant image of his glory sat,  
His only Son. On earth he first beheld  
Our two first parents, yet the only two  
Of mankind, in the happy garden placed,  
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love;  
Uninterrupted joy, unrivall'd love,  
In blissful solitude. He then survey'd  
Hell, and the gulf between, and Satan there,  
Coasting the wall of Heaven, on this side Night,  
In the dun air sublime; and ready now  
To stoop, with wearied wings, and willing feet,  
On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd  
Firm land imbosomed, without firmament,  
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.  
Him God beholding, from his prospect high,  
Wherein past, present, future he beholds,  
Thus to his only Son, foreseeing, spake:

“Only begotten Son! seest thou what rage  
Transports our adversary? whom no bounds  
Prescribed, no bars of Hell, nor all the chains  
Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main abyss,

Wide interrupt, can hold; so bent he seems  
On desperate revenge, that shall redound  
Upon his own rebellious head. And now,  
Through all restraint broke loose, he wings his way  
Not far off Heaven, in the precincts of light  
Directly towards the new created world,  
And Man there placed; with purpose to essay,  
If him by force he can destroy, or, worse,  
By some false guile pervert; and shall pervert:  
For man will hearken to his glozing lies,  
And easily transgress the sole command,  
Sole pledge of his obedience; so will fall  
He and his faithless progeny.—Whose fault?  
Whose, but his own? Ingrate! he had of me,  
All he could have: I made him just and right,  
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.  
Such I created all the ethereal powers [failed;  
And Spirits, both them who stood, and them who  
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.  
Not free, what proof could they have given sincere  
Of true allegiance, constant faith or love,  
Where only what they needs must do appear'd,  
Not what they would? what praise could they re-  
What pleasure I from such obedience paid, [ceive?  
When will and reason (reason also is choice)  
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,  
Made passive both, had served necessity,  
Not me? They, therefore, as to right belong'd  
So were created; nor can justly accuse  
Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,  
As if predestination over-ruled

Their will, disposed by absolute decree,  
Or high foreknowledge. They themselves decreed  
Their own revolt, not I; if I foreknew,  
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,  
Which had no less proved certain, unforeknown.  
So, without least impulse, or shadow of fate,  
Or aught by me immutably foreseen,  
They trespass; authors to themselves in all,  
Both what they judge, and what they choose; for so  
I form'd them free, and free they must remain,  
Till they enthrall themselves: I else must change  
Their nature, and revoke the high decree  
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordained  
Their freedom: they themselves ordain'd their fall.  
The first sort by their own suggestion fell,  
Self-tempted, self-depraved. Man falls, deceived  
By the other first; man therefore shall find grace,  
The other none: in mercy and justice both, [cel;  
Through Heaven and Earth, so shall my glory ex-  
But mercy, first and last, shall brightest shine.”

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd  
All heaven; and in the blessed Spirits elect,  
Sense of new joy ineffable diffused.  
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen  
Most glorious; in him all his Father shone,  
Substantially express'd; and in his face  
Divine compassion visibly appeared,  
Love without end, and without measure grace;  
Which uttering thus, he to his Father spake:

“O Father! gracious was that word, which closed  
Thy sovereign sentence, that man should find grace,

For which, both Heaven and Earth shall high extol  
 Thy praises, with the innumerable sound  
 Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne,  
 Encompass'd, shall resound thee ever bless'd.  
 For should man finally be lost? should man,  
 Thy creature late so loved, thy youngest son,  
 Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though joined  
 With his own folly? That be from thee far!  
 That far be from thee, Father, who art Judge  
 Of all things made, and judgest only right.  
 Or, shall the adversary thus obtain  
 His end, and frustrate thine? shall he fulfil  
 His malice, and thy goodness bring to nought?  
 Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,  
 Yet with revenge accomplished, and to Hell  
 Draw after him the whole race of mankind,  
 By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyself  
 Abolish thy creation, and unmake  
 For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?  
 So should thy goodness, and thy greatness, both  
 Be question'd, and blasphemed, without defence."

To whom the great Creator thus replied:  
 "O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight!  
 Son of my bosom! Son, who art alone  
 My word, my wisdom, and effectual might!  
 All hast thou spoken, as my thoughts are; all  
 As my eternal purpose hath decreed:  
 Man shall not quite be lost, but saved who will:  
 Yet not of will in him, but grace in me,  
 Freely vouchsafed. Once more I will renew  
 His lapsed powers, though forfeit, and enthrall'd

By sin, to foul exorbitant desires:  
Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand,  
On even ground, against his mortal foe;  
By me upheld, that he may know how frail  
His fallen condition is, and to me owe  
All his deliverance, and to none but me.  
Some I have chosen of peculiar grace,  
Elect above the rest; so is my will:  
The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd  
Their sinful state; and to appease betimes  
The incensed Deity, while offer'd grace  
Invites: for I will clear their senses dark,  
What may suffice, and soften stony hearts  
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.  
To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,  
Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent,  
Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut,  
And I will place within them, as a guide,  
My umpire, Conscience; whom if they will hear,  
Light after light, well used, they shall attain;  
And to the end persisting, safe arrive.  
This, my long sufferance, and my day of grace,  
They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste:  
But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more,  
That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;  
And none but such from mercy I exclude.  
But yet all is not done: man disobeying,  
Disloyal, breaks his fealty, and sins  
Against the high supremacy of Heaven,  
Affecting Godhead, and, so losing all,  
To expiate his treason hath nought left,

But to destruction sacred and devote,  
 He, with his whole posterity, must die;  
 Die, he or justice must: unless for him,  
 Some other, able, and as willing, pay  
 The rigid satisfaction, death for death.  
 Say, Heavenly Powers, where shall we find such  
 Which of ye will be mortal, to redeem [love?  
 Man's mortal crime, and just, the unjust to save?  
 Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear?"  
 He ask'd; but all the heavenly quire stood mute,  
 And silence was in heaven: on man's behalf,  
 Patron or intercessor, none appear'd;  
 Much less that durst upon his own head draw  
 The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.  
 And now, without redemption, all mankind  
 Must have been lost, adjudged to death and hell  
 By doom severe, had not the Son of God,  
 In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,  
 His dearest mediation thus renew'd:

"Father! thy word is pass'd, man shall find grace,  
 And shall grace not find means, that finds her way  
 The speediest of thy winged messengers,  
 To visit all thy creatures, and to all  
 Comes unprevented, unimplored, unsought?  
 Happy for man, so coming; he her aid  
 Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost:  
 Atonement for himself, or offering meet,  
 Indebted and undone, hath none to bring:  
 Behold ME then; me for him, life for life  
 I offer; on me let thine anger fall:  
 Account me man; I, for his sake, will leave

Thy bosom; and this glory next to thee,  
Freely put off; and for him lastly die,  
Well pleased. On me let Death wreak all his rage;  
Under his gloomy power I shall not long  
Lie vanquish'd; thou hast given me to possess  
Life in myself for ever; by thee I live,  
Though now to Death I yield, and am his due,  
All that of me can die: yet that debt paid,  
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave,  
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul,  
For ever with corruption, there to dwell;  
But I shall rise victorious, and subdue  
My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil.  
Death his death's wound shall then receive, and  
Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd. [stoop  
I, through the ample air, in triumph high,  
Shall lead Hell captive, maugre Hell, and show  
The Powers of darkness bound. Thou, at the sight  
Pleased, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile;  
While, by thee raised, I ruin all my foes,  
Death last, and with his carcass glut the grave:  
Then, with the multitude of my redeem'd,  
Shall enter Heaven, long absent, and return,  
Father! to see thy face, wherein no cloud  
Of anger shall remain, but peace assured,  
And reconcilment: wrath shall be no more  
Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire.”

His words here ended; but his meek aspect  
Silent yet spake, and breathed immortal love  
To mortal men; above which only shone  
Filial obedience. As a sacrifice

Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will  
Of his great Father. Admiration seized [tend,  
All Heaven; what this might mean, and whither  
Wondering: but soon the Almighty thus replied:

“ O thou, in Heaven and Earth the only peace  
Found out for mankind, under wrath! O thou,  
My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear  
To me are all my works, nor man the least,  
Though last created; that for him I spare  
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,  
By losing thee a while, the whole race lost.  
Thou, therefore, whom thou only canst redeem,  
Their nature also to thy nature join;  
And be thyself man, among men on earth,  
Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,  
By wondrous birth. Be thou, in Adam's room,  
The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.  
As in him perish all men, so in thee,  
As from a second root, shall be restored  
As many as are restored; without thee, none.  
His crime makes guilty all his sons; thy merit  
Imputed shall absolve them, who renounce  
Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,  
And live in thee transplanted, and from thee  
Receive new life. So man, as is most just,  
Shall satisfy for man, be judged and die;  
And dying rise, and, rising, with him raise  
His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.  
So heavenly love shall outdo hellish hate,  
Giving to death, and dying to redeem;  
So dearly to redeem, what hellish hate



So easily destroyed, and still destroys  
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.  
Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume  
Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own,  
Because thou hast, though throned in highest bliss,  
Equal to God, and equally enjoying  
Godlike fruition, quitted all, to save  
A world from utter loss, and hast been found,  
By merit more than birthright, Son of God;  
Found worthiest to be so, by being good,  
Far more than great or high: because in thee  
Love hath abounded more than glory abounds,  
Therefore, thy humiliation shall exalt,  
With thee thy manhood, also to this throne.  
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign,  
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,  
Anointed universal King. All power  
I give thee; reign for ever, and assume  
Thy merits: under thee, as head supreme,  
Thrones, principedoms, powers, dominions, I reduce:  
All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide  
In Heaven or Earth, or under Earth in Hell.  
When thou, attended gloriously, from Heaven,  
Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send  
The summoning Arch-angels to proclaim  
Thy dread tribunal; forthwith, from all winds,  
The living, and forthwith, the cited dead,  
Of all past ages, to the general doom  
Shall hasten, such a peal shall rouse their sleep.  
Then all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge  
Bad men and Angels; they arraign'd shall sink

Beneath thy sentence; Hell, her numbers full,  
 Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Meanwhile  
 The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring  
 New heaven and earth; wherein the just shall  
 And, after all their tribulations long, [dwell,  
 See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,  
 With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.  
 Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,  
 For regal sceptre then no more shall need,  
 God shall be all in all. But all ye Gods,  
 Adore him, who to compass all this dies;  
 Adore the Son, and honour him as me."

No sooner had the Almighty ceased, but all  
 The multitude of Angels, with a shout,  
 Loud, as from numbers without number, sweet,  
 As from bless'd voices, uttering joy; Heaven rung  
 With jubilee, and loud hosannahs fill'd  
 The eternal regions: lowly reverent,  
 Towards either throne they bow, and to the  
 With solemn adoration, down they cast [ground,  
 Their crowns, inwove with amaranth and gold—  
 Immortal amaranth, a flower, which once  
 In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,  
 Began to bloom; but soon, for man's offence,  
 To Heaven removed, where first it grew; there  
 And flowers aloft, shading the fount of life, [grows,  
 And where the river of bliss, through midst of  
 Heaven,  
 Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream;  
 With these, that never fade, the Spirits elect  
 Bind their resplendent locks, inwreathed with beams.

Now in loose garlands, thick thrown off, the bright  
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,  
Impurpled with celestial roses, smiled.  
Then, crown'd again, their golden harps they took,  
Harps ever tuned, that, glittering by their side,  
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet  
Of charming symphony, they introduce  
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high:  
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join  
Melodious part; such concord is in Heaven.

“Thee, Father,” first they sung, “omnipotent!  
Immutable, immortal, infinite,  
Eternal King! Thee, Author of all being,  
Fountain of light, thyself invisible,  
Amidst the glorious brightness, where thou sitt'st  
Throned inaccessible; but when thou shadest  
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud  
Drawn round about thee, like a radiant shrine,  
Dark with excessive bright, thy skirts appear;  
Yet dazzle Heaven, that brightest Seraphim  
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.”  
“Thee,” next they sang, “of all creation first,  
Begotten Son, divine similitude;  
In whose conspicuous countenance, without cloud  
Made visible, the Almighty Father shines,  
Whom else no creature can behold: on thee  
Impress'd, the effulgence of his glory abides;  
Transfused on thee, his ample Spirit rests.  
He Heaven of Heavens, and all the powers therein,  
By thee created, and by thee, threw down  
The aspiring dominations: thou, that day,

Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,  
 Nor stop thy flaming chariot-wheels, that shook  
 Heaven's everlasting frame; while o'er the necks  
 Thou drovest of warring Angels disarrayed.  
 Back from pursuit, thy powers, with loud acclaim,  
 Thee only extolled, Son of thy Father's might,  
 To execute fierce vengeance on his foes:  
 Not so on man: him, through their malice fall'n,  
 Father of mercy and grace, thou didst not doom  
 So strictly, but much more to pity incline.  
 No sooner did thy dear and only Son  
 Perceive thee purposed, not to doom frail man  
 So strictly, but much more to pity inclined,  
 He, to appease thy wrath, and end the strife  
 Of mercy and justice, in thy face discern'd,  
 Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat,  
 Second to thee, offer'd himself to die  
 For man's offence. O unexampled love!  
 Love no where to be found, less than divine!  
 Hail, Son of God! Saviour of men! Thy name  
 Shall be the copious matter of my song,  
 Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise  
 Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin."

Thus they in Heaven, above the starry sphere  
 Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.  
 Meanwhile, upon the firm opacous globe  
 Of this round world, whose first convex divides  
 The luminous inferior orbs, enclosed  
 From Chaos, and the inroad of darkness old,  
 Satan alighted walks. A globe far off  
 It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent,

Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night,  
Starless exposed, and ever-threatening storms  
Of Chaos blustering round, inclement sky;  
Save on that side, which from the wall of Heaven,  
Though distant far, some small reflection gains  
Of glimmering air, less vex'd with tempest loud:  
Here walk'd the fiend at large in spacious field.  
As when a vulture, on Imaus bred,  
Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,  
Dislodging from a region scarce of prey,  
To gorge the flesh of lambs, or yeanling kids,  
On hills, where flocks are fed, flies toward the  
Of Ganges, or Hydaspes, Indian streams: [springs  
But in his way, lights on the barren plains  
Of Sericana, where Chineses drive,  
With sails and wind, their cany waggons light:  
So, on this windy sea of land, the fiend  
Walk'd up and down, alone, bent on his prey:  
Alone, for other creature in this place,  
Living or lifeless, to be found was none;  
None yet, but store hereafter, from the earth.  
Up hither, like aërial vapours, flew,  
Of all things transitory and vain, when sin  
With vanity had filled the works of men:  
Both all things vain, and all who on vain things  
Built their fond hopes of glory, or lasting fame,  
Or happiness in this, or the other life:  
All, who have their reward on earth, the fruits  
Of painful superstition, and blind zeal,  
Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find  
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds:

All the unaccomplish'd works of Nature's hand,  
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,  
Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,  
Till final dissolution, wander here; [dream'd;  
Not in the neighbouring moon, as some have  
Those argent fields, more likely habitants,  
Translated saints, or middle spirits hold,  
Betwixt the angelical and human kind.  
Hither, of ill-join'd sons and daughters born,  
First from the ancient world, those giants came,  
With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd:  
The builders next of Babel, on the plain  
Of Sennaar; and still with vain design,  
New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build.  
Others came single; he who, to be deem'd  
A god, leap'd fondly into Ætna flames,  
Empedocles; and he who, to enjoy  
Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the sea,  
Cleombrotus; and many more too long,  
Embryos, and idiots, eremites, and friars,  
White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.  
Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek,  
In Golgotha, him dead, who lives in Heaven:  
And they who, to be sure of Paradise,  
Dying, put on the weeds of Dominic,  
Or in Franciscan think to pass disguised.  
They pass'd the planets seven, and pass the fix'd,  
And that crystalline sphere, whose balance weighs  
The trepidation talk'd, and that first moved:  
And now Saint Peter, at Heaven's wicket, seems  
To wait them with his keys; and now at foot

Of Heaven's ascent, they lift their feet, when lo,  
A violent cross wind, from either coast,  
Blows them transverse, ten thousand leagues awry,  
Into the devious air: then might ye see  
Cowls, hoods, and habits, with their wearers, toss'd  
And flutter'd into rags; then reliques, beads,  
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,  
The sport of winds: all these, upwhirl'd aloft,  
Fly o'er the back side of the world, far off,  
Into a limbo, large and broad, since call'd  
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown  
Long after, now unpeopled, and untrod  
All this dark globe the Fiend found as he passed;  
And long he wander'd, till at last, a gleam  
Of dawning light turn'd thither-ward in haste  
His travell'd steps: far distant he descries,  
Ascending by degrees magnificent  
Up to the wall of Heaven, a structure high:  
At top whereof, but far more rich, appear'd  
The work, as of a kingly palace-gate,  
With frontispiece of diamond and gold  
Embellish'd; thick with sparkling orient gems  
The portal shone, inimitable on earth,  
By model, or by shading pencil drawn.  
The stairs were such, as whereon Jacob saw  
Angels ascending and descending, bands  
Of guardians bright; when he from Esau fled  
To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz  
Dreaming by night, under the open sky,  
And waking cried, "This is the gate of Heaven!"  
Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood

There always, but drawn up to Heaven, sometimes  
Viewless; and underneath, a bright sea flow'd  
Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon,  
Who after came from earth, sailing arrived  
Wafted by Angels, or flew o'er the lake,  
Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.  
The stairs were then let down, whether to dare  
The fiend by easy ascent, or aggravate  
His sad excursion from the doors of bliss:  
Direct against which, open'd from beneath,  
Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,  
A passage down to the earth, a passage wide;  
Wider by far than that of after-times,  
Over Mount Sion, and, though that were large,  
Over the Promised Land, to God so dear:  
By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,  
On high behests, his Angels to and fro  
Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard  
From Paneas, the fount of Jordan's flood,  
To Beërsaba, where the Holy Land  
Borders on Egypt, and the Arabian shore;  
So wide the opening seem'd, where bounds were set  
To darkness, such as bound the ocean-wave.  
Satan from hence, now on the lower stair,  
That scaled by steps of gold to Heaven-gate,  
Looks down with wonder, at the sudden view  
Of all this world at once. As when a scout,  
Through dark and desert ways, with peril gone  
All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn,  
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,  
Which to his eye discovers unaware,



The goodly prospect of some foreign land  
First seen; or some renown'd metropolis,  
With glistening spires and pinnacles adorn'd,  
Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams.  
Such wonder seized, though after heaven seen,  
The spirit malign; but much more envy seize  
At sight of all this world beheld so fair.  
Round he surveys; and well might, where he stood  
So high, above the circling canopy  
Of night's extended shade; from eastern point  
Of Libra, to the fleecy star that bears  
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas,  
Beyond the horizon. Then from pole to pole,  
He views in breadth; and, without longer pause  
Down right into the world's first region, throws  
His flight precipitant; and winds with ease,  
Through the pure marble air, his oblique way,  
Amongst innumerable stars, that shone  
Stars distant, but nigh hand, seem'd other worlds;  
Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,  
Like those Hesperian gardens, famed of old,  
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flowery vales,  
Thrice happy isles: but who dwelt happy there,  
He staid not to inquire: above them all  
The golden sun, in splendour likest Heaven,  
Allured his eye: thither his course he bends,  
Through the calm firmament; but up or down,  
By centre or eccentric, hard to tell,  
Or longitude; where the great luminary,  
Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,  
That from his lordly eye keep distance due,

Dispenses light from far: they, as they move  
Their starry dance in numbers that compute [lamp  
Days, months, and years, towards his all-cheering  
Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd  
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms  
The universe, and to each inward part,  
With gentle penetration, though unseen,  
Shoots invisible virtue, even to the deep:  
So wondrously was set his station bright.  
There lands the fiend, a spot like which, perhaps,  
Astronomer in the sun's lucent orb,  
Through his glazed optic tube, yet never saw.  
The place he found beyond expression bright,  
Compared with aught on earth, metal or stone;  
Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd,  
With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire;  
If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear;  
If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,  
Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone  
In Aaron's breast-plate, and a stone besides,  
Imagined rather oft, than elsewhere seen;  
That stone, or like to that, which here below  
Philosophers in vain so long have sought;  
In vain, though by their powerful art, they bind  
Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound,  
In various shapes, old Proteus from the sea,  
Drain'd through a limbec to his native form.  
What wonder then, if fields and regions here  
Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run  
Potable gold, when, with one virtuous touch,  
The arch-chemic sun, so far from us remote,

Produces, with terrestrial humour mix'd,  
Here in the dark, so many precious things,  
Of colour glorious, and effect so rare?  
Here, matter new to gaze the Devil met,  
Undazzled: far and wide his eye commands;  
For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,  
But all sunshine: as when his beams at noon  
Culminate from the equator; as they now  
Shot upward, still direct, whence no way round,  
Shadow from body opaque can fall; and the air  
Nowhere so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray,  
To objects distant far; whereby he soon  
Saw within ken, a glorious angel stand,  
The same, whom John saw also in the sun.  
His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid:  
Of beaming sunny rays, a golden tiar  
Circled his head; nor less his locks behind,  
Illustrious on his shoulders, fledge with wings,  
Lay waving round: on some great charge employ'd  
He seem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.  
Glad was the Spirit impure; as now in hope  
To find, who might direct his wandering flight  
To Paradise, the happy seat of man,  
His journey's end, and our beginning woe.  
But first he casts to change his proper shape,  
Which else might work him danger or delay:  
And now, a stripling-cherub he appears,  
Not of the prime, yet such, as in his face  
Youth smiled celestial, and, to every limb,  
Suitable grace diffused; so well he feign'd.  
Under a coronet, his flowing hair,

In curls on either cheek, play'd; wings he wore,  
Of many a colour'd plume, sprinkled with gold;  
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held  
Before his decent steps, a silver wand.  
He drew not nigh unheard; the angel bright,  
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,  
Admonish'd by his ear; and straight was known  
The arch-angel Uriel, one of the seven  
Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,  
Stand ready at command; and are his eyes,  
That run through all the Heavens, or down to the  
Bear his swift errands, over moist and dry, [Earth  
O'er sea and land: him Satan thus accosts.

“ Uriel, for thou, of those seven Spirits that stand  
In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,  
The first, art wont his great authentic will,  
Interpreter through highest Heaven, to bring,  
Where all his sons thy embassy attend;  
And here art likeliest, by supreme decree,  
Like honour to obtain, and, as his eye,  
To visit oft this new creation round.  
Unspeakable desire to see and know  
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly man,  
His chief delight and favour, him for whom  
All these his works so wondrous he ordain'd,  
Hath brought me from the quires of cherubim,  
Alone, thus wandering. Brightest seraph, tell,  
In which of all these shining orbs hath man  
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,  
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell:  
That I may find him, and with secret gaze,

Or open admiration, him behold,  
On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd  
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd:  
That both in him, and all things, as is meet,  
The universal Maker we may praise;  
Who justly hath driven out his rebel foes,  
To deepest Hell; and, to repair that loss,  
Created this new happy race of men,  
To serve him better: wise are all his ways!"

So spake the false dissembler unperceived;  
For neither man nor angel can discern  
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks  
Invisible, except to God alone,  
By his permissive will, through heaven and earth:  
And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps  
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity  
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill,  
Where no ill seems: which now, for once, beguiled  
Uriel, though regent of the sun, and held  
The sharpest-sighted Spirit of all in Heaven;  
Who, to the fraudulent impostor foul,  
In his uprightness, answer thus return'd:

"Fair angel! thy desire, which tends to know  
The works of God, thereby to glorify  
The great Work-Master, leads to no excess  
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise,  
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither,  
From thy empyreal mansion, thus alone;  
To witness with thine eyes, what some perhaps,  
Contented with report, hear only in Heaven:  
For wonderful indeed are all his works,

Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all  
Had in remembrance, always with delight.  
But what created mind can comprehend  
Their number, or the wisdom infinite  
That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep?  
I saw, when at his word the formless mass,  
This world's material mould, came to a heap:  
Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar  
Stood ruled; stood vast infinitude confined:  
Till, at his second bidding, darkness fled,  
Light shone, and order from disorder sprung.  
Swift, to their several quarters, hasted then  
The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire;  
And this ethereal quintessence of Heaven  
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,  
That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars  
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;  
Each had his place appointed, each his course:  
The rest in circuit walls this universe.  
Look downward on that globe, whose hither side,  
With light from hence, though but reflected, shines;  
That place is Earth, the seat of man; that light  
His day; which else, as the other hemisphere,  
Night would invade: but there the neighbouring  
So call that opposite fair star, her aid [moon,  
Timely interposes; and her monthly round  
Still ending, still renewing through mid heaven,  
With borrowed light her countenance triform  
Hence fills and empties to enlighten the earth;  
And, in her pale dominion, checks the night.  
That spot, to which I point, is Paradise,

Adam's abode; those lofty shades, his bower.  
Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires."

Thus said, he turn'd; and Satan, bowing low,  
As to superior spirits is wont in Heaven,  
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,  
Took leave; and, toward the coast of earth beneath,  
Down from the ecliptic, sped with hoped success,  
Throws his steep flight in many an airy wheel,  
Nor staid, till on Niphates' top he lights.

END OF BOOK III.





**PARADISE LOST.**

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BOOK IV.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Satan, now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against God and man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despair: but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation are described; overleaps the bounds; sits in the shape of a cormorant on the Tree of Life, as the highest in the garden, to look about him. The garden described: Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse, thence gathers that the Tree of Knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation by seducing them to transgress: then leaves them a while to know farther of their state by some other means. Meanwhile Uriel, descending on a sunbeam, warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise, that some evil spirit had escaped the deep, and passed at noon by his sphere, in the shape of a good angel down to Paradise, discovered afterwards by his furious gestures on the mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest; their bower described; their evening worship. Gabriel, drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the rounds of Paradise, appoints two strong angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom questioned, he scornfully answers; prepares resistance: but, hindered by a sign from heaven, flies out of Paradise.*

# PARADISE LOST.

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## BOOK IV.

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O FOR that warning voice, which he, who saw  
The Apocalypse, heard cry in Heaven aloud;  
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,  
Came furious down, to be revenged on men,  
“Woe to the inhabitants on earth!” that now,  
While time was, our first parents had been warn’d  
The coming of their secret foe, and ’scaped—  
Haply so ’scaped his mortal snare. For now  
Satan, now first inflamed with rage, came down,  
The tempter ere the accuser of mankind,  
To wreak on innocent frail man, his loss  
Of that first battle, and his flight to Hell:  
Yet, not rejoicing in his speed, though bold,  
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,  
Begins his dire attempt; which, nigh the birth,  
Now rolling, boils in his tumultuous breast,  
And, like a devilish engine, back recoils  
Upon himself. Horror and doubt distract  
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom, stir  
The hell within him; for within him hell  
He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell

One step, no more than from himself, can fly  
By change of place. Now conscience wakes despair  
That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memory  
Of what he was, what is, and what must be,  
Worse; of worse deeds, worse sufferings must ensue.  
Sometimes towards Eden, which now in his view  
Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fixes sad;  
Sometimes towards Heaven, and the full-blazing  
Which now sat high in his meridian tower: [sun,  
Then, much revolving, thus in sighs began.

“O thou! that, with surpassing glory crown'd,  
Look'st from thy sole dominion, like the God  
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars  
Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,  
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,  
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,  
That bring to my remembrance from what state  
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;  
Till pride and, worse, ambition, threw me down,  
Warring in Heaven, against Heaven's matchless  
Ah! wherefore? he deserved no such return [King!  
From me, whom he created what I was,  
In that bright eminence, and with his good  
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.  
What could be less than to afford him praise,  
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks?  
How due! yet all his good proved ill in me,  
And wrought but malice: lifted up so high  
I 'sdain'd subjection, and thought one step higher  
Would set me highest, and, in a moment, quit  
The debt immense of endless gratitude,

So burdensome, still paying, still to owe;  
Forgetful what from him I still received;  
And understood not, that a grateful mind  
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once  
Indebted and discharged: what burden then?  
O had his powerful destiny ordain'd  
Me some inferior angel, I had stood  
Then happy; no unbounded hope had raised  
Ambition. Yet why not? some other power  
As great might have aspir'd, and me, though mean,  
Drawn to his part: but other powers as great  
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within,  
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.  
Had'st thou the same free will and power to stand?  
Thou had'st: whom hast thou then, or what to accuse,  
But Heaven's free love, dealt equally to all?  
Be then his love accursed, since love or hate,  
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.  
Nay, cursed be thou; since, against his, thy will  
Chose freely, what it now so justly rues.  
Me miserable! which way shall I fly  
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?  
Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell:  
And in the lowest deep, a lower deep,  
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide;  
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven!  
O then at last relent: is there no place  
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?  
None left but by submission; and that word  
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame,  
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced,

With other promises, and other vaunts,  
Than to submit; boasting, I could subdue  
The Omnipotent. Ah me! they little know,  
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,  
Under what torments inwardly I groan,  
While they adore me on the throne of Hell.  
With diadem and sceptre high advanced,  
The lower still I fall, only supreme  
In misery; such joy ambition finds!  
But say, I could repent, and could obtain,  
By act of grace, my former state; how soon  
Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay  
What feign'd submission swore? Ease would recant  
Vows made in pain, as violent and void:  
For; never can true reconcilment grow  
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep;  
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse,  
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear  
Short intermission, bought with double smart.  
This knows my punisher, therefore, as far  
From granting he, as I from begging peace:  
All hope excluded thus, beheld, instead  
Of us out-cast, exiled, his new delight,  
Mankind created; and for him this world.  
So farewell hope, and with hope, farewell fear,  
Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost:  
Evil, be thou my good; by thee, at least,  
Divided empire with Heaven's King I hold;  
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;  
As man ere long, and this new world, shall know."  
Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face.

Thrice changed with pale ire, envy, and despair ;  
Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd  
Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld:  
For heavenly minds from such distempers foul,  
Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware,  
Each perturbation smooth'd, with outward calm,  
Artificer of fraud; and was the first  
That practised falsehood, under saintly show,  
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge:  
Yet, not enough had practised to deceive  
Uriel, once warn'd; whose eye pursued him down,  
The way he went, and on the Assyrian Mount  
Saw him disfigured, more than could befall  
Spirit of happy sort: his gestures fierce  
He mark'd, and mad demeanour, then alone  
As he supposed, all unobserved, unseen.  
So on he fares, and to the border comes  
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,  
Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green,  
As with a rural mound, the champaign head  
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides,  
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,  
Access denied; and over-head, up grew  
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,  
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,  
A sylvan scene; and, as the ranks ascend  
Shade above shade, a woody theatre  
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops,  
The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung;  
Which, to our general sire, gave prospect large,  
Into his nether empire, neighbouring round

And, higher than that wall, a circling row  
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,  
Blossoms and fruits at once, of golden hue,  
Appear'd, with gay enamell'd colours mix'd;  
On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams,  
Than on fair evening cloud, or humid bow,  
When God hath shower'd the earth; so lovely seem'd  
That landscape: and of pure, now purer air,  
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires  
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive  
All sadness but despair. Now gentle gales,  
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense  
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole  
Those balmy spoils. As when to them, who sail  
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past  
Mozambic, off at sea, north-east winds blow  
Sabean odours, from the spicy shore  
Of Araby the bless'd; with such delay [league,  
Well pleased, they slack their course, and many a  
Cheer'd with the grateful smell, old Ocean smiles.  
So entertain'd those odorous sweets the fiend  
Who came their bane; though with them better  
Than Asmodæus with the fishy fume, [pleas'd  
That drove him, tho' enamour'd, from the spouse  
Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent  
From Media, post to Egypt, there fast bound.

Now, to the ascent of that steep savage hill,  
Satan had journey'd on, pensive and slow;  
But further way found none; so thick entwined,  
As one continued brake, the undergrowth  
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd



All path of man or beast, that pass'd that way.  
One gate there only was, and that look'd east,  
On the other side: which when the arch-felon saw,  
Due entrance he disdain'd; and in contempt,  
At one slight bound, high over-leap'd all bound,  
Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within  
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,  
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,  
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve,  
In hurdled cots, amid the field secure,  
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold:  
Or, as a thief, bent to unhoard the cash  
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,  
Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault,  
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:  
So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold;  
So since into his church, lewd hirelings climb.  
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,  
The middle tree, and highest there that grew,  
Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life  
Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death  
To them who lived; nor, on the virtue thought  
Of that life-giving plant, but only used  
For prospect, what well used, had been the pledge  
Of immortality. So little knows  
Any, but God alone, to value right  
The good before him, but perverts best things  
To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.  
Beneath him, with new wonder, now he views,  
To all delight of human sense exposed,  
In narrow room, nature's whole wealth; yea more

A Heaven on Earth: for blissful Paradise  
Of God the garden was, by him in the east  
Of Eden planted. Eden stretch'd her line,  
From Auran eastward to the royal towers  
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings;  
Or where the sons of Eden long before  
Dwelt in Telassar. In this pleasant soil  
His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd:  
Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow  
All trees of noblest kind, for sight, smell, taste;  
And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,  
High, eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit  
Of vegetable gold; and next to Life,  
Our death, the Tree of Knowledge grew fast by;  
Knowledge of good, bought dear, by knowing ill.  
Southward through Eden went a river large,  
Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill  
Pass'd underneath ingulf'd; for God had thrown  
That mountain, as his garden-mould, high raised  
Upon the rapid current, which, through veins  
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,  
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill  
Water'd the garden; thence united, fell  
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,  
Which, from his darksome passage now appears;  
And now, divided into four main streams,  
Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm  
And country, whereof here needs no account;  
But rather to tell how, if art could tell,  
How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,  
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,

With mazy error under pendent shades  
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed  
Flowers worthy of Paradise; which not nice art  
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon  
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain;  
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote  
The open field, and where the unpierced shade  
Imbrown'd the noontide bowers. Thus was this place  
A happy rural seat of various view: [balm;  
Groves, whose rich trees wept odorous gums and  
Others, whose fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,  
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,  
If true, here only, and of delicious taste.  
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks  
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed;  
Or palmy hillock, or the flowery lap  
Of some irriguous valley spread her store;  
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.  
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves  
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine  
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps  
Luxuriant: meanwhile, murmuring waters fall  
Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,  
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd  
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.  
The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,  
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune  
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,  
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,  
Led on the eternal Spring. Not that fair field  
Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,

Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis  
Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain  
To seek her through the world; nor that sweet  
Of Daphne, by Orontes, and the inspired [grove  
Castalian spring, might with this Paradise  
Of Eden strive; nor that Nyseian isle,  
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,  
Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove,  
Hid Amalthea, and her florid son  
Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea's eye:  
Nor, where Abassin kings their issue guard,  
Mount Amara, though this by some supposed  
True Paradise, under the Ethiop line,  
By Nilus' head, inclosed with shining rock,  
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote  
From this Assyrian garden, where the fiend  
Saw, undelighted, all delight, all kind  
Of living creatures, new to sight and strange.  
Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,  
Godlike erect, with native honour clad  
In naked majesty, seem'd lords of all;  
And worthy seem'd: for in their looks divine,  
The image of their glorious Maker shone,  
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,  
Severe, but in true filial freedom placed;  
Whence true authority in men: though both  
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd:  
For contemplation he, and valour form'd,\*  
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace;  
He for God only, she for God in him.  
His fair large front, and eye sublime, declared

Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks,  
Round from his parted forelock, manly hung,  
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad;  
She, as a veil, down to the slender waist,  
Her unadorned golden tresses wore,  
Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets waved  
As the vine curls her tendrils; which imply'd  
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,  
And by her yielded, by him best received,  
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,  
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.  
Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd:  
Then was not guilty shame. Dishonest shame  
Of nature's works, honour dishonourable,  
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind  
With shews instead, mere shows of seeming pure,  
And banish'd from man's life, his happiest life,  
Simplicity, and spotless innocence.  
So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight  
Of God or angel, for they thought no ill:  
So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair  
That ever since in love's embraces met;  
Adam, the goodliest man of men since born  
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.  
Under a tuft of shade, that on a green  
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain side,  
They sat them down; and after no more toil  
Of their sweet gardening labour, than sufficed  
To recommend cool zephyr, and made ease  
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite  
More grateful, to their supper-fruits they fell;

Nectarine fruits, which the compliant boughs  
Yielded them, side-long as they eat, recline  
On the soft downy bank, damask'd with flowers.  
The savory pulp they chew, and in the rind,  
Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream :  
Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles  
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as beseems  
Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,  
Alone as they. About them, frisking play'd,  
All beasts of the earth, since wild, and of all chase,  
In wood or wilderness, forest or den:  
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw  
Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,  
Gamboll'd before them; the unwieldy elephant,  
To make them mirth, used all his might and  
wreathed

His lithe proboscis; close the serpent sly  
Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine  
His braided train, and of his fatal guile  
Gave proof unheeded: others on the grass  
Couch'd, and now, fill'd with pasture, gazing sat,  
Or bed-ward ruminating: for the sun  
Declined was hastening now, with prone career,  
To the ocean isles; and, in the ascending scale  
Of Heaven, the stars that usher evening rose:  
When Satan, still in gaze, as first he stood,  
Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad.

“O Hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold?  
Into our room of bliss, thus high advanced,  
Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps,  
Not spirits, yet to heavenly spirits bright

Little inferior: whom my thoughts pursue  
With wonder, and could love, so lively shines  
In them divine resemblance, and such grace  
The hand that form'd them on their shape hath  
Ah, gentle pair! ye little think how nigh [pour'd.  
Your change approaches, when all these delights  
Will vanish, and deliver ye to woe;  
More woe, the more your taste is now of joy.  
Happy, but for so happy ill secured,  
Long to continue; and this high seat, your heaven,  
Ill fenced for heaven to keep out such a foe  
As now is enter'd: yet no purposed foe  
To you, whom I could pity, thus foriorn.  
Though I unpitied: league with you I seek,  
And mutual amity, so strait, so close,  
That I with you must dwell, or you with me  
Henceforth: my dwelling haply may not please,  
Like this fair Paradise, your sense; yet such  
Accept your Maker's work: he gave it me,  
Which I as freely give. Hell shall unfold,  
To entertain you two, her widest gates,  
And send forth all her kings; there will be room,  
Not like these narrow limits, to receive  
Your numerous offspring: if no better place,  
Thank him who puts me, loth to this revenge  
On you, who wrong me not, for him who wrong'd.  
And should I, at your harmless innocence  
Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,  
Honour and empire, with revenge, enlarged,  
By conquering this new world, compels me now  
To do, what else, though damn'd, I should abhor."

So spake the fiend; and with necessity,  
The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.  
Then, from his lofty stand on that high tree,  
Down he alights, among the sportful herd  
Of those four-footed kinds; himself now one,  
Now other, as their shape served best his end  
Nearer to view his prey; and unespy'd,  
To mark, what of their state he more might learn,  
By word or action mark'd. About them round  
A lion now he stalks, with fiery glare;  
Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spy'd,  
In some purlieu, two gentle fawns at play,  
Straight couches close, then rising, changes oft  
His couchant watch; as one who chose his ground,  
Whence rushing, he might surest seize them both,  
Griped in each paw: when Adam, first of men,  
To first of women Eve, thus moving speech,  
Turn'd him, all ear, to hear new utterance flow:

“Sole partner, and sole part, of all these joys  
Dearer thyself than all; needs must the Power  
That made us, and for us this ample world,  
Be infinitely good, and of his good  
As liberal and free as infinite:  
That raised us from the dust, and placed us here,  
In all this happiness; who at his hand  
Have nothing merited, nor can perform  
Aught, whereof he hath need: He, who requires  
From us no other service, than to keep  
This one, this easy charge, of all the trees  
In Paradise, that bear delicious fruit,  
So various, not to taste that only tree



Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life.  
So near grows death to life, whate'er death is;  
Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou  
know'st,

God hath pronounced it death to taste that tree;  
The only sign of our obedience left,  
Among so many signs of power and rule  
Conferr'd upon us, and dominion given,  
Over all other creatures, that possess  
Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard  
One easy prohibition, who enjoy  
Free leave so large, to all things else, and choice  
Unlimited, of manifold delights:  
But let us ever praise him, and extol  
His bounty, following our delightful task, [flowers,  
To prune these growing plants, and tend these  
Which, were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet."

To whom thus Eve replied: "O thou, for whom,  
And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,  
And without whom, am to no end, my guide  
And head, what thou hast said is just and right.  
For we to Him indeed all praises owe,  
And daily thanks; I chiefly; who enjoy  
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee,  
Pre-eminent by so much odds; while thou  
Like consort to thyself, canst no where find.  
That day I oft remember, when from sleep  
I first awaked, and found myself reposed,  
Under a shade on flowers, much wondering, where  
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.  
Not distant far from thence, a murmuring sound

Of waters issued from a cave, and spread  
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved,  
Pure as the expanse of Heaven: I thither went,  
With unexperienced thought, and laid me down  
On the green bank, to look into the clear  
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.  
As I bent down to look, just opposite,  
A shape within the watery gleam appear'd,  
Bending to look on me: I started back,  
It started back; but pleased, I soon return'd,  
Pleased it return'd as soon, with answering looks  
Of sympathy and love. There I had fix'd  
Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,  
Had not a voice thus warn'd me; 'What thou seest,  
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;  
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,  
And I will bring thee, where no shadow stays  
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces; he  
Whose image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy,  
Inseparably thine; to him shalt bear  
Multitudes, like thyself, and thence be call'd  
Mother of human race.'—What could I do,  
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?  
Till I espied thee, fair indeed, and tall,  
Under a platane; yet methought less fair,  
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,  
Than that smooth watery image: back I turn'd;  
Thou following cried'st aloud, "Return, fair Eve;  
Whom fliest thou? whom thou fliest, of him thou  
His flesh, his bone; to give thee being, I lent [art,  
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,

Substantial life, to have thee by my side  
 Henceforth, an individual solace dear:  
 Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim  
 My other half. With that thy gentle hand  
 Seized mine; I yielded; and from that time see,  
 How beauty is excell'd by manly grace  
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair."

So spake our general mother; and with eyes  
 Of conjugal attraction, unproved,  
 And meek surrender, half-embracing, lean'd  
 On our first father; half her swelling breast  
 Naked met his, under the flowing gold  
 Of her loose tresses hid: he, in delight,  
 Both of her beauty and submissive charms,  
 Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter  
 On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds,  
 That shed May-flowers; and press'd her matron lip,  
 With kisses pure. Aside the Devil turn'd  
 For envy, yet, with jealous leer malign,  
 Eyed them askance, and to himself thus plain'd:

"Sight hateful! sight tormenting! thus these  
 Imparadised in one another's arms, [two,  
 The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill  
 Of bliss on bliss; while I to Hell am thrust,  
 Where neither joy, nor love, but fierce desire,  
 Among our other torments not the least,  
 Still unfulfill'd, with pain of longing, pines.  
 Yet let me not forget, what I have gain'd  
 From their own mouths: all is not theirs, it seems;  
 One fatal tree there stands, of knowledge call'd,  
 Forbidden them to taste: Knowledge forbidden!

Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord  
 Envy them that? Can it be sin to know?  
 Can it be death? And do they only stand  
 By ignorance? Is that their happy state,  
 The proof of their obedience and their faith?  
 O fair foundation laid, whereon to build  
 Their ruin. Hence, I will excite their minds,  
 With more desire to know, and to reject  
 Envious commands, invented with design  
 To keep them low, whom knowledge might exalt,  
 Equal with gods: aspiring to be such.  
 They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?  
 But first with narrow search, I must walk round  
 This garden, and no corner leave unspied;  
 A chance, but chance may lead where I may meet  
 Some wandering spirit of Heaven, by fountain-side,  
 Or in thick shade retired, from him to draw  
 What further would be learn'd. Live while ye  
 Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return, [may  
 Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed."

So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,  
 But with sly cirumspection; and began [his roam.  
 Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale,  
 Meanwhile, in utmost longitude, where heaven  
 With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun  
 Slowly descended, and with right aspect,  
 Against the eastern gate of Paradise,  
 Levell'd his evening rays: it was a rock  
 Of alabaster, piled up to the clouds,  
 Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent  
 Accessible from earth, one entrance high;

The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung  
Still as it rose, impossible to climb.  
Betwixt these rocky pillars, Gabriel sat,  
Chief of the angelic guards, awaiting night;  
About him, exercised heroic games  
The unarm'd youth of heaven; but nigh at hand  
Celestial armory, shields, helms, and spears,  
Hung high, with diamond flaming, and with gold.  
Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even,  
On a sun-beam, swift as a shooting star  
In autum thwarts the night, when vapours fired  
Impress the air, and show the mariner  
From what point of his compass to beware  
Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste:

“Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given  
Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place,  
No evil thing approach or enter in.  
This day, at height of noon, came to my sphere  
A spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know  
More of the Almighty's works, and chiefly man.  
God's latest image: I described his way,  
Bent all on speed, and marked his airy gait;  
But in the mount, that lies from Eden north,  
Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks,  
Alien from Heaven, with passions foul obscured:  
Mine eye pursued him still, but under shade  
Lost sight of him. One of the banish'd crew,  
I fear, hath ventured from the deep, to raise  
New troubles; him thy care must be to find.”

To whom the winged warrior thus return'd:  
“Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,

Amid the sun's bright circle, where thou sitt'st,  
See far and wide. In at this gate none pass  
The vigilance here placed, but such as come  
Well known from heaven; and since meridian hour  
No creature thence: if spirit of other sort,  
So minded, have o'erleap'd these earthly bounds  
On purpose; hard thou know'st it, to exclude  
Spiritual substance with corporeal bar.  
But if within the circuit of these walks,  
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom  
Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know."

So promised he; and Uriel to his charge  
Return'd on that bright beam, whose point, now  
raised,

Bore him slope downward to the sun, now fallen  
Beneath the Azores; whether the prime orb,  
Incredible how swift, had thither roll'd  
Diurnal, or this less voluble earth,  
By shorter flight to the east, had left him there,  
Arraying, with reflected purple and gold  
The clouds, that on his western throne attend.  
Now came still evening on, and twilight gray  
Had in her sober livery all things clad;  
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,  
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,  
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;  
She, all night long her amorous descant sung;  
Silence was pleased. Now glow'd the firmament  
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led  
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,  
Rising in clouded majesty, at length

Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,  
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve: "Fair consort, the  
Of night, and all things now retired to rest, [hour  
Mind us of like repose; since God hath set  
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men  
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep,  
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight, inclines  
Our eye-lids: other creatures, all day long,  
Rove idle, unemploy'd, and less need rest;  
Man hath his daily work of body or mind  
Appointed, which declares his dignity,  
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways;  
While other animals inactive range,  
And of their doings God takes no account.  
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east,  
With first approach of light, we must be risen.  
And at our pleasant labour, to reform  
Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,  
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,  
That mock our scant manuring, and require  
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:  
Those blossoms also, and those drooping gums,  
That lie bestrown, unsightly, and unsmooth,  
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease:  
Meanwhile, as nature wills, night bids us rest.

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorn'd:  
"My author and disposer! what thou bidst,  
Unargu'd, I obey; so God ordains:  
God is thy law, thou mine; to know no more  
Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.

With thee conversing, I forget all time;  
All seasons and their change, all please alike.  
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,  
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,  
When first, on this delightful land, he spreads  
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth,  
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on  
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,  
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,  
And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train:  
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends  
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun  
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,  
Glistening with dew; nor fragrance after showers;  
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,  
With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon,  
Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.  
But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom  
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?"

To whom our general ancestor replied:

"Daughter of God and man, accomplish'd Eve,  
These have their course to finish, round the earth,  
By morrow-evening; and from land to land,  
In order, though to nations yet unborn,  
Ministering light prepared, they set and rise:  
Lest total darkness should, by night, regain  
Her old possession, and extinguish life  
In nature and all things; which these soft fires,  
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat,  
Of various influence, foment and warm,



Temper or nourish; or in part shed down  
 Their stellar virtue, on all kinds that grow  
 On earth, made hereby apter to receive  
 Perfection, from the sun's more potent ray.  
 These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,  
 Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none,  
 That Heaven would want spectators, God want  
 praise:

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth  
 Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep:  
 All these, with ceaseless praise, his works behold  
 Both day and night. How often, from the steep  
 Of echoing hill, or thicket, have we heard  
 Celestial voices, to the midnight air,  
 Sole, or responsive each to others note,  
 Singing their great Creator? Oft in bands  
 While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,  
 With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds,  
 In full harmonic numbers join'd, their songs  
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven."

Thus talking, hand in hand along, they pass'd  
 On to their blissful bower; it was a place  
 Chosen by the sovereign Planter, when he framed  
 All things to man's delightful use; the roof,  
 Of thickest covert, was inwoven shade,  
 Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew  
 Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side  
 Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,  
 Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,  
 Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine, [wrought  
 Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and

Mosaic; under-foot the violet,  
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay,  
Broider'd the ground, more coloured than with stone  
Of costliest emblem; other creatures here,  
Bird, beast, insect, or worm durst enter none,  
Such was their awe of man. In shadier bower,  
More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,  
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph,  
Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in close recess,  
With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,  
Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed;  
And heavenly quires the hymenean sung  
What day, the genial angel to our sire  
Brought her, in naked beauty more adorn'd;  
More lovely than Pandora, whom the gods  
Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like  
In sad event, when, to the unwiser son  
Of Japhet, brought by Hermes, she ensnared  
Mankind, with her fair looks, to be avenged  
On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.

Thus at their shady lodge arrived, both stood,  
Both turn'd; and under open sky adored  
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heaven,  
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,  
And starry pole: "Thou also mad'st the night,  
Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day;  
Which we, in our appointed work employ'd,  
Have finished, happy in our mutual help  
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss  
Ordain'd by thee; and this delicious place,  
For us too large, where thy abundance wants

Partakers, and uncropp'd falls to the ground.  
But thou hast promised from us two a race,  
To fill the earth, who shall with us extol  
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,  
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep."

This said unanimous, and other rites  
Observing none, but adoration pure,  
Which God likes best, into their inmost bower  
Handed they went; and, eased the putting off  
These troublesome disguises which we wear,  
Straight side by side were laid: nor turn'd, I ween,  
Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites  
Mysterious of connubial love refused:  
Whatever hypocrites austerely talk,  
Of purity, and place, and innocence,  
Defaming as impure what God declares  
Pure, and commands to some; leaves free to all.  
Our Maker bids increase; who bids abstain  
But our destroyer, foe to God and man?  
Hail, wedded love, mysterious law, true source  
Of human offspring, sole propriety  
In Paradise, of all things common else.  
By thee adulterous lust was driven from men,  
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee,  
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,  
Relations dear, and all the charities  
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.  
Far be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,  
Or think thee unbecoming holiest place;  
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets;  
Whose bed is undefiled, and chaste pronounced,

Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs used.  
 Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights  
 His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,  
 Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile  
 Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,  
 Casual fruition; nor in court-amours,  
 Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,  
 Or serenade, which the starved lover sings  
 To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.  
 These, lull'd by nightingales, embracing slept,  
 And on their naked limbs the flowery roof  
 Shower'd roses, which the morn repair'd. Sleep on,  
 Blest pair; and O! yet happiest, if ye seek  
 No happier state, and know to know no more.

Now had night measured, with her shadowy cone,  
 Half way up hill, this vast sublunar vault;  
 And from their ivory port the cherubim,  
 Forth issuing at the accustom'd hour, stood arm'd  
 To their night watches, in warlike parade;  
 When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake:

“Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south,  
 With strictest watch; these other wheel the north;  
 Our circuit meets full west.” As flame they part,  
 Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear.

From these two strong and subtle spirits he call'd  
 That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge:

“Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing'd speed,  
 Search through this garden, leave unsearch'd no nook;  
 But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge,  
 Now laid perhaps asleep, secure of harm.  
 This evening from the sun's decline arrived,

Who tells of some infernal spirit, seen  
Hitherward bent, (who could have thought?) es-  
The bars of Hell, on errand bad, no doubt: [caped  
Such where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring.”

So saying, on he led his radiant files,  
Dazzling the moon; these to the bower direct  
In search of whom they sought: him there they  
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve, [found  
Essaying by his devilish art to reach  
The organs of her fancy, and with them forge  
Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams;  
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint  
The animal spirits, that from pure blood arise,  
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure; thence raise  
At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,  
Vain thoughts, vain aims, inordinate desires,  
Blown up with high conceits engendering pride.  
Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear  
Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure  
Touch of celestial temper, but returns  
Of force, to its own likeness: up he starts  
Discovered and surprised. As when a spark  
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid  
Fit for the tun, some magazine to store  
Against a rumour'd war; the smutty grain,  
With sudden blaze diffused, inflames the air;  
So started up in his own shape the fiend.  
Back stepp'd those two fair angels, half amazed  
So sudden to behold the grisly king;  
Yet thus, unmoved with fear, accost him soon:

“Which of those rebel spirits adjudged to Hell

Comest thou, escaped thy prison? and, transform'd,  
 Why sat'st thou like an enemy in wait,  
 Here watching, at the head of these that sleep?"

"Know ye not then," said Satan, fill'd with scorn,  
 "Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate  
 For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar:  
 Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,  
 The lowest of your throng; or, if ye know,  
 Why ask ye, and superfluous begin  
 Your message, like to end as much in vain?"

To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with scorn:  
 "Think not, revolted spirit, thy shape the same,  
 Or undiminish'd brightness to be known, [pure;  
 As when thou stood'st in Heaven, upright and  
 That glory then, when thou no more wast good,  
 Departed from thee; and thou resemblest now  
 Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul.  
 But come; for thou, be sure, shalt give account  
 To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep  
 This place inviolable, and these from harm."

So spake the cherub; and his grave rebuke,  
 Severe in youthful beauty, added grace  
 Invincible: abash'd the Devil stood,  
 And felt how awful goodness is, and saw  
 Virtue in her shape how lovely; saw, and pined  
 His loss; but chiefly to find here observed  
 His lustre visibly impair'd; yet seem'd  
 Undaunted. "If I must contend," said he,  
 "Best with the best, the sender not the sent,  
 Or all at once; more glory will be won,  
 Or less be lost." "Thy fear," said Zephon bold,

“Will save us trial what the least can do  
Single against thee, wicked and thence weak.”

The fiend replied not, overcome with rage;  
But, like a proud steed rein'd, went haughty on,  
Champing his iron curb; to strive or fly  
He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd  
His heart, not else dismay'd. Now drew they nigh  
The western point, where those half-rounding  
guards

Just met, and closing stood in squadron join'd,  
Awaiting next command. To whom their chief,  
Gabriel, from the front, thus call'd aloud.

“O friends! I hear the tread of nimble feet  
Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern  
Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade;  
And with them comes a third, of regal port,  
But faded splendour wan; who by his gait  
And fierce demeanour, seems the prince of Hell,  
Nor likely to part hence without contest:  
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lowers.”

He scarce had ended, when those two approach'd;  
And brief related whom they brought, where found,  
How busied, in what form and posture couch'd.

To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake:  
“Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds pre-  
scribed

To thy transgressions? and disturb'd the charge  
Of others, who approve not to transgress  
By thy example? but have power and right  
To question thy bold entrance on this place;  
Employ'd, it seems, to violate sleep, and those

Whose dwelling God hath planted here, in bliss."

To whom thus Satan, with contemptuous brow:  
"Gabriel, thou hadst in heaven the esteem of wise,  
And such I held thee; but this question ask'd  
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?  
Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,  
Though thither doom'd? Thou wouldst thyself,  
And boldly venture to whatever place [no doubt,  
Farthest from pain, where thou might'st hope to  
Torment with ease, and soonest recompense [change  
Dole with delight; which in this place I sought.  
To thee no reason, who know'st only good,  
But evil hast not tried; and wilt object  
His will, who bounds us? Let him surer bar  
His iron gates, if he intends our stay  
In that dark durance: thus much what was ask'd.  
The rest is true, they found me where they say;  
But that implies not violence, or harm."

Thus he in scorn. The warlike angel moved,  
Disdainfully half-smiling, thus replied:  
"O loss of one in Heaven, to judge of wise!  
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew;  
And now returns him from his prison 'scaped,  
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise  
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither  
Unlicensed from his bounds in Hell prescribed;  
So wise he judges it to fly from pain  
However, and to 'scape his punishment!  
So judge thou still, presumptuous; till the wrath,  
Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight  
Sevenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell.



Which taught thee yet no better, That no pain  
Can equal anger infinite provoked.  
But wherefore thou alone? wherefore, with thee,  
Came not all Hell broke loose? Is pain to them  
Less pain, less to be fled; or thou than they  
Less hardy to endure? Courageous chief!  
The first in flight from pain! hadst thou alleged  
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,  
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive."

To which the fiend thus answer'd, frowning stern:  
"Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain,  
Insulting angel! well thou know'st I stood  
Thy fiercest; when in battle to thy aid  
The blasting vollied thunder made all speed,  
And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.  
But still thy words at random, as before,  
Argue thy inexperience what behoves  
From hard assays and ill successes past  
A faithful leader; not to hazard all  
Through ways of danger, by himself untried:  
I therefore, I alone first undertook  
To wing the desolate abyss, and spy  
This new-created world, whereof in Hell  
Fame is not silent; here in hope to find  
Better abode, and my afflicted powers  
To settle here on earth, or in mid-air;  
Though, for possession, put to try once more  
What thou and thy gay legions dare against;  
Whose easier business were to serve their Lord,  
High up in Heaven, with songs to hymn his throne  
And practised distances to cringe, not fight."

To whom the warrior-angel soon replied:  
 "To say, and straight unsay, pretending first  
 Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,  
 Argues no leader, but a liar traced.  
 Satan! and couldst thou faithful add? O name,  
 O sacred name of faithfulness profaned!  
 Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?  
 Army of fiends, fit body to fit head.  
 Was this your discipline and faith engaged,  
 Your military obedience, to dissolve  
 Allegiance to the acknowledged Power supreme?  
 And thou, sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem  
 Patron of liberty, who more than thou  
 Once fawn'd, and cringed, and servilely adored  
 Heaven's awful Monarch? wherefore but in hope  
 To dispossess him, and thyself to reign?  
 But mark, what I areed thee now; Avaunt!  
 Fly thither whence thou fled'st: if, from this hour,  
 Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,  
 Back to the infernal pit I drag thee, chain'd,  
 And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn  
 The facile gates of Hell, too slightly barr'd."

So threaten'd he; but Satan to no threats  
 Gave heed, but waxing more in rage replied:

"Then, when I am thy captive, talk of chains,  
 Proud limitary cherub; but ere then  
 Far heavier load thyself expect to feel  
 From my prevailing arm; though Heaven's King  
 Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,  
 Used to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels  
 In progress through the road of heaven, star-paved."

While thus he spake, the angelic squadron bright  
Turn'd fiery red, sharpening in mooned horns  
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round  
With ported spears, as thick as when a field  
Of Ceres, ripe for harvest, waving bends  
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind  
Swaysthem; the careful ploughman doubting stands,  
Lest on the threshing-floor his hopeful sheaves  
Prove chaff. On the other side, Satan, alarm'd,  
Collecting all his might, dilated stood,  
Like Teneriffe, or Atlas, unremoved:  
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest  
Sat horror plumed; nor wanted in his grasp  
What seem'd both spear and shield. Now dread-  
Might have ensued; nor only Paradise [ful deeds  
In this commotion, but the starry cope  
Of Heaven perhaps, or all the elements  
At least had gone to wrack, disturb'd and torn  
With violence of this conflict, had not soon  
The Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,  
Hung forth in Heaven his golden scales, yet seen  
Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,  
Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,  
The pendulous round earth with balanced air  
In counterpoise; now ponders all events,  
Battles, and realms: in these he put two weights,  
The sequel each of parting and of fight;  
The latter quick up flew, and kicked the beam:  
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the fiend:

“Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st  
Neither our own, but given; what folly then [mine;

To boast what arms can do! since thine, no more  
Than Heaven permits, nor mine, though doubled  
To trample thee as mire: for proof look up, [now,  
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,  
Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light, how  
weak,  
If thou resist." The fiend look'd up, and knew  
His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled  
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.

END OF BOOK IV

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK V.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Morning approached, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream: he likes it not, yet comforts her. They come forth to their day labours: their morning hymn at the door of their bower. God, to render man inexcusable, sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy; and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise: his appearance described: his coming discerned by Adam afar off, sitting at the door of his bower: he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve; their discourse at table. Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates, at Adam's request, who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the north, and there incited them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Abdiel a seraph, who in argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.*

# PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK V.

Now morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime  
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,  
When Adam waked, so custom'd; for his sleep  
Was airy-light, from pure digestion bred,  
And temperate vapours bland, which the only sound  
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,  
Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song  
Of birds on every bough: so much the more  
His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve  
With tresses discomposed and glowing cheek,  
As through unquiet rest: he, on his side  
Leaning half-raised, with looks of cordial love  
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld  
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,  
Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice  
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,  
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: "Awake,  
My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,  
Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight!  
Awake; the morning shines, and the fresh field  
Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring

Our tended plants, how blows the citron-grove,  
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,  
How nature paints her colours, how the bee  
Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet."

Such whispering waked her, but with startled eye  
On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake :

"O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,  
My glory, my perfection; glad I see  
Thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night  
(Such night till this I never pass'd,) have dream'd,  
If dream'd, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,  
Works of day past, or morrow's next design;  
But of offence and trouble, which my mind  
Knew never, till this irksome night. Methought  
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk  
With gentle voice; I thought it thine: it said,  
'Why sleep'st thou, Eve? now is the pleasant time,  
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields  
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake  
Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song; now reigns  
Full-orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light  
Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,  
If none regard: Heaven wakes with all his eyes,  
Whom to behold but thee, nature's desire?  
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment,  
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.'  
I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;  
To find thee I directed then my walk;  
And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways  
That brought me on a sudden to the tree  
Of interdicted knowledge: fair it seem'd,



Much fairer to my fancy than by day:  
And, as I wondering look'd, beside it stood  
One shaped and wing'd like one of those from  
By us oft seen; his dewy locks distill'd [Heaven  
Ambrosia; on that tree he also gazed:  
'And, O fair plant,' said he, 'with fruit surcharged,  
Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy sweet,  
Nor God, nor man? is knowledge so despised?  
Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?  
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold  
Longer thy offer'd good; why else set here?'  
This said, he paused not, but with venturous arm  
He pluck'd, he tasted; me damp horror chill'd,  
At such bold words vouch'd with a deed so bold:  
But he thus, overjoy'd; 'O fruit divine!  
Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus cropt;  
Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit  
For gods, yet able to make gods of men:  
And why not gods of men, since good, the more  
Communicated, more abundant grows,  
The author not impair'd, but honour'd more?  
Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve,  
Partake thou also: happy though thou art,  
Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be:  
Taste this, and be henceforth, among the gods,  
Thyself a goddess; not to earth confined,  
But sometimes in the air, as we, sometimes  
Ascend to Heaven, by merit thine, and see  
What life the gods live there, and such live thou.'  
So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,  
Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part

Which he had pluck'd: the pleasant savoury smell  
So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,  
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds  
With him I flew; and underneath beheld  
The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide  
And various: wondering at my flight and change  
To this high exaltation, suddenly  
My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,  
And fell asleep: but O! how glad I waked,  
To find this but a dream!" Thus Eve her night  
Related, and thus Adam answer'd sad:

“Best image of myself, and dearer half,  
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep  
Affects me equally; nor can I like  
This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear:  
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,  
Created pure. But know, that in the soul  
Are many lesser faculties that serve  
Reason as chief; among these Fancy next  
Her office holds; of all external things,  
Which the five watchful senses represent,  
She forms imaginations, airy shapes,  
Which Reason, joining or disjoining, frames  
All what we affirm or what deny, and call  
Our knowledge, or opinion; then retires  
Into her private cell, when nature rests.  
Oft, in her absence mimic fancy wakes  
To imitate her; but misjoining shapes,  
Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams;  
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.  
Some such resemblances, methinks, I find

Of our last evening's talk in this thy dream,  
But with addition strange; yet be not sad:  
Evil into the mind of God or man  
May come and go, so unapproved, and leave  
No spot or blame behind: which gives me hope  
That what in sleep thou did'st abhor to dream,  
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.  
Be not dishearten'd then; nor cloud those looks  
That wont to be more cheerful and serene  
Than when fair morning first smiles on the world;  
And let us to our fresh employments rise  
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers,  
That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,  
Reserved from night, and kept for thee in store."

So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd;  
But silently a gentle tear let fall  
From either eye, and wiped them with her hair;  
Two other precious drops that ready stood,  
Each in their crystal sluice, he, ere they fell,  
Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse,  
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.

So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste.  
But first, from under shady arborous roof,  
Soon as they forth were come to open sight  
Of day-spring and the sun, who, scarce uprisen,  
With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean-brim,  
Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,  
Discovering in wide landscape all the east  
Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains;  
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began  
Their orisons, each morning duly paid

In various style; for neither various style  
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise  
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced, or sung  
Unmeditated; such prompt eloquence  
Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse  
More tunable than needed lute or harp  
To add more sweetness; and they thus began:

“ These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,  
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!  
Unspeakable, thou sitt'st above these heavens,  
To us invisible, or dimly seen  
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare  
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.  
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,  
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs  
And choral symphonies, day without night,  
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heaven;  
On earth join all ye creatures to extol  
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.  
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,  
If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn  
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,  
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.  
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,  
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise  
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou  
fall'st.

Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,

With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;  
And ye five other wandering fires, that move  
In mystic dance not without song, resound  
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.  
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth  
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run  
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix,  
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change  
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.  
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise  
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,  
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,  
In honour to the world's great Author rise;  
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolour'd sky,  
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,  
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.  
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,  
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,  
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.  
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,  
Melodious murmurs, warbling, tune his praise.  
Join voices, all ye living souls: ye birds,  
That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,  
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.  
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk  
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;  
Witness, if I be silent, morn or even,  
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,  
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.  
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still  
To give us only good; and if the night

Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,  
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark."

So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts  
Firm peace recover'd soon, and wonted calm.  
On to their morning's rural work they haste,  
Among sweet dews and flowers, where any row  
Of fruit-trees over-woody reach'd too far  
Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check  
Fruitless embraces; or they led the vine  
To wed her elm; she, spoused, about him twines  
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings  
Her dower, the adopted clusters, to adorn  
His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld  
With pity heaven's high King, and to him call'd  
Raphael, the sociable spirit, that deign'd  
To travel with Tobias, and secured  
His marriage with the seven-times-wedded maid.

"Raphael," said he, "thou hear'st what stir on  
earth,

Satan, from Hell 'scaped, through the darksome  
Hath rais'd in Paradise; and how disturb'd [gulf,  
This night the human pair; how he designs,  
In them, at once to ruin all mankind.  
Go therefore half this day; as friend with friend  
Converse with Adam, in what bower or shade  
Thou find'st him from the heat of noon retired  
To respite his day-labour with repast,  
Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,  
As may advise him of his happy state;  
Happiness in his power left free to will,  
Left to his own free will, his will though free,

Yet mutable; whence warn him to beware  
He swerve not, too secure; tell him withal  
His danger, and from whom; what enemy,  
Late fall'n himself from heaven, is plotting now  
The fall of others from like state of bliss;  
By violence? no, for that shall be withstood,  
But by deceit and lies: this let him know,  
Lest, wilfully transgressing, he pretend  
Surprisal, unadmonish'd, unforwarn'd."

So spake the Eternal Father, and fulfill'd  
All justice: nor delay'd the winged saint,  
After his charge received; but from among  
Thousand celestial odours, where he stood  
Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, upspringing light,  
Flew through the midst of heaven: the angelic  
quires,

On each hand parting, to his speed gave way  
Through all the empyreal road; till, at the gate  
Of heaven arrived, the gate self-open'd wide,  
On golden hinges turning, as by work  
Divine the sovereign Architect had framed.  
From hence no cloud; or, to obstruct his sight,  
Star interposed, however small, he sees  
Not unconform to other shining globes,  
Earth, and the garden of God, with cedars crown'd  
Above all hills: as when by night the glass  
Of Galileo, less assured, observes  
Imagined lands and regions in the moon:  
Or pilot, from amidst the Cyclades  
Delos or Samos first appearing, kens  
A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight

He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky,  
Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing;  
Now on the polar winds, then, with quick fan,  
Winnows the buxom air; till, within soar  
Of towering eagles, to all the fowls he seems  
A phoenix, gazed by all as that sole bird,  
When, to enshrine his reliques in the Sun's  
Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.  
At once on the eastern cliff of Paradise  
He lights, and to his proper shape returns,  
A seraph winged: six wings he wore, to shade  
His lineaments divine; the pair that clad  
Each shoulder broad came mantling o'er his breast,  
With regal ornament; the middle pair  
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round  
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold,  
And colours dipp'd in Heaven; the third his feet  
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,  
Sky-tinctured grain. Like Maia's son he stood  
And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance  
fill'd

The circuit wide. Straight knew him all the bands  
Of angels under watch; and to his state,  
And to his message high, in honour rise:  
For on some message high they guess'd him bound.  
Their glittering tents he pass'd, and now is come  
Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,  
And flowering odours, cassia, nard, and balm;  
A wilderness of sweets: for nature here  
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will  
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,



Wild above rule or art, enormous bliss.  
Him through the spicy forest onward come  
Adam discern'd, as in the door he sat  
Of his cool bower, while now the mounted sun  
Shot down direct his fervid rays, to warm [needs:  
Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than Adam  
And Eve within, due at her hour prepared  
For dinner savoury fruits, of taste to please  
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst  
Of nectarous draughts between, from milky stream,  
Berry, or grape: to whom thus Adam call'd:

“Haste hither, Eve, and worth thy sight behold,  
Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape  
Comes this way moving; seems another morn  
Risen on mid-noon: some great behest from Heaven  
To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe  
This day to be our guest. But go with speed,  
And what thy stores contain bring forth, and pour  
Abundance, fit to honour and receive  
Our heavenly stranger: well we may afford  
Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow,  
From large bestow'd, where nature multiplies  
Her fertile growth, and, by disburdening, grows  
More fruitful; which instructs us not to spare.”

To whom thus Eve: “Adam, earth's hallow'd  
mould,  
Of God inspired; small store will serve, where store,  
All seasons ripe for use, hangs on the stalk;  
Save what by frugal storing firmness gains  
To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes:  
But I will haste, and from each bough and brake,

Each plant and juiciest gourd will pluck such,  
To entertain our angel-guest, as he, [choice  
Beholding, shall confess that here on earth  
God hath dispensed his bounties as in heaven.”

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste  
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent:  
What choice to choose for delicacy best;  
What order, so contrived as not to mix  
Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant; but bring  
Taste after taste upheld with kindest change:  
Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk,  
Whatever earth, all-bearing mother, yields  
In India East or West, or middle shore  
In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where  
Alcinous reign'd; fruit of all kinds, in coat  
Rough, or smooth rind, or bearded husk, or shell,  
She gathers tribute large, and on the board  
Heaps with unsparing hand. For drink the grape  
She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths  
From many a berry, and from sweet kernels press'd,  
She tempers dulcet creams; nor these to hold  
Wants her fit vessels pure; then strews the ground  
With rose and odours from the shrub unfumed.

Meanwhile our primitive great sire, to meet  
His godlike guest, walks forth; without more train  
Accompanied than with his own complete  
Perfections: in himself was all his state;  
More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits  
On princes, when their rich retinue long  
Of horses led, and grooms besmear'd with gold,  
Dazzles the crowd, and sets them all agape.

Nearer his presence, Adam, though not awed,  
Yet with submiss approach and reverence meek,  
As to a superior nature bowing low,  
Thus said: "Native of heaven, for other place  
None can than heaven such glorious shape contain;  
Since, by descending from the thrones above,  
Those happy places thou hast deign'd awhile  
To want and honour these; vouchsafe with us  
Two only, who yet by sovereign gift possess  
This spacious ground, in yonder shady bower  
To rest; and what the garden choicest bears  
To sit and taste, till this meridian heat  
Be over, and the sun more cool decline.'

Whom thus the angelic Virtue answer'd mild:  
"Adam, I therefore came; nor art thou such  
Created, or such place hast here to dwell,  
As may not oft invite, though spirits of heaven,  
To visit thee: lead on then where thy bower  
O'ershades; for these mid-hours, till evening rise,  
I have at will." So to the sylvan lodge  
They came, that like Pomona's arbour smiled,  
With floweret deck'd and fragrant smells; but Eve,  
Undeck'd save with herself, more lovely far  
Than wood-nymph, or the fairest goddess feign'd  
Of three that in Mount Ida naked strove,  
Stood to entertain her guest from heaven; no veil  
She needed, virtue-proof; no thought infirm  
Alter'd her cheek. On whom the angel Hail  
Bestow'd; the holy salutation used  
Long after to bless'd Mary, second Eve:

"Hail, mother of mankind, whose fruitful womb

Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons,  
Than with these various fruits the trees of God  
Have heap'd this table!" Raised of grassy turf  
Their table was, and mossy seats had round,  
And on her ample square, from side to side,  
All autumn piled; though spring and autumn here  
Danced hand in hand. A while discourse they  
No fear lest dinner cool; when thus began [hold;  
Our author: "Heavenly stranger, please to taste  
These bounties, which our Nourisher, from whom  
All perfect good, unmeasured out, descends,  
To us for food and for delight hath caused  
The earth to yield; unsavoury food perhaps  
To spiritual natures; only this I know,  
That one celestial Father gives to all."

To whom the angel: "Therefore what he gives,  
(Whose praise be ever sung,) to man in part  
Spiritual, may of purest spirits be found  
No ingrateful food: and food alike those pure  
Intelligential substances require,  
As doth your rational; and both contain  
Within them every lower faculty  
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,  
Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,  
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.  
For know, whatever was created needs  
To be sustained and fed: of elements  
The grosser feeds the purer; earth the sea;  
Earth and the sea feed air; the air those fires  
Ethereal, and as lowest first the moon;  
Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurged

Vapours not yet into her substance turn'd.  
Nor doth the moon no nourishment exhale  
From her moist continent to higher orbs.  
The sun, that light imparts to all, receives  
From all his alimental recompence,  
In humid exhalations, and at even  
Supps with the ocean. Though in heaven the trees  
Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines [morn  
Yield nectar; though from off the boughs each  
We brush mellifluous dews, and find the ground  
Cover'd with pearly grain; yet God hath here  
Varied his bounty so with new delights,  
As may compare with heaven; and to taste  
Think not I shall be nice." So down they sat,  
And to their viands fell; nor seemingly  
The angel, nor in mist, the common gloss  
Of theologians; but with keen dispatch  
Of real hunger, and concoctive heat  
To transubstantiate: what redounds, transpires  
Through spirits with ease; nor wonder, if by fire  
Of sooty coal, the empiric alchemist  
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,  
Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold,  
As from the mine." Meanwhile, at table Eve  
Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups  
With pleasant liquors crown'd: O innocence  
Deserving Paradise! If ever, then,  
Then had the sons of God excuse to have been  
Enamour'd at that sight; but in those hearts  
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy  
Was understood, the injur'd lover's hell.

Thus, when with meats and drinks they had suf-  
Not burden'd nature, sudden mind arose [fic'd  
In Adam, not to let the occasion pass,  
Given him by this great conference, to know  
Of things above his world, and of their being  
Who dwell in heaven, whose excellence he saw  
Transcend his own so far; whose radiant forms,  
Divine effulgence, whose high power, so far  
Exceeded human; and his wary speech  
Thus to the empyreal minister he fram'd:

“ Inhabitant with God, now know I well  
Thy favour, in this honour done to man,  
Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsafed  
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,  
Food not of angels, yet accepted so,  
As that more willingly thou couldst not seem  
At heaven's high feasts to have fed; yet what com-

To whom the winged hierarch replied: [pare?"  
“ O Adam, One Almighty is, from whom  
All things proceed, and up to him return,  
If not depraved from good; created all  
Such to perfection, one first matter all,  
Endued with various forms, various degrees  
Of substance, and, in things that live, of life;  
But more refined, more spiritous, and pure,  
As nearer to him placed, or nearer tending,  
Each in their several active spheres assign'd,  
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds  
Proportion'd to each kind. So, from the root,  
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the  
leaves

More airy; last the bright consummate flower  
Spirits odórous breathes: flowers and their fruit,  
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublimed,  
To vital spirits aspire, to animal,  
To intellectual; give both life and sense,  
Fancy and understanding: whence the soul  
Reason receives, and reason is her being,  
Discursive, or intuitive: discourse  
Is ofttest yours, the latter most is ours,  
Differing but in degree, of kind the same.  
Wonder not then, what God for you saw good  
If I refuse not, but convert, as you,  
To proper substance. Time may come, when men  
With angels may participate, and find  
No inconvenient diet nor too light fare;  
And from these corporal nutriments perhaps,  
Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,  
Improved by tract of time, and, wing'd, ascend  
Ethereal, as we; or may, at choice,  
Here, or in heavenly Paradises dwell;  
If ye be found obedient, and retain  
Unalterably firm his love entire,  
Whose progeny you are. Meanwhile, enjoy  
Your fill, what happiness this happy state  
Can comprehend, incapable of more."

To whom the patriarch of mankind replied.  
"O favourable spirit, propitious guest,  
Well hast thou taught the way that might direct  
Our knowledge, and the scale of nature set  
From centre to circumference; whereon,  
In contemplation of created things,

By steps we may ascend to God. But say,  
What meant that caution join'd, ' If ye be found  
Obedient?' Can we want obedience then  
To him, or possibly his love desert,  
Who form'd us from the dust, and placed us here,  
Full to the utmost of what bliss  
Human desires can seek or apprehend?"

To whom the angel: " Son of heaven and earth  
Attend: that thou art happy, owe to God;  
That thou continuest such, owe to thyself,  
That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.  
This was that caution given thee; be advised.  
God made thee perfect, not immutable;  
And good he made thee; but to persevere  
He left it in thy power; ordain'd thy will  
By nature free, not over-ruled by fate  
Inextricable, or strict necessity;  
Our voluntary service he requires,  
Not our necessitated; such with him  
Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how  
Can hearts, not free, be tried whether they serve  
Willing or no, who will but what they must  
By destiny, and can no other choose?  
Myself and all the angelic host, that stand  
In sight of God, enthroned, our happy state  
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;  
On other surety none; freely we serve,  
Because we freely love, as in our will  
To love or not; in this we stand or fall:  
And some are fallen, to disobedience fallen,  
And so from Heaven to deepest Hell; O fall,



From what high state of bliss, into what woe!"

To whom our great progenitor: "Thy words  
Attentive, and with more delighted ear,  
Divine instructor, I have heard, than when  
Cherubic songs by night from neighbouring hills  
Aërial music send: nor knew I not  
To be both will and deed created free;  
Yet that we never shall forget to love  
Our Maker, and obey him whose command  
Single is yet so just, my constant thoughts  
Assured me, and still assure: though what thou  
tell'st

Hath pass'd in Heaven, some doubt within me move,  
But more desire to hear, if thou consent,  
The full relation, which must needs be strange,  
Worthy of sacred silence to be heard;  
And we have yet large day; for scarce the sun  
Hath finish'd half his journey, and scarce begins  
His other half, in the great zone of heaven."

Thus Adam made request; and Raphael,  
After short pause assenting, thus began:

"High matter thou enjoin'st me, O prime of  
Sad task and hard; for how shall I relate [men,  
To human sense the invisible exploits  
Of warring spirits? how, without remorse,  
The ruin of so many, glorious once  
And perfect while they stood? how last unfold  
The secrets of another world, perhaps  
Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good  
This is dispens'd; and what surmounts the reach  
Of human sense, I shall delineate so,

By likening spiritual to corporeal forms,  
 As may express them best; though, what if Earth  
 Be but the shadow of Heaven, and things therein,  
 Each to other like, more than on earth is thought?

“As yet this world was not; and Chaos wild  
 Reign'd where these heavens now roll, where earth  
 Upon her centre pois'd; when on a day, [now rests  
 (For time, though in eternity, applied  
 To motion, measures all things durable  
 By present, past, and future,) on such day  
 As Heaven's great year brings forth, the empyreal  
 Of angels, by imperial summons call'd, [host  
 Innumerable before the Almighty's throne  
 Forthwith from all the ends of Heaven appear'd  
 Under their hierarchs in orders bright;  
 Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanced,  
 Standards and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear  
 Stream in the air, and for distinction serve  
 Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees;  
 Or, in their glittering tissues bear emblaz'd  
 Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love  
 Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs  
 Of circuit inexpressible they stood,  
 Orb within orb, the Father infinite,  
 By whom, in bliss imbosom'd, sat the Son,  
 Amidst, as from a flaming mount, whose top  
 Brightness had made invisible, thus spake:  
 “Hear, all ye angels, progeny of light,  
 Thrones, dominations, pryncedoms, virtues, powers,  
 Hear my decree, which unrevoked shall stand:  
 This day I have begot whom I declare

My only Son, and on this holy hill  
 Him have anointed, whom ye now behold  
 At my right hand; your Head I him appoint;  
 And by myself have sworn, to him shall bow  
 All knees in Heaven, and shall confess him Lord.  
 Under his great vicegerent-reign abide  
 United, as one individual soul,  
 For ever happy: him who disobeys,  
 Me disobeys, breaks union; and that day,  
 Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls  
 Into utter darkness, deep ingulf'd, his place  
 Ordain'd, without redemption, without end.'

"So spake the Omnipotent, and with his words  
 All seem'd well pleased; all seem'd, but were not  
 That day, as other solemn days, they spent [all.  
 In song and dance about the sacred hill;  
 Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere  
 Of planets, and of fix'd, in all her wheels,  
 Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,  
 Eccentric, intervolved, yet regular  
 Then most, when most irregular they seem;  
 And in their motions harmony divine [ear  
 So smoothes her charming tones, that God's own  
 Listens delighted. Evening now approach'd;  
 (For we have also our evening and our morn,  
 We ours for change delectable, not need;)  
 Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn  
 Desirous; all in circles as they stood,  
 Tables are set, and on a sudden piled  
 With angels' food; and rubied nectar flows  
 In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold,

Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of Heaven.  
 On flowers reposed, and with fresh flowerets crown'd,  
 They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet  
 Quaff immortality and joy, secure  
 Of surfeit, where full measure only bounds  
 Excess, before the all-bounteous King, who shower'd  
 With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.  
 Now when ambrosial night, with clouds exhaled  
 From that high mount of God, whence light and  
 shade

Spring both, the face of brightest Heaven had chang'd  
 To grateful twilight, (for night comes not there  
 In darker veil,) and roseate dews disposed  
 All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest.  
 Wide over all the plain, and wider far  
 Than all this globose earth, in plain outspread,  
 (Such are the courts of God,) the angelic throng,  
 Dispersed in bands and files, their camp extend  
 By living streams among the trees of life,  
 Pavilion numberless and sudden rear'd,  
 Celestial tabernacles, where they slept [course,  
 Fann'd with cool winds; save those, who, in their  
 Melodious hymns about the sovereign throne  
 Alternate, all night long. But not so waked  
 Satan; so call him now; his former name  
 Is heard no more in Heaven: he, of the first,  
 If not the first arch-angel, great in power,  
 In favour and pre-eminence, yet fraught  
 With envy against the Son of God, that day  
 Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd  
 Messiah King anointed, could not bear,

Through pride, that sight, and thought himself im-  
 Deep malice thence conceiving, and disdain, [pair'd.  
 Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour  
 Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd  
 With all his legions to dislodge, and leave  
 Unworshipp'd, unobey'd, the throne supreme,  
 Contemptuous; and his next subordinate  
 Awakening, thus to him in secret spake:

“‘ Sleep'st thou? companion dear, what sleep can  
 Thy eye-lids? and remember'st what decree [close  
 Of yesterday, so late hath pass'd the lips  
 Of Heaven's Almighty? Thou to me thy thoughts  
 Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart;  
 Both waking we were one; how then can now  
 Thy sleep dissent? New laws thou seest impos'd;  
 New laws from him who reigns, new minds may  
 In us who serve, new counsels to debate [raise  
 What doubtful may ensue: more in this place  
 To utter is not safe. Assemble thou,  
 Of all those myriads which we lead, the chief;  
 Tell them, that by command, ere yet dim night  
 Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste,  
 And all who under me their banners wave,  
 Homeward, with flying march, where we possess  
 The quarters of the north; there to prepare  
 Fit entertainment to receive our King,  
 The great Messiah, and his new commands;  
 Who speedily, through all the hierarchies,  
 Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.’

“ So spake the false arch-angel, and infused  
 Bad influence into the unwary breast

Of his associates; he together calls,  
Or several one by one, the regent powers,  
Under him regent: tells, as he was taught,  
That the Most High commanding, now ere night  
Now ere dim night had disincumber'd Heaven,  
The great hierarchal standard was to move;  
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between  
Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound  
Or taint integrity: but all obey'd  
The wonted signal and superior voice  
Of their great potentate; for great indeed  
His name, and high was his degree in Heaven:  
His countenance, as the morning star that guides  
The starry flock, allured them; and with lies  
Drew after him the third part of Heaven's host.  
Meanwhile the Eternal eye, whose sight discerns  
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy mount,  
And from within the golden lamps, that burn  
Nightly before him, saw, without their light,  
Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread  
Among the sons of morn, what multitudes  
Were banded to oppose his high decree;  
And, smiling, to his only Son thus said:  
    "Son, thou in whom my glory I behold  
In full resplendence, heir of all my might,  
Nearly it now concerns us to be sure  
Of our omnipotence, and with what arms  
We mean to hold, what anciently we claim  
Of deity or empire; such a foe  
Is rising, who intends to erect his throne  
Equal to ours, throughout the spacious north;

Nor so content, hath in his thought to try,  
In battle, what our power is, or our right  
Let us advise, and to this hazard draw  
With speed what force is left, and all employ  
In our defence: lest unawares we lose  
This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.'

"To whom the Son, with calm aspect and clear  
Lightning divine, ineffable, serene,  
Made answer: 'Mighty Father, thou thy foes  
Justly hast in derision, and, secure,  
Laugh'st at their vain designs and tumults vain,  
Matter to me of glory, whom their hate  
Illustrates; when they see all regal power  
Given me to quell their pride, and in event  
Know whether I be dext'rous to subdue  
Thy rebels, or be found the worst in Heaven.'

"So spake the Son: but Satan with his powers  
Far was advanced, on winged speed, an host  
Innumerable as the stars of night,  
Or stars of morning, dew-drops, which the sun  
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.  
Regions they pass'd, the mighty regencies  
Of seraphim, and potentates, and thrones,  
In their triple degrees; regions, to which  
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more  
Than what this garden is to all the earth,  
And all the sea, from one entire globose  
Stretch'd into longitude; which having pass'd,  
At length into the limits of the north  
They came; and Satan to his royal seat,  
High on a hill far blazing, as a mount

Raised on a mount, with pyramids and towers,  
 From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold:  
 The palace of great Lucifer, (so call  
 That structure in the dialect of men  
 Interpreted,) which not long after, he,  
 Affecting all equality with God,  
 In imitation of that mount whereon  
 Messiah was declar'd in sight of Heaven,  
 The Mountain of the Congregation call'd;  
 For thither he assembled all his train,  
 Pretending, so commanded, to consult  
 About the great reception of their King,  
 Thither to come; and with calumnious art  
 Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears:

“ ‘Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues.  
 If these magnificent titles yet remain [powers  
 Not merely titular, since by decree  
 Another now hath to himself engross'd  
 All power, and us eclipsed under the name  
 Of King anointed, for whom all this haste  
 Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,  
 This only to consult how we may best,  
 With what may be devis'd of honours new,  
 Receive him coming to receive from us  
 Knee-tribute, yet unpaid, prostration vile!  
 Too much to one! but double how endured,  
 To one, and to his image now proclaimed?  
 But what if better counsels might erect  
 Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke?  
 Will ye submit your necks and choose to bend  
 The supple knee? ye will not, if I trust



To know ye right, or if ye know yourselves  
Natives and sons of heaven, possess'd before  
By none, and if not equal all, yet free,  
Equally free; for orders and degrees  
Jar not with liberty, but well consist.  
Who can in reason then, or right, assume  
Monarchy over such as live by right  
His equals? if in power and splendour less,  
In freedom equal; or can introduce  
Law and edict on us? who without law,  
Err not: much less for this to be our Lord,  
And look for adoration, to the abuse  
Of those imperial titles, which assert  
Our being ordained to govern, not to serve.'

“Thus far his bold discourse, without control  
Had audience, when among the seraphim,  
Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal adored  
The Deity, and divine commands obey'd,  
Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe  
The current of his fury thus oppos'd:

“‘O argument blasphemous, false, and proud!  
Words which no ear ever to hear in heaven  
Expected, least of all from thee, ingrate,  
In place thyself so high above thy peers,  
Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn  
The just decree of God, pronounced and sworn,  
That to his only Son, by right endued  
With regal sceptre, every soul in heaven  
Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due,  
Confess him rightful King? Unjust, thou say'st,  
Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,

And equal over equals to let reign,  
One over all, with unsucceeded power.  
Shalt thou give law to God? shalt thou dispute  
With him the points of liberty, who made  
Thee what thou art, and form'd the powers of  
heaven

Such as he pleased, and circumscrib'd their being?  
Yet, by experience taught, we know how good,  
And of our good and of our dignity  
How provident he is; how far from thought  
To make us less, bent rather to exalt  
Our happy state, under one head more near  
United. But to grant it thee unjust,  
That equal over equals monarch reign:  
Thyself, though great and glorious, dost thou count,  
Or all angelic nature join'd in one,  
Equal to his Begotten Son? by whom,  
As by his word, the mighty Father made  
All things, even thee; and all the spirits of Heaven  
By him created in their bright degrees;  
Crown'd them with glory, and to their glory nam'd  
Thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers,  
Essential powers; nor by his reign obscured,  
But more illustrious made; since he the head  
One of our number thus reduced becomes;  
His laws our laws; all honour to him done  
Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage,  
And tempt not these; but hasten to appease  
The incens'd Father, and the incens'd Son,  
While pardon may be found, in time besought.  
"So spake the fervent angel; but his zeal

None seconded, as out of season judged,  
 Or singular and rash; whereat rejoiced  
 The apostate, and, more haughty, thus replied:

“‘That we were form’d then, sayst thou? and the  
 Of secondary hand, by task transferr’d [work  
 From Father to his Son? strange point and new!  
 Doctrine which we would know whence learn’d: who  
 When this creation was? Remember’st thou [saw  
 Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?  
 We know no time when we were not as now;  
 Know none before us; self-begot, self-raised  
 By our own quickening power, when fatal course  
 Had circled his full orb, the birth mature  
 Of this our native Heaven, ethereal sons.  
 Our puissance is our own; our own right hand  
 Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try  
 Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold  
 Whether by supplication we intend  
 Address, and to begirt the Almighty’s throne  
 Beseeching, or besieging. This report,  
 These tidings carry to the anointed King;  
 And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.’

“He said, and as the sound of waters deep,  
 Hoarse murmur echoed to his words applause  
 Through the infinite host; nor less for that  
 The flaming seraph fearless, though alone,  
 Encompass’d round with foes, thus answer’d bold

“‘O alienate from God, O spirit accurs’d,  
 Forsaken of all good! I see thy fall  
 Determined, and thy hapless crew involved,  
 In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread

Both of thy crime and punishment. Henceforth,  
No more be troubled how to quit the yoke  
Of God's Messiah; those indulgent laws  
Will not be now vouchsafed; other decrees  
Against thee are gone forth without recall,  
That golden sceptre, which thou didst reject,  
Is now an iron rod, to bruise and break  
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise:  
Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly  
These wicked tents devoted; lest the wrath  
Impendent, raging into sudden flame,  
Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel  
His thunder on thy head, devouring fire:  
Then who created thee lamenting learn;  
When, who can uncreate thee, thou shalt know."

So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found.  
Among the faithless, faithful only he;  
Among innumerable false, unmoved,  
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,  
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal:  
Nor number nor example with him wrought  
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,  
Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,  
Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd  
Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught:  
And, with retorted scorn, his back he turn'd  
On those proud tow'rs, to swift destruction doom'd.

**PARADISE LOST**

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BOOK VI.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his angels. The first fight described: Satan and his powers retire under night: he calls a council, invents devilish engines, which, in the second day's fight, put Michael and his angels to some disorder; but they at length, pulling up mountains, overwhelmed both the force and machines of Satan: yet the tumult not so ending, God on the third day sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserved the glory of that victory. He, in the power of his Father, coming to the place, and causing all his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them, unable to resist, towards the wall of Heaven; which opening, they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepared for them in the deep. Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.*

# PARADISE LOST.

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## BOOK VI.

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“ ALL night the dreadless angel, unpursued,  
Through heaven’s wide champaign held his way;  
till morn,

Waked by the circling hours, with rosy hand  
Unbarr’d the gates of light. There is a cave  
Within the mount of God, fast by his throne,  
Where light and darkness in perpetual round  
Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through  
Grateful vicissitude, like day and night; [heaven  
Light issues forth, and, at the other door,  
Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour [well  
To veil the heaven; though darkness there might  
Seem twilight here. And now went forth the Morn,  
Such as in highest heaven array’d in gold  
Empyrean; from before her vanish’d Night  
Shot through with orient beams; when all the plain,  
Cover’d with thick embattled squadrons bright,  
Chariots and flaming arms, and fiery steeds,  
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view.  
War he perceived, war in procinct; and found  
Already known, what he for news had thought

To have reported; gladly then he mixed  
Among those friendly pow'rs, who him receiv'd  
With joy and acclamations loud, that one,  
That of so many myriads fall'n, yet one  
Return'd not lost. On to the sacred hill  
They led him high applauded, and present  
Before the seat supreme; from whence a voice  
From midst a golden cloud, thus mild was heard:

““Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought  
The better fight, who single hast maintain'd  
Against revolted multitudes the cause  
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;  
And for the testimony of truth hast borne  
Universal reproach, far worse to bear  
Than violence; for this was all thy care,  
To stand approved in sight of God, though worlds  
Judged thee perverse; the easier conquest now  
Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,  
Back on thy foes more glorious to return,  
Than scorn'd thou didst depart, and to subdue  
By force, who reason for their law refuse;  
Right reason for their law, and for their king  
Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.  
Go, Michael, of celestial armies prince,  
And thou, in military prowess next,  
Gabriel, lead forth to battle these my sons  
Invincible, lead forth my armed saints,  
By thousands and by millions ranged for fight;  
Equal in numbers to that godless crew  
Rebellious; them with fire and hostile arms  
Fearless assault, and, to the brow of heaven



Pursuing, drive them out from God and bliss,  
Into their place of punishment, the gulf  
Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide  
His fiery chaos to receive their fall.'

"So spake the Sovereign voice; and clouds began  
To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll  
In dusky wreaths, reluctant flames, the sign  
Of wrath awaked; nor with less dread the loud  
Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow:  
At which command the powers militant,  
That stood for heaven, in mighty quadrate join'd  
Of union irresistible, mov'd on  
In silence their bright legions, to the sound  
Of instrumental harmony, that breathed  
Heroic ardour to adventurous deeds  
Under their God-like leaders, in the cause  
Of God and his Messiah. On they move,  
Indissolubly firm; nor obvious hill,  
Nor straitening vale, nor wood, nor stream divides  
Their perfect ranks; for high above the ground  
Their march was, and the passive air upbore  
Their nimble tread, as when the total kind  
Of birds, in orderly array on wing,  
Came summon'd over Eden to receive  
Their names of thee: so over many a tract  
Of heaven they march'd, and many a province wide,  
Tenfold the length of this terrene. At last,  
Far in the horizon, to the north, appear'd  
From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretch'd  
In battailous aspect, and, nearer view,  
Bristled with upright beams innumerable

Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields  
Various, with boastful argument portray'd,  
The banded pow'rs of Satan hasting on  
With furious expedition; for they ween'd  
That self-same day, by fight or by surprise,  
To win the mount of God, and on his throne  
To set the envier of his state, the proud  
Aspirer: but their thoughts proved fond and vain  
In the midway. Though strange to us it seem'd  
At first, that angel should with angel war,  
And in fierce hostling meet, who wont to meet  
So oft in festivals of joy and love  
Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire  
Hymning the Eternal Father. But the shout  
Of battle now began, and rushing sound  
Of onset ended soon each milder thought.  
High in the midst, exalted as a god,  
The apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat,  
Idol of majesty divine, enclos'd  
With flaming cherubim and golden shields;  
Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now  
'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,  
A dreadful interval; and front to front  
Presented stood in terrible array  
Of hideous length. Before the cloudy van,  
On the rough edge of battle, ere it join'd,  
Satan, with vast and haughty strides advanced,  
Came towering, arm'd in adamant and gold.  
Abdiel that sight endured not, where he stood  
Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,  
And thus his own undaunted heart explorer;

“‘O Heaven! that such resemblance of the  
Should yet remain, where faith and realtà [Highest  
Remain not: wherefore should not strength and  
might

There fail, where virtue fails? or weakest prove  
Where boldest, though to sight unconquerable?  
His puissance, trusting in the Almighty's aid,  
I mean to try, whose reason I have tried  
Unsound and false: nor is it aught but just,  
That he, who in debate of truth hath won,  
Should win in arms, in both disputes alike  
Victor; though brutish that contest and foul,  
When reason hath to deal with force, yet so  
Most reason is, that reason overcome.’

“ So pondering, and, from his armed peers  
Forth stepping opposite, half-way he met  
His daring foe, at this prevention more  
Incensed, and thus securely him defied: [reach'd

“ ‘Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have  
The height of thy aspiring unopposed  
The throne of God unguarded, and his side  
Abandon'd, at the terror of thy power  
Or potent tongue: fool! not to think how vain  
Against the Omnipotent to rise in arms;  
Who out of smallest things could, without end,  
Have raised incessant armies to defeat  
Thy folly; or with solitary hand  
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow,  
Unaided, could have finish'd thee, and whelm'd  
Thy legions under darkness: but thou seest  
All are not of thy train; there be, who faith

Prefer, and piety to God, though then  
 To thee not visible, when I alone  
 Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent  
 From all: my sect thou seest; now learn too late,  
 How few sometimes may know, when thousands err.'

" Whom the grand foe, with scornful eye askance,  
 Thus answered: ' Ill for thee, but in wish'd hour  
 Of my revenge first sought for, thou return'st  
 From flight, seditious angel! to receive  
 Thy merited reward, the first essay  
 Of this right hand provoked, since first that tongue,  
 Inspired with contradiction, durst oppose  
 A third part of the gods, in synod met,  
 Their deities to assert; who, while they feel  
 Vigour divine within them, can allow  
 Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st  
 Before thy fellows, ambitious to win  
 From me some plume, that my success may show  
 Destruction to the rest: this pause between  
 (Unanswer'd lest thou boast,) to let thee know,  
 At first I thought that liberty and heaven  
 To heavenly souls, had been all one; but now  
 I see that most through sloth had rather serve,  
 Ministering spirits, trained up in feast and song:  
 Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of Heaven  
 Servility with freedom to contend,  
 As both their deeds compar'd this day shall prove.'

" To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern replied:  
 ' Apostate, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find  
 Of erring, from the path of truth remote:  
 Unjustly thou depriv'st it with the name

Of servitude, to serve whom God ordains,  
Or Nature; God and Nature bid the same,  
When he who rules is worthiest, and excels  
Them whom he governs. This is servitude,  
To serve the unwise, or him who hath rebell'd  
Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,  
Thyself not free, but to thyself enthral'd;  
Yet lewdly dar'st our ministering upbraid.  
Reign thou in Hell, thy kingdom; let me serve  
In Heaven God ever blest, and his divine  
Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd:  
Yet chains in Hell, not realms, expect; meanwhile,  
From me return'd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,  
This greeting on thy impious crest receive.'

“ So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,  
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell,  
On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,  
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield,  
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge  
He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee,  
His massy spear upstay'd; as if on earth,  
Winds under ground, or waters forcing way,  
Sidelong, had push'd a mountain from his seat,  
Half-sunk with all his pines. Amazement seiz'd  
The rebel thrones, but greater rage, to see  
Thus foil'd their mightiest; ours joy fill'd, and shout,  
Presage of victory, and fierce desire  
Of battle: whereat Michael bid sound  
The archangel trumpet; through the vast of Heaven  
It sounded, and the faithful armies rung  
Hosanna to the Highest: nor stood at gaze

The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd  
The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,  
And clamour such as heard in heaven till now  
Was never; arms on armour clashing bray'd  
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels  
Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noise  
Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss  
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,  
And flying vaulted either host with fire.  
So under fiery cope together rush'd  
Both battles main, with ruinous assault  
And inextinguishable rage. All Heaven  
Resounded, and had earth been then, all earth  
Had to her centre shook. What wonder? when  
Millions of fierce encountering angels fought  
On either side, the least of whom could wield  
These elements, and arm him with the force  
Of all their regions: how much more of power  
Army against army numberless to raise  
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,  
Though not destroy, their happy native seat;  
Had not the Eternal King, Omnipotent,  
From the stronghold of Heaven high, over-rul'd  
And limited their might; though number'd such,  
As each divided legion might have seem'd  
A numerous host; in strength each armed hand  
A legion; led in fight, yet leader seem'd  
Each warrior single, as in chief; expert  
When to advance or stand, or turn the sway  
Of battle; open when, and when to close  
The ridges of grim war; no thought of flight,

None of retreat, no unbecoming deed  
That argued fear; each on himself relied,  
As only in his arm the moment lay  
Of victory. Deeds of eternal fame  
Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread  
That war and various; sometimes on firm ground  
A standing fight, then, soaring on main wing,  
Tormented all the air; all air seem'd then  
Conflicting fire. Long time in even scale  
The battle hung; till Satan, who that day  
Prodigious power had shown, and met in arms  
No equal, ranging through the dire attack  
Of fighting seraphim confus'd, at length  
Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd  
Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed sway  
Brandish'd aloft, the horrid edge came down  
Wide wasting: such destruction to withstand  
He hasted, and oppos'd the rocky orb  
Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,  
A vast circumference. At his approach,  
The great archangel from his warlike toil  
Surceased; and glad, as hoping here to end  
Intestine war in Heaven, the arch-foe subdu'd  
Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown  
And visage all inflam'd, first thus began:

“ Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,  
Unnam'd in Heaven, now plenteous, as thou seest,  
These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,  
Though heaviest by just measure on thyself,  
And thy adherents: how hast thou disturb'd  
Heaven's blessed peace, and into nature brought

Misery, uncreated till the crime  
Of thy rebellion? how hast thou instill'd  
Thy malice into thousands, once upright  
And faithful, now prov'd false! But think not here  
To trouble holy rest; Heaven casts thee out  
From all her confines: Heaven, the seat of bliss,  
Brooks not the works of violence and war.  
Hence then, and evil go with thee along,  
Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell,  
Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broils,  
Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,  
Or some more sudden vengeance, wing'd from God,  
Precipitate thee with augmented pain.'

"So spake the prince of angels; to whom thus  
The adversary: 'Nor think thou with wind  
Of airy threats to awe whom yet with deeds  
Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these  
To flight? or if to fall, but that they rise  
Unvanquish'd, easier to transact with me [threats  
That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with  
To chase me hence? Err not, that so shall end  
The strife which thou call'st evil, but we style  
The strife of glory; which we mean to win,  
Or turn this Heaven itself into the Hell  
Thou fablest; here however to dwell free,  
If not to reign: meanwhile thy utmost force,  
And join him named Almighty to thy aid,  
I fly not, but have sought thee far and nigh.'

"They ended parle, and both addressed for fight  
Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue  
Of angels, can relate, or to what things



Liken on earth conspicuous, that may lift  
Human imagination to such height  
Of godlike power? for likest gods they seem'd,  
Stood they or moved, in stature, motion, arms,  
Fit to decide the empire of great Heaven.  
Now waved their fiery swords, and in the air  
Made horrid circles; two broad suns their shields  
Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood  
In horror: from each hand with speed retired,  
Where erst was thickest fight, the angelic throng,  
And left large field, unsafe within the wind  
Of such commotion; such as, to set forth  
Great things by small, if nature's concord broke,  
Among the constellations war were sprung,  
Two planets, rushing from aspect malign  
Of fiercest opposition, in mid-sky  
Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.  
Together both, with next to almighty arm  
Uplifted imminent, one stroke they aim'd  
That might determine, and not need repeat  
As not of power at once; nor odds appear'd  
In might or swift prevention: but the sword  
Of Michael, from the armoury of God  
Was given him temper'd so, that neither keen  
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met  
The sword of Satan with steep force to smite  
Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor stay'd,  
But with swift wheel reverse, deep entering, shared  
All his right side. Then Satan first knew pain,  
And writhed him to and fro convolved; so sore  
The grinding sword, with discontinuous wound,

Pass'd through him; but the ethereal substance  
Not long divisible; and from the gash, [clos'd,  
A stream of nectarous humour flow'd  
Sanguine, such as celestial spirits may bleed,  
And all his armour stain'd, erewhile so bright.  
Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run  
By angels many and strong, who interposed  
Defence; while others bore him on their shields  
Back to his chariot, where it stood retired  
From off the files of war: there they him laid  
Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and shame,  
To find himself not matchless, and his pride  
Humbled by such rebuke; so far beneath  
His confidence to equal God in power.  
Yet soon he heal'd; for spirits that live throughout  
Vital in every part, not as frail man  
In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,  
Cannot but by annihilating die;  
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound  
Receive, no more than can the fluid air:  
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,  
All intellect, all sense; and, as they please,  
They limb themselves, and colour, shape, or size  
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

“ Meanwhile in other parts like deeds deserv'd  
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,  
And with fierce ensigns pierced the deep array  
Of Moloch, furious king; who him defied,  
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound  
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heaven  
Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon,

Down cloven to the waist, with shatter'd arms  
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing,  
Uriel, and Raphael, his vaunting foe,  
Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,  
Vanquish'd Adramalech and Asmodai,  
Two potent thrones, that to be less than gods  
Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their  
flight,

Mangled with ghastly wounds, through plate and  
Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy [mail.  
The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow  
Ariel, and Arioch, and the violence  
Of Ramiel, scorch'd and blasted, overthrew.  
I might relate of thousands, and their names  
Eternize here on earth; but those elect  
Angels, contented with their fame in Heaven,  
Seek not the praise of men: the other sort,  
In might though wondrous and in acts of war,  
Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom  
Cancell'd from Heaven and sacred memory,  
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell;  
For strength, from truth divided and from just,  
Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise  
And ignominy; yet to glory aspires,  
Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame:  
Therefore eternal silence be their doom. [swerv'd,

“And now, their mightiest quell'd, the battle  
With many an inroad gored: deformed rout  
Enter'd, and foul disorder; all the ground  
With shiver'd armour strown, and on a heap  
Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd,

And fiery foaming steeds; what stood, recoil'd  
O'erwearied, through the faint Satanic host,  
Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpris'd,  
Then first with fear surprised, and sense of pain,  
Fled ignominious, to such evil brought  
By sin of disobedience till that hour,  
Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.  
Far otherwise the inviolable saints,  
In cubic phalanx firm, advanced entire,  
Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd;  
Such high advantages their innocence  
Gave them above their foes; not to have sinn'd,  
Not to have disobey'd; in fight they stood  
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd [moved.  
By wound, though from their place by violence  
“ Now Night her course began, and, over Heaven  
Inducing darkness, grateful truce imposed,  
And silence on the odious din of war:  
Under her cloudy covert both retired,  
Victor and vanquish'd: on the foughten field  
Michael and his angels prevalent  
Encamping, placed in guard their watches round,  
Cherubic waving fires: on the other part,  
Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,  
Far in the dark dislodg'd; and, void of rest,  
His potentates to council call'd by night,  
And in the midst thus undismay'd began:  
“ O now in danger tried, now known in arms  
Not to be overpower'd, companions dear,  
Found worthy not of liberty alone,  
Too mean pretence! but what we more affect,

Honour, dominion, glory, and renown;  
 Who have sustained one day in doubtful fight,  
 (And if one day, why not eternal days?)  
 What heaven's Lord had powerfullest to send  
 Against us, from about his throne, and judged  
 Sufficient to subdue us to his will,  
 But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,  
 Of future we may deem him, though till now  
 Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,  
 Some disadvantage we endured, and pain,  
 Till now not known, but known, as soon contemn'd,  
 Since now we find this our empyreal form  
 Incapable of mortal injury,  
 Imperishable; and, though pierced with wound,  
 Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.  
 Of evil then so small, as easy think  
 The remedy; perhaps more valid arms,  
 Weapons more violent, when next we meet,  
 May serve to better us, and worse our foes;  
 Or equal what between us made the odds,  
 In nature none: if other hidden cause  
 Left them superior, while we can preserve  
 Unhurt our minds, and understanding sound,  
 Due search and consultation will disclose.'

"He sat; and in the assembly next upstood  
 Nisroch, of principalities the prime:  
 As one he stood escaped from cruel fight,  
 Sore toil'd, his riven arms to havoc hewn;  
 And, cloudy in aspect, thus answ'ring spake:  
 "Deliverer from new lords, leader to free  
 Enjoyment of our right as gods; yet hard

For gods, and too unequal work we find,  
 Against unequal arms to fight in pain,  
 Against unpain'd, impassive; from which evil  
 Ruin must needs ensue: for what avails [pain  
 Valour or strength, though matchless, quell'd with  
 Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands  
 Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may well  
 Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,  
 But live content, which is the calmest life:  
 But pain is perfect misery, the worst  
 Of evils, and, excessive, overturns  
 All patience. He who therefore can invent,  
 With what more forcible we may offend  
 Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm  
 Ourselves with like defence, to me deserves  
 No less than for deliverance what we owe.'

“Where to, with look composed, Satan replied:  
 ‘Not uninvented that, which thou aright  
 Believest so main to our success, I bring.  
 Which of us, who beholds the bright surface  
 Of this ethereous mould whereon we stand,  
 This continent of spacious Heaven, adorn'd  
 With plant, fruit, flower ambrosial, gems, and gold;  
 Whose eye so superficially surveys  
 These things, as not to mind from whence they grow,  
 Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,  
 Of spirituous and fiery spume, till touch'd  
 With Heaven's ray, and temper'd, they shoot forth  
 So beauteous, opening to the ambient light?  
 These in their dark nativity the deep  
 Shall yield us, pregnant with infernal flame;

Which into hollow engines long and round  
Thick-ramm'd, at the other bore with touch of fire  
Dilated, and infuriate, shall send forth  
From far, with thundering noise, among our foes  
Such implements of mischief, as shall dash  
To pieces and o'erwhelm whatever stands  
Adverse; that they shall fear we have disarm'd  
The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.  
Nor long shall be our labour; yet ere dawn,  
Effect shall end our wish. Meanwhile revive;  
Abandon fear; to strength and counsel join'd,  
Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd.'

“He ended; and his words their drooping cheer  
Enlighten'd, and their languish'd hope reviv'd:  
The invention all admir'd, and each, how he  
To be the inventor miss'd; so easy it seem'd,  
Once found, which yet unfound most would have  
Impossible: yet, haply, of thy race [thought  
In future days, if malice should abound,  
Some one, intent on mischief, or inspired  
With devilish machination, might devise  
Like instrument to plague the sons of men  
For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.  
Forthwith from council to the work they flew;  
None arguing stood; innumerable hands  
Were ready; in a moment up they turned  
Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath  
The originals of nature in their crude  
Conception; sulphurous and nitrous foam  
They found, they mingled, and with subtle art  
Concocted and adusted, they reduced

To blackest grain, and into store convey'd.  
 Part hidden veins digg'd up (nor hath this earth  
 Entrails unlike,) of mineral and stone,  
 Whereof to found their engines and their balls  
 Of missive ruin; part incentive reed  
 Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.  
 So all, ere day-spring, under conscious night,  
 Secret they finish'd, and in order set,  
 With silent circumspection, unespied.

“ Now when fair morn orient in Heaven ap-  
 Up rose the victor-angels, and to arms [pear'd,  
 The matin trumpet sung: in arms they stood  
 Of golden panoply, refulgent host,  
 Soon banded; others from the dawning hills  
 Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-armed  
 Each quarter; to descry the distant foe, [scour,  
 Where lodged, or whither fled; or if for fight,  
 In motion or in halt: him soon they met  
 Under spread ensigns, moving nigh, in slow  
 But firm battalion. Back with speediest sail,  
 Zophiel, of cherubim the swiftest wing,  
 Came flying, and in mid air aloud thus cried,

“ ‘ Arm, warriors, arm for fight; the foe at hand,  
 Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit.  
 This day, fear not his flight; so thick a cloud  
 He comes: and settled in his face, I see  
 Sad resolution, and secure. Let each  
 His adamantine coat gird well, and each  
 Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orb'd shield.  
 Borne even on high; for this day will pour down,  
 If I conjecture ought, no drizzling shower,



But rattling storm of arrows, barb'd with fire.

“So warn'd he them, aware themselves; and  
 In order, quit of all impediment, [soon  
 Instant without disturb they took alarm,  
 And onward moved embattled: when behold,  
 Not distant far, with heavy pace, the foe  
 Approaching gross and huge; in hollow cube  
 Training his devilish enginery, impaled  
 On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,  
 To hide the fraud. At interview both stood  
 A while, but suddenly at head appear'd  
 Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud:

“‘Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold;  
 That all may see, who hate us, how we seek  
 Peace and composure, and with open breast  
 Stand ready to receive them, if they like  
 Our overture, and turn not back perverse:  
 But that I doubt; however, witness Heaven;  
 Heaven, witness thou anon, while we discharge  
 Freely our part; ye, who appointed stand,  
 Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch  
 What we propound, and loud that all may hear.’

“So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce  
 Had ended, when to right and left the front  
 Divided, and to either flank retir'd:  
 Which to our eyes discover'd, new and strange,  
 A triple-mounted row of pillars, laid  
 On wheels; (for like to pillars most they seem'd,  
 Or hollow'd bodies, made of oak or fir,  
 With branches lopp'd in wood or mountain fell'd;)  
 Brass, iron, stony mould, had not their mouths

With hideous orifice, gap'd on us wide,  
Portending hollow truce; at each behind  
A seraph stood, and in his hand a reed  
Stood waving, tipp'd with fire; while we, suspense,  
Collected stood, within our thoughts amus'd;  
Not long; for sudden all at once their reeds  
Put forth, and to a narrow vent applied  
With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,  
But soon obscured with smoke, all heaven appeared,  
From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose  
Embowell'd with outrageous noise the air, [roar  
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul  
Their devilish glut, chain'd thunderbolts, and hail  
Of iron globes, which on the victor host  
Levell'd, with such impetuous fury smote,  
That whom they hit, none on their feet might stand,  
Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell  
By thousands, angel on archangel roll'd;  
The sooner for their arms: unarm'd they might  
Have easily, as spirits, evaded swift  
By quick contraction or remove; but now  
Foul dissipation follow'd, and forced rout;  
Nor served it to relax their serried files.  
What should they do? If on they rush'd, repulse  
Repeated, and indecent overthrow  
Doubled, would render them yet more despis'd,  
And to their foes a laughter; for in view  
Stood rank'd of seraphim another row,  
In posture to displode their second tire  
Of thunder; back defeated to return  
They worse abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,

And to his mates thus in derision call'd: [proud?

“O friends, why come not on these victors  
Erewhile they fierce were coming; and when we  
To entertain them fair with open front [terms  
And breast, (what could we more?) propounded  
Of composition, straight they chang'd their minds,  
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,  
As they would dance; yet for a dance they seem'd  
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps  
For joy of offered peace: but I suppose,  
If our proposals once again were heard,  
We should compel them to a quick result.’

“To whom thus Belial, in like gamesome mood:  
‘Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,  
Of hard contents, and full of force urged home;  
Such as we might perceive amused them all,  
And stumbled many; who receives them right,  
Had need from head to foot well understand:  
Not understood, this gift they had; besides  
They show us when our foes walk not upright.’

“So they, among themselves, in pleasant vein  
Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond  
All doubt of victory; eternal Might  
To match with their inventions they presumed  
So easy, and of his thunder made a scorn,  
And all his host derided, while they stood  
A while in trouble: but they stood not long;  
Rage prompted them at length, and found them  
Against such hellish mischief, fit to oppose. [arms,  
Forthwith, behold the excellence, the power,  
Which God hath in his mighty angels plac'd,

Their arms away they threw, and to the hills,  
(For earth hath this variety from heaven,  
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale.)  
Light as the lightning-glimpse they ran, they flew;  
From their foundations loosening too and fro,  
They pluck'd the seated hills, with all their load,  
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops  
Uplifting, bore them in their hands. Amaze,  
Be sure, and terror, seiz'd the rebel host,  
When coming towards them so dread they saw  
The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd;  
Till on those cursed engines' triple row  
They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence  
Under the weight of mountains buried deep;  
Themselves invaded next, and on their heads,  
Main promontories flung, which in the air  
Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole legions arm'd.  
Their armour help'd their harm, crush'd in and bruis'd  
Into their sustance pent, which wrought them pain  
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan;  
Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind  
Out of such prison, though spirits of purest light,  
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.  
The rest, in imitation, to like arms  
Betook them, and the neighbouring hills upore;  
So hills amid the air encounter'd hills,  
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,  
That under ground they fought, in dismal shade;  
Infernal noise! War seem'd a civil game  
To this uproar; horrid confusion heap'd  
Upon confusion rose: and now all Heaven

Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread,  
 Had not the almighty Father, where he sits  
 Shrin'd in his sanctuary of Heaven secure,  
 Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen  
 This tumult, and permitted all, advised:  
 That his great purpose he might so fulfil,  
 To honour his anointed Son, avenged  
 Upon his enemies; and to declare  
 All power on him transferr'd: whence to his Son,  
 The assessor of his throne, he thus began:  
 " ' Effulgence of my glory, Son below'd;  
 Son, in whose face invisible is beheld  
 Visibly, what by Deity I am;  
 And in whose hand what by decree I do,  
 Second Omnipotence; two days are pass'd,  
 Two days, as we compute the days of Heaven,  
 Since Michael and his powers went forth to tame  
 These disobedient: sore hath been their fight,  
 As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd;  
 For to themselves I left them; and thou know'st,  
 Equal in their creation they were form'd  
 Save what sin hath impair'd, which yet hath  
 Insensibly, for I suspend their doom; [wrought  
 Whence, in perpetual fight, they needs must last  
 Endless, and no solution will be found.  
 War, wearied, hath perform'd what war can do,  
 And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins, [makes  
 With mountains as with weapons arm'd, which  
 Wild work in Heaven, and dang'rous to the main.  
 Two days are therefore pass'd, the third is thine;  
 For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far

Have suffer'd, that the glory might be thine  
Of ending this great war, since none but thou  
Can end it. Into thee such virtue and grace  
Immense I have transfused, that all may know  
In Heaven and Hell thy power above compare;  
And, this perverse commotion governed thus,  
To manifest thee worthiest to be heir,  
Of all things to be heir, and to be King  
By sacred unction, thy deserved right.  
Go then, thou Mightiest, in thy Father's might;  
Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels  
That shake Heaven's basis, bring forth all my war,  
My bow and thunder; my almighty arms  
Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh;  
Pursue these sons of darkness; drive them out  
From all Heaven's bounds into the utter deep:  
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise  
God, and Messiah his anointed King.'

“He said; and on his Son with rays direct  
Shone full: he all his Father full express'd  
Ineffably into his face receiv'd;

And thus the filial Godhead answering spake:

“‘O Father, O Supreme of Heavenly thrones,  
First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou always seek'st  
To glorify thy Son, I always thee,  
As is most just; this I my glory account,  
My exaltation, and my whole delight,  
That thou, in me well pleased, declar'st thy will  
Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliss.  
Sceptre and power, thy giving, I assume;  
And gladlier shall resign, when in the end

Thou shalt be all in all, and I in thee  
 For ever; and in me all whom thou lov'st:  
 But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on  
 Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,  
 Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,  
 Arm'd with thy might, rid Heaven of these rebell'd,  
 To their prepar'd ill mansion driven down,  
 To chains of darkness, and the undying worm;  
 That from thy just obedience could revolt,  
 Whom to obey is happiness entire.

Then shall thy saints unmix'd, and from the im-  
 Far separate, circling thy holy mount, [pure  
 Unfeigned hallelujahs to thee sing,  
 Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.'

“ So said, he, o'er his sceptre bowing, rose  
 From the right hand of glory, where he sat;  
 And the third sacred morn began to shine,  
 Dawning through Heaven: forth rush'd with whirl-  
 The chariot of paternal Deity, [wind sound  
 Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,  
 Itself instinct with spirit, but convoy'd  
 By four cherubic shapes; four faces each  
 Had wondrous; as with stars, their bodies all  
 And wings were set with eyes; with eyes the wheels  
 Of beryl, and careering fires between;  
 Over their heads a crystal firmament,  
 Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure  
 Amber, and colours of the showery arch.  
 He, in celestial panoply all arm'd,  
 Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,  
 Ascended; at his right hand Victory

Sat eagle-wing'd; beside him hung his bow  
And quiver, with three-bolted thunder stored;  
And from about him fierce effusion roll'd  
Of smoke, and bickering flame, and sparkles dire.  
Attended with ten thousand thousand saints,  
He onward came; far off his coming shone:  
And twenty thousand, (I their number heard,)  
Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen,  
He on the wings of cherub rode sublime  
On the crystalline sky, in sapphire throned,  
Illustrious far and wide; but by his own  
First seen: them unexpected joy surprised,  
When the great ensign of Messiah blazed,  
Aloft by angels borne, his sign in Heaven;  
Under whose conduct Michael soon reduced  
His army, circumfused on either wing,  
Under their Head embodied all in one.  
Before him Power Divine his way prepared;  
At his command the uprooted hills retired  
Each to his place; they heard his voice, and went  
Obsequious: Heaven his wonted face renew'd,  
And with fresh flowerets hill and valley smiled.

“ This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdured,  
And to rebellious fight rallied their powers,  
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.  
In heavenly spirits could such perverseness dwell?  
But to convince the proud what signs avail,  
Or wonders move the obdurate to relent?  
They, harden'd more by what might most reclaim,  
Grieving to see his glory, at the sight  
Took envy; and, aspiring to his height,



Stood re-embattled fierce, by force or fraud  
 Weening to prosper, and at length prevail  
 Against God and Messiah, or to fall  
 In universal ruin lost; and now  
 To final battle drew, disdain'g flight,  
 Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God  
 To all his host on either hand thus spake:

“ ‘Stand still in bright array, ye saints; here  
 Ye angels arm'd; this day from battle rest: [stand,  
 Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God  
 Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause;  
 And as ye have received, so have ye done  
 Invincibly: but of this cursed crew  
 The punishment to other hand belongs;  
 Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints:  
 Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,  
 Nor multitude; stand only, and behold  
 God's indignation on these godless, pour'd  
 By Me; not you, but Me they have despised,  
 Yet envied; against Me is all their rage,  
 Because the Father, to whom in Heaven supreme  
 Kingdom and power and glory appertains,  
 Hath honour'd Me according to his will.  
 Therefore to Me their doom he hath assign'd;  
 That they may have their wish, to try with Me  
 In battle, which the stronger proves; they all,  
 Or I alone against them; since by strength  
 They measure all, of other excellence  
 Not emulous, nor care who them excels;  
 No other strife with them do I vouchsafe.’

“ So spake the Son, and into terror changed

His countenance, too severe to be beheld,  
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.  
At once the four spread out their starry wings,  
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs  
Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound  
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.  
He on his impious foes right onward drove,  
Gloomy as night; under his burning wheels  
The steadfast empyrean shook throughout,  
All but the throne itself of God. Full soon  
Among them he arriv'd; in his right hand  
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent  
Before him, such as in their souls infix'd  
Plagues: they, astonish'd, all resistance lost,  
All courage; down their idle weapons dropp'd:  
O'er shields, and helms, and helmed heads he rode  
Of thrones and mighty seraphim prostrate,  
That wish'd the mountains now might be again  
Thrown on them, as a shelter from his ire.  
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell  
His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd four,  
Distinct with eyes, and, from the living wheels  
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;  
One spirit in them ruled, and every eye  
Glared lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire  
Among the accurs'd, that wither'd all their strength,  
And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd,  
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.  
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd  
His thunder in mid volley; for he meant  
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heaven:

The overthrown he raised; and, as a herd  
Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd  
Drove them before him, thunder-struck, pursued  
With terrors and with furies, to the bounds  
And crystal wall of Heaven; which, opening wide,  
Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclos'd,  
Into the wasteful deep. The monstrous sight  
Struck them with horror backward, but far worse  
Urged them behind; headlong themselves they threw  
Down from the verge of Heaven; eternal wrath  
Burned after them to the bottomless pit.

“ Hell heard the insufferable noise, Hell saw  
Heaven ruining from Heaven, and would have fled  
Affrighted; but strict fate had cast too deep  
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.  
Nine days they fell: confounded Chaos rear'd,  
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall,  
Through his wild anarchy; so huge a rout  
Encumber'd him with ruin. Hell at last,  
Yawning, received them whole, and on them clos'd:  
Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire  
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.  
Disburden'd Heaven rejoiced; and soon repair'd  
Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.

“ Sole victor, from the expulsion of his foes,  
Messiah his triumphant chariot turn'd;  
To meet him, all his saints, who silent stood,  
Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,  
With jubilee advanc'd; and, as they went,  
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright  
Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,

Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion given,  
Worthiest to reign; he, celebrated, rode  
Triumphant through mid Heaven, into the courts  
And temple of his mighty Father, throned  
On high; who into glory him received,  
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

“ Thus, measuring things in heaven by things  
on earth,

At thy request, and that thou may'st beware  
By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd  
What might have else to human race been hid;  
The discord which befell, and war in Heaven  
Among the angelic powers, and the deep fall  
Of those, too high aspiring, who rebell'd  
With Satan; he who envies now thy state,  
Who now is plotting how he may seduce  
Thee also from obedience, that, with him  
Bereaved of happiness, thou may'st partake  
His punishment, eternal misery;  
Which would be all his solace and revenge,  
As a despite done against the Most High,  
Thee once to gain companion of his woe.  
But listen not to his temptations; warn  
Thy weaker; let it profit thee to have heard,  
By terrible example, the reward  
Of disobedience; firm they might have stood,  
Yet fell: remember, and fear to transgress.”

**PARADISE LOST.**

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**BOOK VII.**

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Raphael, at the request of Adam, relates how and wherefore this world was first created; that God, after the expelling of Satan and his angels out of heaven, declared his pleasure to create another world, and other creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with glory and attendance of angels to perform the work of creation in six days; the angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his re-ascension into heaven.*

## PARADISE LOST.

### BOOK VII.

DESCEND from Heaven, Urania, by that name  
If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine  
Following, above the Olympian hill I soar,  
Above the flight of Pegasean wing.  
The meaning, not the name, I call: for thou  
Nor of the muses nine, nor on the top  
Of old Olympus dwell'st, but, heavenly born,  
Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,  
Thou with eternal Wisdom didst converse,  
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play,  
In presence of the almighty Father, pleas'd  
With thy celestial song. Upl'd by thee,  
Into the Heaven of Heavens, I have presumed,  
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,  
Thy tempering: with like safety guided down,  
Return me to my native element;  
Lest from this flying steed unrein'd, (as once  
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime,)  
Dismounted, on the Aleian field I fall,  
Erroneous there to wander, and forlorn.  
Half yet remains unsung; but narrower bound

Within the visible diurnal sphere:  
Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,  
More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged  
To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days,  
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues;  
In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,  
And solitude; yet not alone, while thou  
Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn  
Purples the east: still govern thou my song,  
Urania, and fit audience find, though few:  
But drive far off the barbarous dissonance  
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race  
Of that vile rout that tore the Thracian bard  
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears  
To rapture, till the savage clamour drown'd  
Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse defend  
Her son. So fail not thou, who thee implores;  
For thou art heavenly, she an empty dream.

Say, goddess, what ensued, when Raphaël,  
The affable archangel, had forewarn'd  
Adam, by dire example, to beware  
Apostacy, by what befell in heaven  
To these apostates, lest the like befall  
In Paradise to Adam or his race,  
Charged not to touch the interdicted tree,  
If they transgress, and slight that sole command,  
So easily obey'd, amid the choice  
Of all tastes else to please their appetite,  
Though wandering. He, with his consorted Eve,  
The story heard attentive, and was fill'd  
With admiration and deep muse, to hear



Of things so high and strange, things to their  
So unimaginable, as hate in heaven, [thought  
And war so near the peace of God in bliss,  
With such confusion: but the evil, soon  
Driven back, redounded as a flood on those  
From whom it sprung; impossible to mix  
With blessedness. Whence Adam soon repeal'd  
The doubts that in his heart arose: and now  
Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know  
What nearer might concern him; how this world  
Of Heaven and Earth conspicuous first began;  
When, and whereof created; for what cause;  
What within Eden, or without, was done  
Before his memory: as one, whose drought  
Yet scarce allay'd, still eyes the current stream,  
Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,  
Proceeded thus to ask his heavenly guest:

“Great things, and full of wonder in our ears,  
Far differing from this world, thou hast reveal'd,  
Divine interpreter! by favour sent  
Down from the empyrean to forewarn  
Us timely of what might else have been our loss,  
Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach;  
For which to the infinitely Good we owe  
Immortal thanks, and his admonishment  
Receive, with solemn purpose to observe  
Immutably his sovereign will, the end  
Of what we are. But since thou hast vouchsafed  
Gently for our instruction, to impart  
Things above earthly thought, which yet concern'd  
Our knowing, as to highest Wisdom seem'd;

Deign to descend now lower, and relate  
What may no less perhaps avail us known;  
How first began this Heaven which we behold  
Distant so high, with moving fires adorn'd  
Innumerable; and this which yields or fills  
All space, the ambient air wide interfused,  
Embracing round this florid earth: what cause  
Moved the Creator, in his holy rest  
Through all eternity, so late to build  
In Chaos; and the work begun, how soon  
Absolved; if unforbid thou may'st unfold  
What we, not to explore the secrets, ask  
Of his eternal empire, but the more  
To magnify his works, the more we know:  
And the great light of day yet wants to run [ven,  
Much of his race though steep; suspense in Hea-  
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears;  
And longer will delay to hear thee tell  
His generation, and the rising birth  
Of Nature from the unapparent deep:  
Or if the star of evening and the moon  
Haste to thy audience, Night with her will bring  
Silence; and Sleep, listening to thee, will watch;  
Or we can bid his absence, till thy song  
End, and dismiss thee ere the morning shine."

Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought;  
And thus the godlike angel answer'd mild:

"This also thy request, with caution ask'd,  
Obtain; though, to recount Almighty works  
What words or tongue of seraph can suffice,  
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?"

Yet what thou can'st attain, which best may serve  
To glorify the Maker, and infer  
Thee also happier, shall not be withheld  
Thy hearing; such commission from above  
I have received, to answer thy desire  
Of knowledge, within bounds; beyond, abstain  
To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope  
Things not reveal'd, with the invisible King,  
Only Omniscient, hath suppress'd in night,  
To none communicable in Earth or Heaven:  
Enough is left besides to search and know.  
But knowledge is as food, and needs no less  
Her temperance over appetite, to know  
In measure, what the mind may well contain;  
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns  
Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind.

“ Know then, that, after Lucifer from heaven,  
(So call him, brighter once amidst the host  
Of angels, than that star the stars among,)  
Fell with his flaming legions through the deep  
Into his place, and the great Son return'd  
Victorious with his saints, the omnipotent  
Eternal Father from his throne beheld  
Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake:

“ At least our envious foe hath fail'd, who thought  
All like himself rebellious; by whose aid  
This inaccessible high strength, the seat  
Of Deity supreme, us disposess'd,  
He trusted to have seized, and into fraud  
Drew many, whom their place knows here no more;  
Yet far the greater part have kept, I see,

Their station; Heaven, yet populous, retains  
Number sufficient to possess her realms  
Though wide, and this high temple to frequent  
With ministeries due, and solemn rites:  
But, lest his heart exalt him in the harm  
Already done, to have dispeopled Heaven,  
My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair  
That detriment, if such it be to lose  
Self-lost; and in a moment will create  
Another world, out of one man a race  
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,  
Not here, till by degrees of merit raised,  
They open to themselves at length the way  
Up hither, under long obedience tried;  
And Earth be changed to Heaven, and Heaven to  
One kingdom, joy and union without end. [Earth,  
Meanwhile inhabit lax, ye powers of Heaven;  
And thou, my Word, begotten Son, by thee  
This I perform; speak thou, and be it done!  
My overshadowing Spirit and Might with thee  
I send along; ride forth and bid the deep  
Within appointed bounds be heaven and earth;  
Boundless the deep, because I Am, who fill  
Infinite: nor vacuous the space;  
Though I, uncircumscribed, myself retire,  
And put not forth my goodness, which is free  
To act or not: necessity and chance  
Approach not me, and what I will is fate.]

“So spake the Almighty, and to what he spake,  
His Word, the filial Godhead, gave effect.  
Immediate are the acts of God, more swift

Than time or motion; but to human ears  
Cannot without process of speech be told,  
So told as earthly notion can receive.  
Great triumph and rejoicing was in Heaven,  
When such was heard declared the Almighty's will;  
Glory they sung to the Most High, good will  
To future men, and in their dwellings peace:  
Glory to him, whose just avenging ire  
Had driven out the ungodly from his sight  
And the habitations of the just; to him  
Glory and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd  
Good out of evil to create; instead  
Of spirits malign a better race to bring  
Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse  
His good to worlds and ages infinite.

“So sang the hierarchies: meanwhile the Son  
On his great expedition now appear'd,  
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd  
Of majesty divine: sapience and love  
Immense, and all his Father in him shone.  
About his chariot numberless were pour'd,  
Cherub and seraph, potentates and thrones,  
And virtues, winged spirits, and chariots wing'd  
From th' armoury of God; where stand of old  
Myriads, between two brazen mountains lodged,  
Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,  
Celestial equipage; and now came forth  
Spontaneous, for within them spirit lived,  
Attendant on their Lord: Heaven open'd wide  
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound,  
On golden hinges moving, to let forth

The King of Glory, in his powerful Word  
And Spirit, coming to create new worlds.  
On heavenly ground they stood: and from the shore  
They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss,  
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,  
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds  
And surging waves, as mountains, to assault  
Heaven's height, and with the centre mix the pole.

“ ‘Silence, ye troubled waves! and thou deep,  
peace;’

Said then the omnific Word, ‘your discord end!’  
Nor stay'd; but on the wings of cherubim  
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode  
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn;  
For Chaos heard his voice: him all his train  
Follow'd in bright procession, to behold  
Creation, and the wonders of his might.  
Then stay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand  
He took the golden compasses, prepared  
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe  
This universe, and all created things:  
One foot he centred, and the other turn'd  
Round through the vast profundity obscure,  
And said, ‘Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,  
This be thy just circumference, O world!’  
Thus God the heaven created, thus the earth,  
Matter unform'd and void: darkness profound  
Cover'd the abyss; but on the watery calm  
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread,  
And vital virtue infused, and vital warmth,  
Throughout the fluid mass; but downward purg'd

The black tartareous coid infernal dregs,  
Adverse to life: then founded, then conglobed  
Like things to like; the rest to several place  
Disparted, and between spun out the air;  
And earth, self-balanced, on her centre hung.

“ ‘Let there be light,’ said God, and forthwith  
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure, [light  
Sprung from the deep, and, from her native east,  
To journey through the airy gloom began,  
Sphered in a radiant cloud, for yet the sun  
Was not; she in a cloudy tabernacle  
Sojourn’d the while. God saw the light was good;  
And light from darkness by the hemisphere  
Divided: light the Day, and darkness Night  
He named. Thus was the first day even and morn;  
Nor pass’d uncelebrated, nor unsung  
By the celestial choirs, when orient light  
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld,  
Birth-day of heaven and earth; with joy and shout  
The hollow universal orb they fill’d, [prais’d  
And touch’d their golden harps, and hymning  
God and his works; Creator him they sung,  
Both when first evening was, and when first morn.

“ Again, God said, ‘Let there be firmament  
Amid the waters, and let it divide  
The waters from the waters;’ and God made  
The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,  
Transparent, elemental air, diffused  
In circuit, to the uttermost convex  
Of this great round; partition firm and sure,  
The waters underneath from those above

Dividing: for as earth, so he the world  
Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide  
Crystalline ocean, and the loud misrule  
Of Chaos far removed; lest fierce extremes  
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame;  
And heaven be nam'd the firmament: so even  
And morning chorus sung the second day.

“ The earth was form'd, but in the womb as yet  
Of waters, embryon immature involved,  
Appear'd not: over all the face of earth  
Main ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warm  
Prolific humour softening all her globe,  
Fermented the great mother to conceive,  
Sate with genial moisture when God said,  
' Be gather'd now, ye waters under heaven  
Into one place, and let dry land appear.'  
Immediately the mountains huge appear  
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave  
Into the clouds; their tops ascend the sky:  
So high as heaved the tumid hills, so low  
Down sunk a hollow bottom, broad and deep,  
Capacious bed of waters: thither they  
Hastened with glad precipitance, uproll'd,  
As drops on dust conglobing from the dry;  
Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,  
For haste; such flight the great command impress'd  
On the swift floods: as armies at the call  
Of trumpets (for of armies thou hast heard)  
Troop to their standard, so the watery throng,  
Wave rolling after wave, where way they found  
If steep, with torrent rapture, if through plain.



Soft-ebbing, nor withstood them rock or hill;  
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide  
With serpent error wandering, found their way,  
And on the washy ooze deep channels wore;  
Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,  
All but within those banks, where rivers now  
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.  
The dry land, Earth, and the great receptacle  
Of congregated waters, he call'd Seas: [earth  
And saw that it was good; and said, 'Let the  
Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed,  
And fruit-tree yielding fruit, after her kind,  
Whose seed is in herself upon the earth.'  
He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then  
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,  
Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad  
Her universal face with pleasant green;  
Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flower'd,  
Opening their various colours, and made gay  
Her bosom, smelling sweet: and, these scarce blown,  
Forth flourish'd thick the clustering vine, forth  
The smelling gourd, up stood the corny reed [crept  
Embattled in her field, and the humble shrub,  
And bush with frizzled hair implicit: last  
Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread  
Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd  
Their blossoms: with high woods the hills were  
crown'd,  
With tufts the valleys, and each fountain-side;  
With borders long the rivers; that earth now [dwell,  
Seem'd like to heaven, a seat where God might  
o

Or wander with delight, and love to haunt  
Her sacred shades: though God had yet not rain'd  
Upon the earth, and man to till the ground  
None was; but from the earth a dewy mist  
Went up, and water'd all the ground, and each  
Plant of the field, which, ere it was in the earth,  
God made, and every herb, before it grew  
On the green stem; God saw that it was good:  
So even and morn recorded the third day.

“Again the Almighty spake, ‘Let there be lights  
High in the expanse of heaven, to divide  
The day from night; and let them be for signs,  
For seasons, and for days, and circling years;  
And let them be for lights, as I ordain  
Their office in the firmament of heaven,  
To give light on the earth;’ and it was so.  
And God made two great lights, great for their  
To man; the greater to have rule by day, [use  
The less by night, altern; and made the stars,  
And set them in the firmament of heaven,  
To illuminate the earth, and rule the day,  
In their vicissitude, and rule the night,  
And light from darkness to divide. God saw,  
Surveying his great work, that it was good:  
For of celestial bodies first the sun,  
A mighty sphere, he framed, unlightsome first,  
Though of ethereal mould: then form'd the moon  
Globose, and every magnitude of stars,  
And sow'd with stars the heaven, thick as a field:  
Of light by far the greater part he took,  
Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and placed

In the sun's orb, made porous to receive  
And drink the liquid light; firm to retain  
Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.  
Hither, as to their fountain, other stars  
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,  
And hence the morning planet gilds her horns;  
By tincture or reflection they augment  
Their small peculiar, though from human sight  
So far remote, with diminution seen.  
First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,  
Regent of day, and all the horizon round  
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run [gray  
His longitude through Heaven's high road; the  
Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd,  
Shedding sweet influence: less bright the moon,  
But opposite in levell'd west was set,  
His mirror, with full face, borrowing her light  
From him; for other light she needed none  
In that aspect, and still that distance keeps  
Till night; then in the east her turn she shines,  
Revolved on heaven's great axle, and her reign  
With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,  
With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd  
Spangling the hemisphere: then first adorn'd  
With their bright luminaries, that set and rose,  
Glad evening and glad morn crown'd the fourth  
"And God said, ' Let the waters generate [day.  
Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul;  
And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings  
Display'd on the open firmament of heaven.'  
And God created the great whales, and each

Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously  
The waters generated by their kinds;  
And every bird of wing after his kind;  
And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,  
'Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas,  
And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill;  
And let the fowl be multiplied on the earth.'  
Forthwith the sounds, and seas, each creek, and  
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals [bay,  
Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales  
Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft  
Bank the mid-sea: part single, or with mate,  
Graze the sea-weed, their pasture, and through  
groves  
Of coral stray; or, sporting with quick glance,  
Show to the sun their waved coats dropp'd with  
Or, in their pearly shells at ease, attend [gold;  
Moist nutriment; or under rocks their food  
In jointed armour watch. On smooth the seal,  
And bended dolphins play: part, huge of bulk,  
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,  
Tempest the ocean: there leviathan,  
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep,  
Stretch'd like a promontory, sleeps or swims,  
And seems a moving land, and at his gills  
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea.  
Meanwhile the tepid caves, and fens, and shores,  
Their brood as numerous hatch, from the egg that  
Bursting with kindly rapture, forth disclosed [soon  
Their callow young; but feather'd soon and fledge  
They summ'd their pens, and soaring the air sublime,

With clang despised the ground, under a cloud  
In prospect; there the eagle and the stork  
On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build:  
Part loosely wing the region; part, more wise,  
In common, ranged in figure, wedge their way,  
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth  
Their airy caravan, high over seas  
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing  
Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane  
Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air  
Floats as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:  
From branch to branch the smaller birds with song  
Solaced the woods, and spread their painted wings  
Till even; nor then the solemn nightingale  
Ceased warbling, but all night tuned her soft lays:  
Others, on silver lakes and rivers, bathed  
Their downy breast; the swan with arched neck  
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows  
Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit  
The dank, and, rising on stiff pinions, tower  
The mid ærial sky: others on ground  
Walk'd firm: the crested cock, whose clarion sounds  
The silent hours; and the other, whose gay train  
Adorns him, colour'd with the florid hue  
Of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters thus  
With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl,  
Evening and morn solemnized the fifth day.

“ The sixth, and of creation last, arose  
With evening harps and matin; when God said,  
' Let the earth bring forth soul living in her kind  
Cattle, and creeping things, and beast of the earth,

Each in their kind.' The earth obey'd, and straight  
Opening her fertile womb, teem'd at a birth  
Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms,  
Limb'd and full grown: out of ground uprose,  
As from his lair, the wild beast where he wons  
In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den;  
Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd:  
The cattle in the fields and meadows green;  
Those rare and solitary, these in flocks  
Pasturing at once, and in broad herds up sprung.  
The grassy clods now calved; now half appear'd  
The tawny lion, pawing to get free  
His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,  
And rampant shakes his brinded mane: the ounce,  
The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole  
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw  
In hillocks; the swift stag from under ground,  
Bore up his branching head: scarce from his mould  
Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheaved  
His vastness: fleeced the flocks and bleating rose,  
As plants; ambiguous between sea and land,  
The river-horse, and scaly crocodile.  
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,  
Insect or worm: those waved their limber fans  
For wings, and smallest lineaments exact,  
In all the liveries deck'd of summer's pride,  
With spots of gold and purple, azure and green:  
These, as a line, their long dimensions drew,  
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all  
Minims of nature; some of serpent kind,  
Wondrous in length and corpulence, involved

Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept  
The parsimonious emmet, provident  
Of future; in small room large heart enclosed,  
Pattern of just equality, perhaps,  
Hereafter, join'd in her popular tribes  
Of commonalty; swarming next appear'd  
The female bee, that feeds her husband drone  
Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells,  
With honey stored: The rest are numberless,  
And thou their natures know'st, and gav'st them  
Needless to thee repeated; nor unknown [names,  
The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field,  
Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes,  
And hairy mane terrific, though to thee  
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.

“ Now Heaven in all her glory shone, and roll'd  
Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand  
First wheel'd their course; Earth in her rich attire  
Consummate lovely smiled; air, water, earth,  
By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd  
Frequent; and of the sixth day yet remain'd:  
There wanted yet the master-work, the end  
Of all yet done; a creature, who, not prone  
And brute as other creatures, but endued  
With sanctity of reason, might erect  
His stature, and upright with front serene  
Govern the rest, self-knowing; and from thence  
Magnanimous, to correspond with heaven;  
But grateful, to acknowledge whence his good  
Descends; thither, with heart, and voice, and eyes,  
Directed in devotion, to adore

And worship God supreme, who made him chief  
Of all his works; therefore the Omnipotent  
Eternal Father (for where is not he  
Present?) thus to his Son audibly spake:

“ ‘ Let us make now Man in our image, Man  
In our similitude; and let them rule  
Over the fish, and fowl, of sea and air,  
Beast of the field, and over all the earth,  
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.’  
This said, he form’d thee, Adam, thee, O man!  
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breathed  
The breath of life; in his own image he  
Created thee, in the image of God  
Express, and thou becam’st a living soul.  
Male he created thee; but thy consort  
Female, for race; then bless’d mankind, and said,  
‘ Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth;  
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold,  
Over fish of the sea, and fowl of the air,  
And every living thing that moves on the earth,  
Wherever thus created,’ (for no place  
Is yet distinct by name.) Thence, as thou know’st,  
He brought thee into this delicious grove,  
This garden, planted with the trees of God,  
Delectable both to behold and taste;  
And freely all their pleasant fruit for food  
Gave thee; all sorts are here that all the earth  
Variety without end; but of the tree, [yields,  
Which, tasted, works knowledge of good and evil,  
Thou may’st not; in the day thou eat’st, thou diest:  
Death is the penalty imposed; beware,



And govern well thy appetite, lest Sin  
Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.

“Here finish'd he; and all that he had made  
View'd, and behold all was entirely good;  
So even and morn accomplish'd the sixth day:  
Yet not till the Creator, from his work  
Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd,  
Up to the heaven of heavens, his high abode,  
Thence to behold this new-created world,  
The addition of his empire, how it show'd  
In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,  
Answering his great idea. Up he rode,  
Follow'd with acclamation, and the sound  
Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tuned  
Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air  
Resounded; (thou remember'st, for thou heardst;)  
The heavens, and all the constellations rung,  
The planets in their stations listening stood,  
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.  
'Open, ye everlasting gates,' they sung;  
'Open, ye heavens, your living doors; let in  
The great Creator, from his work return'd  
Magnificent—his six days' work, a world;  
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign  
To visit oft the dwellings of just men,  
Delighted; and with frequent intercourse,  
Thither will send his winged messengers,  
On errands of supernal grace.' So sung  
The glorious train ascending: he through heaven  
That open'd wide her blazing portals, led  
To God's eternal house direct the way,

A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,  
And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear,  
Seen in the galaxy, that milky way,  
Which nightly, as a circling zone thou seest,  
Powder'd with stars. And now on earth the  
Evening arose in Eden, for the sun [seventh  
Was set, and twilight from the east came on  
Forerunning night; when, at the holy mount  
Of heaven's high-seated top, the imperial throne  
Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and sure,  
The Filial Power arrived, and sat him down  
With his great Father; for he also went  
Invisible, yet stay'd, (such privilege  
Hath Omnipresence,) and the work ordain'd,  
Author and end of all things; and from work  
Now resting, bless'd and hallow'd the seventh day,  
As resting on that day from all his work;  
But not in silence holy kept; the harp  
Had work, and rested not, the solemn pipe,  
And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,  
All sounds on fret, by string or golden wire,  
Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice,  
Choral or unison: of incense clouds,  
Fuming from golden censers, hid the mount.  
Creation, and the six days' acts, they sung:

“Great are thy works, Jehovah! infinite  
Thy pow'r! what thought can measure thee, or  
Relate thee? greater now in thy return, [tongue  
Than from the giant angels; thee that day  
Thy thunders magnified; but to create

Is greater than created to destroy.  
Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound  
Thy empire? easily the proud attempt  
Of spirits apostate, and their counsels vain,  
Thou hast repell'd, while impiously they thought  
Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw  
The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks  
To lessen thee, against his purpose, serves  
To manifest the more thy might: his evil  
Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.  
Witness this new-made world, another heaven,  
From heaven-gate not far, founded in view  
On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea;  
Of amplitude almost immense, with stars  
Numerous, and every star perhaps a world  
Of destined habitation; but thou know'st  
Their seasons: among these the seat of men,  
Earth with her nether ocean circumfused,  
Their pleasant dwelling-place. Thrice happy men,  
And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanced,  
Created in his image, there to dwell,  
And worship him, and in reward to rule  
Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,  
And multiply a race of worshippers,  
Holy and just: thrice happy, if they know  
Their happiness, and persevere upright.'

“ So sung they, and the empyrean rung  
With hallelujahs: Thus was sabbath kept.  
And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd  
How first this world and face of things began,

And what before thy memory was done  
From the beginning; that posterity,  
Inform'd by thee, might know; if else thou seek'st  
Aught, not surpassing human measure, say."

END OF BOOK VII.

**PARADISE LOST.**

**BOOK VIII.**

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Adam inquires concerning celestial motions; is doubtfully answered, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge: Adam assents; and, still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remembered since his own creation; his placing in Paradise; his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society; his first meeting and nuptials with Eve; his discourse with the angel thereupon; who, after admonitions repeated, departs.*

## PARADISE LOST.

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### BOOK VIII.

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THE Angel ended, and in Adam's ear  
So charming left his voice, that he awhile [hear;  
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to  
Then, as new-waked, thus gratefully replied:

“ What thanks sufficient, or what recompense  
Equal, have I to render thee, divine  
Historian, who thus largely hast allay'd  
The thirst I had of knowledge, and vouchsafed  
This friendly condescension, to relate  
Things else by me unsearchable, now heard  
With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,  
With glory attributed to the high  
Creator? Something yet of doubt remains,  
Which only thy solution can resolve.

When I behold this goodly frame, this world,  
Of heaven and earth consisting, and compute  
Their magnitudes; this earth, a spot, a grain,  
An atom, with the firmament compared  
And all her number'd stars, that seem to roll  
Spaces incomprehensible, (for such  
Their distance argues, and their swift return

Diurnal, merely to officiate light  
Round this opacous earth, this punctual spot,  
One day and night; in all their vast survey  
Useless besides; reasoning, I oft admire  
How Nature, wise and frugal, could commit  
Such disproportions, with superfluous hand  
So many nobler bodies to create,  
Greater so manifold, to this one use,  
For aught appears, and on their orbs impose  
Such restless revolution day by day  
Repeated; while the sedentary earth,  
That better might with far less compass move,  
Served by more noble than herself, attains  
Her end without least motion, and receives,  
As tribute, such a sumless journey brought  
Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light;  
Speed, to describe whose swiftness number fails."

So spake our sire, and by his countenance seem'd  
Entering on studious thoughts abstruse; which Eve  
Perceiving, where she sat retired in sight,  
With lowliness majestic from her seat,  
And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,  
Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flowers,  
To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,  
Her nursery: they at her coming sprung,  
And, touch'd by her fair tendance, gladlier grew.  
Yet went she not, as not with such discourse  
Delighted, or not capable her ear  
Of what was high: such pleasure she reserved,  
Adam relating, she sole auditress;  
Her husband the relater she preferr'd



Before the angel, and of him to ask  
Chose rather; he, she knew, would intermix  
Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute  
With conjugal caresses; from his lip  
Not words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now  
Such pairs, in love and mutual honour join'd?  
With goddess-like demeanour forth she went,  
Not unattended; for on her, as queen,  
A pomp of winning Graces waited still,  
And from about her shot darts of desire  
Into all eyes, to wish her still in sight.  
And Raphael now, to Adam's doubt proposed,  
Benevolent and facile thus replied:

“To ask or search I blame thee not; for heaven  
Is as the book of God before thee set,  
Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn  
His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years:  
This to attain, whether heaven move or earth,  
Imports not, if thou reckon right; the rest  
From man or angel the great Architect  
Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge  
His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought  
Rather admire: or, if they list to try  
Conjecture, he his fabric of the heavens  
Hath left to their disputes; perhaps to move  
His laughter, at their quaint opinions wide,  
Hereafter, when they come to model heaven  
And calculate the stars; how they will wield  
The mighty frame; how build, unbuild, contrive,  
To save appearances; how gird the sphere,  
With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,

Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb:  
Already by thy reasoning this I guess,  
Who art to lead thy offspring, and supposest  
That bodies bright and greater should not serve  
The less not bright; nor heaven such journeys run,  
Earth sitting still, when she alone receives  
The benefit. Consider first, that great  
Or bright infers not excellence: the earth,  
Though, in comparison of heaven, so small,  
Nor glistening, may of solid good contain  
More plenty than the sun that barren shines,  
Whose virtue on itself works no effect,  
But in the fruitful earth; there first received,  
His beams, inactive else, their vigour find.  
Yet not to earth are those bright luminaries  
Officious, but to thee, earth's habitant.  
And for the heaven's wide circuit, let it speak  
The Maker's high magnificence, who built  
So spacious, and his line stretch'd out so far,  
That man may know he dwells not in his own:  
An edifice too large for him to fill,  
Lodg'd in a small partition, and the rest  
Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.  
The swiftness of those circles attribute,  
Though numberless, to his omnipotence,  
That to corporeal substances could add  
Speed almost spiritual: me thou think'st not slow.  
Who since the morning-hour set out from heaven,  
Where God resides, and ere mid-day arrived  
In Eden; distance inexpressible  
By numbers that have name. But this I urge,

Admitting motion in the heavens, to show  
Invalid that which thee to doubt it moved;  
Not that I so affirm, though so it seem  
To thee, who hast thy dwelling here on earth.  
God, to remove his ways from human sense,  
Placed heaven from earth so far, that earthly sight,  
If it presume, might err in things too high,  
And no advantage gain. What if the sun  
Be centre to the world; and other stars,  
By his attractive virtue and their own  
Incited, dance about him various rounds?  
Their wandering course, now high, now low, then  
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still, [hid,  
In six thou seest; and what if seventh to these  
The planet Earth, so steadfast though she seem,  
Insensibly three different motions move?  
Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe,  
Moved contrary with thwart obliquities;  
Or save the sun his labour, and that swift  
Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb supposed,  
Invisible else above all stars, the wheel  
Of day and night; which needs not thy belief,  
If earth, industrious of herself, fetch day  
Travelling east, and with her part averse  
From the sun's beam meet night, her other part  
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light,  
Sent from her, through the wide transpicuous air,  
To the terrestrial moon, be as a star,  
Enlightening her by day, as she by night  
This earth? reciprocal, if land be there,  
Fields and inhabitants: her spots thou seest

As clouds; and clouds may rain, and rain produce  
Fruits in her soften'd soil, for some to eat,  
Allotted there; and other suns perhaps,  
With their attendant moons, thou wilt descry,  
Communicating male and female light;  
Which two great sexes animate the world,  
Stored in each orb perhaps with some that live  
For such vast room in nature, unpossess'd  
By living soul, desert and desolate,  
Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute  
Each orb a glimpse of light, convey'd so far  
Down to this habitable, which returns  
Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.  
But whether thus these things, or whether not;  
Whether the sun, predominant in heaven,  
Rise on the earth, or earth rise on the sun;  
He from the east his flaming road begin,  
Or she from west her silent course advance,  
With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps  
On her soft axle; while she paces even,  
And bears thee soft with the smooth air along;  
Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid;  
Leave them to God above; him serve and fear.  
Of other creatures, as him pleases best,  
Wherever placed, let him dispose; joy thou  
In what he gives to thee, this Paradise  
And thy fair Eve; heaven is for thee too high,  
To know what passes there; be lowly wise:  
Think only what concerns thee and thy being;  
Dream not of other worlds; what creatures there  
Live, in what state, condition, or degree:

Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd,  
Not of earth only, but of highest heaven."

To whom thus Adam, clear'd of doubt, replied:  
"How fully hast thou satisfied me, pure  
Intelligence of heaven, angel serene!  
And, freed from intricacies, taught to live  
The easiest way; nor with perplexing thoughts  
To interrupt the sweet of life, from which  
God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,  
And not molest us; unless we ourselves  
Seek them with wandering thoughts, and notions  
But apt the mind or fancy is to rove [vain.  
Uncheck'd, and of her roving is no end;  
Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learn,  
That not to know at large of things remote  
From use, obscure and subtle; but to know  
That which before us lies in daily life,  
Is the prime wisdom; what is more is fume,  
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence;  
And renders us, in things that most concern,  
Unpractised, unprepared, and still to seek.  
Therefore from this high pitch let us descend  
A lower flight, and speak of things at hand,  
Useful; whence, haply, mention may arise  
Of something not unreasonable to ask,  
By sufferance, and thy wonted favour deign'd.  
Thee I have heard relating what was done  
Ere my remembrance; now, hear me relate  
My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard:  
And day is not yet spent; till then thou seest  
How subtly to detain thee I devise,

Inviting thee to hear while I relate;  
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply;  
For while I sit with thee, I seem in heaven;  
And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear  
Than fruits of palm-tree pleasantest to thirst  
And hunger both, from labour at the hour  
Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill,  
Though pleasant; but thy words, with grace divine  
Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety."

To whom thus Raphael answer'd, heavenly meek:  
"Nor are thy lips ungraceful, sire of men,  
Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee  
Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd,  
Inward and outward both, his image fair:  
Speaking or mute, all comeliness and grace  
Attends thee, and each word, each motion forms:  
Nor less think we in heaven of thee on earth  
Than of our fellow-servant, and inquire  
Gladly into the ways of God with man:  
For God, we see, hath honour'd thee, and set  
On man his equal love. Say therefore on;  
For I that day was absent, as befell,  
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,  
Far on excursion toward the gates of hell;  
Squared in full legion, (such command we had,)  
To see that none thence issued forth a spy,  
Or enemy, while God was in his work:  
Lest he, incens'd at such eruption bold,  
Destruction with creation might have mix'd.  
Not that they durst without his leave attempt:  
But us he sends upon his high behests

For state, as Sovereign King, and to inure  
Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut  
The dismal gates, and barricadoed strong;  
But long ere our approaching heard within  
Noise, other than the sound of dance or song;  
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.  
Glad we return'd up to the coasts of light,  
Ere Sabbath evening: so we had in charge.  
But thy relation now; for I attend, [mine.”

Pleased with thy words no less than thou with  
So spake the godlike power; and thus our sire:  
“ For man to tell how human life began  
Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?  
Desire with thee still longer to converse  
Induced me. As new waked from soundest sleep,  
Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid,  
In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun  
Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed.  
Straight toward heaven my wondering eyes I turn'd,  
And gaz'd awhile the ample sky; till, raised  
By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,  
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright  
Stood on my feet: about me round I saw  
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,  
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these  
Creatures that lived and moved, and walked, or  
flew;  
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smiled;  
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.  
Myself I then perused, and limb by limb  
Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran

With supple joints, as lively vigour led;  
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,  
Knew not: to speak I tried, and forthwith spake;  
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name  
Whate'er I saw. 'Thou sun,' said I, 'fair light,  
And thou enlighten'd earth, so fresh and gay,  
Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,  
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,  
Tell, if ye saw, how I came thus, how here?  
Not of myself; by some great Maker then,  
In goodness and in power pre-eminent:  
Tell me how I may know him, how adore,  
From whom I have that thus I move and live,  
And feel that I am happier than I know.' [whither,  
While thus I call'd, and stray'd, I knew not  
From where I first drew air, and first beheld  
This happy light; when answer none return'd,  
On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers,  
Pensive I sat me down; there gentle sleep  
First found me, and with soft oppression seized  
My drowsied sense; untroubled, though I thought  
I then was passing to my former state,  
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve;  
When suddenly stood at my head a dream,  
Whose inward apparition gently moved  
My fancy to believe I yet had being,  
And lived: One came, methought, of shape divine,  
And said, 'Thy mansion wants thee, Adam; rise,  
First man, of men innumerable ordain'd  
First father! call'd by thee, I come, thy guide  
To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepared.'



So saying, by the hand he took me raised,  
And over fields and waters, as in air,  
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up  
A woody mountain, whose high top was plain,  
A circuit wide enclosed, with goodliest trees  
Planted, with walks and bowers; that what I saw  
Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree  
Laden with fairest fruit that hung to the eye  
Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite  
To pluck and eat; whereat I waked, and found  
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream  
Had lively shadow'd: here had new begun  
My wandering, had not He, who was my guide  
Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,  
Presence Divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,  
In adoration at his feet I fell [I am,  
Submiss: he rear'd me, and 'Whom thou sought'st  
Said mildly; 'Author of all this thou seest,  
Above, or round about thee, or beneath.  
This Paradise I give thee; count it thine,  
To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat:  
Of every tree that in the garden grows  
Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:  
But of the tree, whose operation brings  
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set,  
The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,  
Amid the garden, by the tree of life,  
Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,  
And shun the bitter consequence: for know,  
The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command  
Transgress'd, inevitably thou shalt die,

From that day mortal; and this happy state  
Shalt lose, expell'd from hence, into a world  
Of woe and sorrow.' Sternly he pronounced  
The rigid interdiction, which resounds  
Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice  
Not to incur: but soon his clear aspect  
Return'd, and gracious purpose thus renew'd:  
'Not only these fair bounds, but all the earth,  
To thee and to thy race, I give; as lords  
Possess it, and all things that therein live,  
Or live in sea or air, beast, fish, and fowl.  
In sign whereof, each bird and beast behold  
After their kinds; I bring them to receive  
From thee their names, and pay thee fealty  
With low subjection; understand the same  
Of fish within their watery residence,  
Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change  
Their element, to draw the thinner air.'  
As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold  
Approaching two and two; these cowering low  
With blandishment; each bird stoop'd on his wing.  
I named them as they pass'd, and understood  
Their nature; with such knowledge God endued  
My sudden apprehension: but in these  
I found not what methought I wanted still;  
And to the Heavenly Vision thus presumed:  
"O by what name, for thou above all these,  
Above mankind, or aught than mankind higher,  
Surpassest far my naming; how may I  
Adore thee, Author of this universe,  
And all this good to man? for whose well-being,

So amply, and with hands so liberal,  
Thou hast provided all things; but with me  
I see not who partakes. In solitude  
What happiness? who can enjoy alone;  
Or, all enjoying, what contentment find?  
Thus I, presumptuous: and the Vision bright,  
As with a smile more brighten'd, thus replied:

“ ‘ What call'st thou solitude? Is not the earth  
With various living creatures, and the air  
Replenish'd, and all these at thy command  
To come and play before thee? Know'st thou not  
Their language, and their ways? They also know,  
And reason not contemptibly; with these  
Find pastime, and bear rule; thy realm is large.’  
So spake the Universal Lord, and seem'd  
So ordering; I, with leave of speech implored,  
And humble deprecation, thus replied:—

“ ‘ Let not my words offend thee, heavenly  
My Maker, be propitious while I speak. [Power;  
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,  
And these inferior far beneath me set?  
Among unequals, what society  
Can sort, what harmony, or true delight?  
Which must be mutual, in proportion due  
Given and received; but, in disparity,  
The one intense, the other still remiss,  
Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove  
Tedious alike: of fellowship I speak,  
Such as I seek, fit to participate  
All rational delight; wherein the brute  
Cannot be human consort: they rejoice

Each with their kind, lion with lioness;  
 So fitly them in pairs thou hast combined:  
 Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl  
 So well converse, nor with the ox the ape;  
 Worse then can man with beast, and least of all.'

Whereto the Almighty answer'd, not displeas'd:  
 " ' A nice and subtle happiness, I see,  
 Thou to thyself proposest, in the choice  
 Of thy associates, Adam! and wilt taste  
 No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.  
 What think'st thou then of me, and this my state?  
 Seem I to thee sufficiently possess'd  
 Of happiness, or not? who am alone  
 From all eternity; for none I know  
 Second to me or like, equal much less.  
 How have I then with whom to hold converse,  
 Save with the creatures which I made, and those  
 To me inferior, infinite descents  
 Beneath what other creatures are to thee?"

" He ceased, I lowly answered: ' To attain  
 The height and depth of thy eternal ways,  
 All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things!  
 Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee  
 Is no deficiency found: not so is man,  
 But in degree; the cause of his desire  
 By conversation with his like to help,  
 Or solace his defects. No need that thou  
 Shouldst propagate, already Infinite,  
 And through all numbers absolute, though One;  
 But man by number is to manifest  
 His single imperfection, and beget

Like of his like, his image multiplied,  
In unity defective; which requires  
Collateral love, and dearest amity.  
Thou in thy secrecy, although alone,  
Best with thyself accompanied, seek'st not  
Social communication; yet, so pleased,  
Canst raise thy creature to what height thou wilt  
Of union or communion, deified;

I, by conversing, cannot these erect  
From prone, nor in their ways complacence find.  
Thus I emboldened spake, and freedom used  
Permissive, and acceptance found: which gain'd  
This answer from the gracious voice Divine:—

“ ‘ Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleased,  
And find thee knowing, not of beasts alone,  
Which thou hast rightly named, but of thyself:  
Expressing well the spirit within thee free,  
My image, not imparted to the brute;  
Whose fellowship therefore, unmeet for thee,  
Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike,  
And be so minded still: I, ere thou spak'st,  
Knew it not good for man to be alone;  
And no such company, as then thou saw'st  
Intended thee; for trial only brought,  
To see how thou couldst judge of fit and meet:  
What next I bring shall please thee, be assured;  
Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,  
Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.’

“ He ended, or I heard no more; for now  
My earthly by his heavenly overpowered, [height,  
Which it had long stood under strain'd to the

In that celestial colloquy sublime,  
As with an object that excels the sense,  
Dazzled and spent, sunk down, and sought repair  
Of sleep; which instantly fell on me, call'd  
By nature as in aid, and closed mine eyes.  
Mine eyes he closed, but open left the cell  
Of fancy, my internal sight; by which  
Abstract as in a trance, methought I saw,  
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape  
Still glorious before whom awake I stood:  
Who stooping, open'd my left side, and took  
From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,  
And life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the wound,  
But suddenly with flesh fill'd up, and heal'd:  
The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands;  
Under his forming hands a creature grew,  
Manlike, but different sex; so lovely fair,  
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now  
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,  
And in her looks, which from that time infused  
Sweetness into my heart unfelt before,  
And into all things from her air inspired  
The spirit of love and amorous delight.  
She disappear'd, and left me dark; I waked  
To find her, or for ever to deplore  
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:  
When out of hope, beheld her, not far off,  
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd  
With what all earth or heaven could bestow,  
To make her amiable. On she came,  
Led by her heavenly Maker, though unseen,

And guided by his voice; nor uninform'd  
Of nuptial sanctity, and marriage rites;  
Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,  
In every gesture dignity and love.

I, overjoy'd, could not forbear aloud:

“‘This turn hath made amends; thou hast ful-  
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign, [fill'd  
Giver of all things fair! but fairest this  
Of all thy gifts! nor enviest. I now see  
Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself  
Before me: Woman is her name; of man  
Extracted: for this cause he shall forego  
Father and mother, and to his wife adhere;  
And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.’

“She heard me thus; and though divinely  
Yet innocence, and virgin modesty, [brought,  
Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,  
That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,  
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but, retired,  
The more desirable; or, to say all,  
Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,  
Wrought in her so, that, seeing me, she turn'd;  
I follow'd her; she what was honour knew,  
And with obsequious majesty approv'd  
My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower  
I led her blushing like the morn: all heaven,  
And happy constellations, on that hour  
Shed their selectest influence; the earth  
Gave signs of gratulation, and each hill;  
Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs  
Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings

Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub  
 Disporting, till the amorous bird of night  
 Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star,  
 On his hill top, to light the bridal lamp.

“ Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought  
 My story to the sum of earthly bliss  
 Which I enjoy; and must confess to find  
 In all things else delight indeed; but such  
 As, used or not, works in the mind no change,  
 Nor vehement desire; these delicacies [flowers,  
 I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and  
 Walks, and the melody of birds; but here  
 Far otherwise, transported I behold,  
 Transported touch; here passion first I felt,  
 Commotion strange! in all enjoyments else  
 Superior and unmoved, here only weak,  
 Against the charm of beauty’s powerful glance.  
 Or nature fail’d in me, and left some part  
 Not proof enough such object to sustain;  
 Or from my side subducting, took perhaps  
 More than enough; at least, on her bestow’d  
 Too much of ornament, in outward show  
 Elaborate, of inward less exact.  
 For well I understand in the prime end  
 Of nature her the inferior, in the mind  
 And inward faculties, which most excel;  
 In outward also her resembling less  
 His image who made both, and less expressing  
 The character of that dominion given  
 O’er other creatures; yet when I approach  
 Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,



And in herself complete, so well to know  
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,  
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best:  
All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
Degraded; wisdom in discourse with her  
Loses discountenanced, and like folly shows;  
Authority and reason on her wait,  
As one intended first, not after made  
Occasionally; and to consummate all,  
Greatness of mind, and nobleness, their seat  
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe  
About her, as a guard angelic placed."

To whom the angel with contracted brow:  
"Accuse not nature, she hath done her part;  
Do thou but thine, and be not diffident  
Of wisdom; she deserts thee not, if thou  
Dismiss not her when most thou need'st her nigh,  
By attributing overmuch to things  
Less excellent, as thou thyself perceivest.  
For what admirest thou, what transports thee so?  
An outside; fair, no doubt, and worthy well  
Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love;  
Not thy subjection: weigh with her thyself;  
Then value: oft-times nothing profits more  
Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right  
Well managed; of that skill the more thou know'st,  
The more she will acknowledge thee her head,  
And to realities yield all her shows:  
Made so adorn for thy delight the more,  
So awful, that with honour thou may'st love  
Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.

But if the sense of touch, whereby mankind  
Is propagated, seem such dear delight,  
Beyond all other, think the same vouchsafed  
To cattle and each beast; which would not be  
To them made common and divulged, if aught  
Therein enjoyed were worthy to subdue  
The soul of man, or passion in him move.  
What higher, in her society, thou find'st  
Attractive, human, rational, love still;  
In loving thou dost well; in passion not,  
Wherein true love consists not; love refines  
The thoughts and heart enlarges, hath its seat  
In reason, and is judicious, is the scale  
By which to heavenly love thou may'st ascend,  
Not sunk in carnal pleasure; for which cause  
Among the beasts no mate for thee was found."

To whom thus, half abash'd, Adam replied:  
"Neither her outside, form'd so fair, nor aught  
In procreation, common to all kinds,  
(Though higher of the genial bed by far  
And with mysterious reverence I deem,)  
So much delights me, as those graceful acts,  
Those thousand decencies, that daily flow  
From all her words and actions, mix'd with love,  
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd  
Union of mind, or in us both one soul;  
Harmony to behold in wedded pair,  
More grateful than harmonious sound to the ear.  
Yet these subject not; I to thee disclose  
What inward thence I feel, not therefore foil'd,  
Who meet with various objects from the sense

Variouſly repreſenting; yet ſtill free,  
Approve the beſt, and follow what I approve.  
To love thou blameſt me not; for love, thou ſay'ſt,  
Leads up to heaven, is both the way and guide;  
Bear with me then, if lawful what I aſk.  
Love not the heavenly ſpirits? and how their love  
Express they? by looks only, or do they mix  
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?"

To whom the angel, with a ſmile that glow'd  
Celeſtial roſy red, love's proper hue,  
Answered: " Let it ſuffice thee, that thou know'ſt  
Us happy; and without love no happineſs.  
Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'ſt,  
(And pure thou wert created,) we enjoy  
In eminence, and obſtacle find none,  
Of membrane, joint, or limb, excluſive bars;  
Eaſier than air with air, if ſpirits embrace,  
Total they mix, union of pure with pure  
Deſiring; nor reſtrain'd conveyance need,  
As fleſh to mix with fleſh, or ſoul with ſoul.  
But I can now no more; the parting ſun,  
Beyond the earth's green cape and verdant iſles  
Hesperian, ſets; my ſignal to depart.  
Be ſtrong, live happy, and love, but, firſt of all,  
Him, whom to love is to obey, and keep  
His great command; take heed, leſt paſſion ſway  
Thy judgment to do aught which elſe free will  
Would not admit: thine, and of all thy ſons,  
The weal or woe in thee is placed: beware!  
I in thy perfevering ſhall rejoice,  
And all the bleſt: ſtand faſt; to ſtand or fall,

Free, in thine own arbitrement it lies.  
Perfect within, no outward aid require;  
And all temptation to transgress repel."

So saying, he arose: whom Adam thus  
Follow'd with benediction: " Since to part,  
Go, heavenly guest, ethereal messenger,  
Sent from whose sovereign goodness I adore.  
Gentle to me, and affable hath been  
Thy condescension; and shall be honour'd ever  
With grateful memory: thou to mankind  
Be good and friendly still, and oft return."

So parted they; the angel up to heaven,  
From the thick shade, and Adam to his bower.

END OF BOOK VIII.

**PARADISE LOST.**

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BOOK IX.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Satan, having compassed the earth, with meditated guile returns, as a mist, by night into Paradise, and enters into the serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labours, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each labouring apart. Adam consents not, alleging the danger, lest that enemy, of whom they were forewarned, should attempt her found alone. Eve, loath to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make trial of her strength: Adam at last yields. The serpent finds her alone; his subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking, with much flattery extolling Eve above all other creatures. Eve, wondering to hear the serpent speak, ask show he attained to human speech and such understanding, not till now: the serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain tree in the garden he attained both to speech and reason, till then void of both. Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the tree of knowledge forbidden. The serpent, now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat; she pleased with the taste, deliberates awhile whether to impart thereof to Adam or not; at last brings him of the fruit; relates what persuaded her to eat thereof. Adam, at first amazed, but perceiving her lost, resolves, through vehemence of love, to perish with her; and, extenuating the trespass, eats also of the fruit. The effects thereof in them both; they seek to cover their nakedness; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.*

## PARADISE LOST.

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### BOOK IX.

---

No more of talk, where God or angel guest  
With man, as with his friend, familiar used  
To sit indulgent, and with him partake  
Rural repast; permitting him the while  
Venial discourse, unblamed. I now must change  
Those notes to tragic; foul distrust, and breach  
Disloyal on the part of man, revolt  
And disobedience; on the part of Heaven,  
Now alienated, distance and distaste,  
Anger and just rebuke, and judgment given,  
That brought into this world a world of woe,  
Sin and her shadow Death, and Misery,  
Death's harbinger. Sad task! yet argument  
Not less, but more heroic, than the wrath  
Of stern Achilles on his foe pursued  
Thrice fugitive about Troy wall; or rage  
Of Turnus for Lavinia dis-espoused;  
Or Neptune's ire, or Juno's, that so long  
Perplex'd the Greek, and Cytherea's son;  
If answerable style I can obtain  
Of my celestial patroness, who deigns

Her nightly visitation unimplored,  
And dictates to me slumbering, or inspires  
Easy my unpremeditated verse:  
Since first this subject, for heroic song,  
Pleased me, long choosing, and beginning late;  
Not sedulous by nature to indite  
Wars, hitherto the only argument  
Heroic deem'd; chief mastery, to dissect,  
With long and tedious havoc, fabled knights,  
In battles feign'd; the better fortitude  
Of patience and heroic martyrdom  
Unsung; or to describe races and games,  
Or tilting furniture, emblazon'd shields,  
Impresses quaint, caparisons and steeds,  
Bases and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights,  
At joust and tournament; then marshall'd feast,  
Served up in hall with sewers and seneschals;  
The skill of artifice or office mean,  
Not that which justly gives heroic name  
To person or to poem. Me, of these  
Nor skill'd nor studious, higher argument  
Remains, sufficient of itself to raise  
That name, unless an age too late, or cold  
Climate, or years, damp my intended wing  
Depress'd; and much they may, if all be mine,  
Not hers, who brings it nightly to my ear.

The sun was sunk; and after him the star  
Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring  
Twilight upon the earth, short arbiter  
'Twixt day and night; and now, from end to end,  
Night's hemisphere had veil'd the horizon round:



When Satan, who late fled before the threats  
Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improved  
In meditated fraud and malice, bent  
On man's destruction, maugre what might hap  
Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.  
By night he fled, and at midnight return'd  
From compassing the earth; cautious of day,  
Since Uriel, regent of the sun, descried  
His entrance, and forewarn'd the cherubim [driven,  
That kept their watch; thence full of anguish  
The space of seven continued nights he rode  
With darkness; thrice the equinoctial line  
He circled, four times cross'd the car of night,  
From pole to pole, traversing each colour;  
On the eighth return'd; and on the coast averse  
From entrance or cherubic watch, by stealth  
Found unsuspected way. There was a place,  
Now not, though sin, not time, first wrought the  
Where Tigris, at the foot of Paradise, [change,  
Into a gulf shot under ground, till part  
Rose up a fountain, by the tree of life:  
In with the river sunk, and with it rose  
Satan, involved in rising mist; then sought  
Where to lie hid: sea he had search'd, and land  
From Eden, over Pontus, and the pool  
Mæotis, up beyond the river Ob;  
Downward as far antarctic; and in length,  
West from Orontes to the ocean, barr'd  
At Darien; thence to the land where flows  
Ganges and Indus. Thus the orb he roam'd  
With narrow search; and with inspection deep

Consider'd every creature, which of all  
Most opportune might serve his wiles, and found  
The serpent subtlest beast of all the field.

Him, after long debate, irresolute  
Of thoughts revolved, his final sentence chose,  
Fit vessel, fittest imp of fraud, in whom  
To enter, and his dark suggestions hide  
From sharpest sight; for, in the wily snake  
Whatever slights, none would suspicious mark,  
As from his wit and native subtlety  
Proceeding; which, in other beasts observed,  
Doubt might beget of diabolic power  
Active within, beyond the sense of brute.

Thus he resolved: but first, from inward grief,  
His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd:

“O earth! how like to heaven, if not preferr'd  
More justly, seat worthier of gods, as built  
With second thoughts, reforming what was old!  
For what God, after better, worse would build?  
Terrestrial heaven, danc'd round by other heavens,  
That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,  
Light above light, for thee alone, as seems,  
In thee concentrating all their precious beams  
Of sacred influence! As God in heaven  
Is centre, yet extends to all; so thou,  
Centring, receiv'st from all those orbs; in thee,  
Not in themselves, all their known virtue appears  
Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth  
Of creatures, animate with gradual life  
Of growth, sense, reason, all summ'd up in man.  
With what delight could I have walk'd thee round

If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange  
Of hill, and valley, rivers, woods, and plains;  
Now land, now sea, and shores with forest crown'd,  
Rocks, dens, and caves. But I in none of these  
Find place or refuge; and the more I see  
Pleasures about me, so much more I feel  
Torment within me, as from the hateful siege  
Of contraries; all good to me becomes [state.  
Bane, and in heaven much worse would be my  
But neither here seek I, no, nor in heaven  
To dwell, unless by mastering heaven's Supreme;  
Nor hope to be myself less miserable  
By what I seek, but others to make such  
As I, though thereby worse to me redound:  
For only in destroying I find ease  
To my relentless thoughts; and him destroy'd,  
Or won to what may work his utter loss,  
For whom all this was made, all this will soon  
Follow, as to him link'd in weal or woe;  
In woe then; that destruction wide may range.  
To me shall be the glory sole among  
The infernal powers, in one day to have marr'd,  
What he, Almighty styled, six nights and days  
Continued making, and who knows how long  
Before had been contriving? though perhaps  
Not longer than since I, in one night, freed  
From servitude inglorious well nigh half  
The angelic name, and thinner left the throng  
Of his adorers. He, to be avenged,  
And to repair his numbers thus impair'd,  
Whether such virtue spent of old now fail'd

More angels to create, if they at least  
Are his created; or, to spite us more,  
Determined to advance into our room  
A creature form'd of earth, and him endow,  
Exalted from so base original,  
With heavenly spoils, our spoils. What he decreed,  
He effected; man he made, and for him built  
Magnificent, this world, and earth his seat;  
Him lord pronounced; and, O indignity!  
Subjected to his service angel-wings,  
And flaming ministers, to watch and tend  
Their earthly charge. Of these the vigilance  
I dread; and, to elude, thus wrapp'd in mist  
Of midnight vapour, glide obscure, and pry  
In every bush and brake, where hap may find  
The serpent sleeping, in whose mazy folds  
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.  
O foul descent! that I, who erst contended  
With gods to sit the highest, am now constrain'd  
Into a beast; and, mix'd with bestial slime,  
This essence to incarnate and imbrute,  
That to the height of deity aspired!  
But what will not ambition and revenge  
Descend to? Who aspires, must down as low  
As high he soar'd; obnoxious, first or last,  
To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,  
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils;  
Let it; I reckon not, so it light well aim'd,  
Since higher I fall short, on him who next  
Provokes my envy, this new favourite  
Of heaven, this man of clay, son of despite;

Whom, us the more to spite, his Maker raised  
From dust; spite then with spite is best repaid."

So saying, through each thicket dank or dry,  
Like a black mist low creeping, he held on  
His midnight search, where soonest he might find  
The serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found,  
In labyrinth of many a round self-roll'd,  
His head the midst, well stor'd with subtle wiles;  
Not yet in horrid shade or dismal den,  
Nor nocent yet, but on the grassy herb  
Fearless unfear'd he slept. In at his mouth  
The Devil enter'd, and his brutal sense,  
In heart or head, possessing, soon inspired  
With act intelligential; but his sleep  
Disturb'd not, waiting close the approach of morn.

Now, when as sacred light began to dawn  
In Eden on the humid flowers, that breathed  
Their morningincense, when all things that breathe  
From the earth's great altar send up silent praise  
To the Creator and his nostrils fill  
With grateful smell, forth came the human pair,  
And join'd their vocal worship to the quire  
Of creatures wanting voice; that done, partake  
The season, prime for sweetest scents and airs:  
Then commune how that day they best may ply  
Their growing work; for much their work outgrew  
The hands' dispatch of two, gardening so wide;  
And Eve first to her husband thus began.

"Adam, well may we labour still to dress  
This garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flower,  
Our pleasant task enjoined; but, still more hands

Aid us, the work under our labour grows,  
 Luxurious by restraint; what we by day  
 Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,  
 One night or two with wanton growth derides,  
 Tending to wild. Thou therefore now advise,  
 Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present:  
 Let us divide our labours; thou, where choice  
 Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind  
 The woodbine round this arbour, or direct  
 The clasping ivy where to climb: while I,  
 In yonder spring of roses intermix'd  
 With myrtle, find what to redress till noon:  
 For while so near each other thus all day  
 Our task we choose, what wonder if, so near,  
 Looks intervene and smiles, or object new  
 Casual discourse draw on? which intermits  
 Our day's work, brought to little, though begun  
 Early; and the hour of supper comes unearn'd."

To whom mild answer Adam thus return'd:  
 "Sole Eve, associate sole, to me beyond  
 Compare above all living creatures dear! [ploy'd  
 Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts em-  
 How we might best fulfil the work which here  
 God hath assign'd us, nor of me shalt pass  
 Unpraised: for nothing lovelier can be found  
 In woman, than to study household good,  
 And good works in her husband to promote.  
 Yet not so strictly hath our Lord imposed  
 Labour, as to debar us when we need  
 Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,  
 Food of the mind or this sweet intercourse

Of looks and smiles; for smiles from reason flow,  
To brute denied, and are of love the food;  
Love, not the lowest end of human life.  
For not to irksome toil, but to delight,  
He made us, and delight to reason join'd. [hands  
These paths and bowers doubt not but our joint  
Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide  
As we need walk; till younger hands ere long  
Assist us: but if much converse perhaps  
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield:  
For solitude sometimes is best society,  
And short retirement urges sweet return.  
But other doubt possesses me, lest harm  
Befall thee severed from me; for thou know'st  
What hath been warn'd us; what malicious foe,  
Envyng our happiness, and of his own  
Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame  
By sly assault; and somewhere nigh at hand  
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find  
His wish and best advantage, us asunder;  
Hopeless to circumvent us join'd, where each  
To other speedy aid might lend at need:  
Whether his first design be to withdraw  
Our fealty from God, or to disturb  
Conjugal love, than which, perhaps, no bliss  
Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more;  
Or this, or worse; leave not the faithful side  
That gave thee being, still shades thee, and pro-  
The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks, [tect.  
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,  
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures."

To whom the virgin majesty of Eve,  
 As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,  
 With sweet austere composure, thus replied:  
 " Offspring of heaven and earth, and all earth's  
 That such an enemy we have, who seeks [lord!  
 Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn,  
 And from the parting angel overheard,  
 As in a shady nook I stood behind,  
 Just then return'd at shut of evening flowers.  
 But that thou should'st my firmness therefore  
 To God or thee, because we have a foe [doubt,  
 May tempt it, I expected not to hear.  
 His violence thou fear'st not, being such  
 As we, not capable of death or pain,  
 Can either not receive, or can repel.  
 His fraud is then thy fear; which plain infers  
 Thy equal fear, that my firm faith and love  
 Can by his fraud be shaken, or seduced; [breast,  
 Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy  
 Adam, misthought of her to thee so dear?"

To whom with healing words, Adam replied:—  
 " Daughter of God and man, immortal Eve!  
 For such thou art; from sin and blame entire:  
 Not diffident of thee, do I dissuade  
 Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid  
 The attempt itself, intended by our foe. [asperses  
 For he who tempts, though in vain, at least  
 The tempted with dishonour foul; supposed  
 Not incorruptible of faith, not proof  
 Against temptation: thou thyself with scorn  
 And anger would'st resent the offer'd wrong,



Though ineffectual found; misdeem not then,  
If such affront I labour to avert  
From thee, alone, which on us both at once,  
The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare;  
Or daring, first on me the assault shall light.  
Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn:  
Subtle he needs must be, who could seduce  
Angels; nor think superfluous others' aid.  
I, from the influence of thy looks, receive  
Access in every virtue; in thy sight  
More wise, more watchful, stronger if need were  
Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking  
Shame to be overcome or overreach'd, [on,  
Would utmost vigour raise, and raised unite.  
Why should'st not thou like sense within thee feel  
When I am present, and thy trial choose  
With me, best witness of thy virtue tried!"

So spake domestic Adam, in his care  
And matrimonial love; but Eve, who thought  
Less attributed to her faith sincere,  
Thus her reply, with accent sweet, renew'd:

"If this be our condition, thus to dwell  
In narrow circuit, straiten'd by a foe,  
Subtle or violent, we not endued  
Single, with like defence, wherever met,  
How are we happy, still in fear of harm?  
But harm precedes not sin; only our foe,  
Tempting, affronts us with his foul esteem  
Of our integrity; his foul esteem  
Sticks no dishonour on our front, but turns  
Foul on himself: then wherefore shunn'd or fear'd

By us? who rather double honour gain  
From his surmise, proved false; find peace within,  
Favour from Heaven, our witness, from the event.  
And what is faith, love, virtue unassay'd,  
Alone, without exterior help sustain'd?  
Let us not then suspect our happy state,  
Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,  
As not secure to single, or combined.  
Frail is our happiness if this be so,  
And Eden were no Eden, thus exposed."

To whom thus Adam fervently replied:  
"O Woman! best are all things as the will  
Of God ordain'd them; his creating hand  
Nothing imperfect or deficient left  
Of all that he created: much less man,  
Or aught that might his happy state secure,  
Secure from outward force; within himself  
The danger lies, yet lies within his power:  
Against his will, he can receive no harm:  
But God left free the will; for what obeys  
Reason, is free; and reason he made right  
But bid her well beware, and still erect;  
Lest, by some fair-appearing good surprised,  
She dictate false, and misinform the will  
To do what God expressly hath forbid.  
Not then mistrust, but tender love, enjoins  
That I should mind thee oft; and mind thou me.  
Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve;  
Since reason not impossibly may meet  
Some specious object, by the foe suborn'd,  
And fall into deception unaware,

Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.  
Seek not temptation then, which to avoid  
Were better, and most likely, if from me  
Thou sever not; trial will come unsought.  
Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, approve  
First thy obedience; the other who can know?  
Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?  
But if thou think trial unsought may find  
Us both securer, than thus warn'd thou seem'st,  
Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more;  
Go in thy native innocence; rely  
On what thou hast of virtue; summon all;  
For God towards thee hath done his part; do thine."

So spake the patriarch of mankind; but Eve  
Persisted; yet submiss, though last, replied:

"With thy permission then, and thus forewarn'd,  
Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words  
Touch'd only; that our trial, when least sought,  
May find us both perhaps far less prepared;  
The willinger I go, nor much expect  
A foe so proud will first the weaker seek;  
So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse."

Thus saying, from her husband's hand her hand  
Soft she withdrew: and like a wood-nymph light,  
Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train,  
Betook her to the groves; but Delia's self  
In gait surpass'd, and goddess-like deport;  
Though not as she, with bow and quiver armed,  
But with such gardening tools as art, yet rude,  
Guiltless of fire, had form'd, or angels brought.  
To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorn'd,

Likest she seem'd; Pomona, when she fled  
Vertumnus; or to Ceres in her prime,  
Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove.  
Her long with ardent look his eye pursued,  
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.  
Oft he to her his charge of quick retur  
Repeated; she to him as oft engaged  
To be return'd by noon, amid the bower,  
And all things in best order to invite  
Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.  
O much deceived, much failing, hapless Eve,  
Of thy presumed return! event perverse!  
Thou never, from that hour, in Paradise  
Found'st either sweet repast, or sound repose,  
Such ambush, hid among sweet flowers and shades,  
Waited, with hellish rancour imminent,  
To intercept thy way, or send thee back  
Despoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliss.  
For now, and since first break of dawn, the fiend,  
Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come,  
And on his quest, where likeliest he might find  
The only two of mankind, but in them  
The whole included race, his purposed prey.  
In bower and field he sought, where any tuft  
Of grove, or garden-plot more pleasant, lay,  
Their tendance, or plantation for delight;  
By fountain or by shady rivulet [find  
He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might  
Eve separate; he wish'd, but not with hope  
Of what so seldom chanced, when, to his wish,  
Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,

Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,  
Half spied, so thick the roses blushing round  
About her glow'd, oft stooping to support [gay  
Each flower of slender stalk, whose head, though  
Carnation, purple, azure, or speck'd with gold,  
Hung drooping, unsustain'd; them she upstays  
Gently with myrtle band, mindless the while  
Herself, though fairest unsupported flower,  
From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.  
Nearer he drew, and many a walk traversed  
Of statliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm;  
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen,  
Among thick-woven arborets and flowers,  
Imbordered on each bank, the hand of Eve:  
Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd  
Or of reviv'd Adonis, or renown'd  
Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son  
Or that, not mystic, where the sapient king  
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse.  
Much he the place admired, the person more.  
As one who, long in populous city pent,  
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,  
Forth issuing, on a summer's morn, to breathe  
Among the pleasant villages and farms  
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight,  
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,  
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound;  
If chance, with nymph-like step, fair virgin pass,  
What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more;  
She most, and in her look sums all delight:  
Such pleasure took the serpent to behold

This flowery plat, the sweet recess of Eve,  
 Thus early, thus alone: her heavenly form  
 Angelic, but more soft and feminine,  
 Her graceful innocence, her every air  
 Of gesture, or least action, over-awed  
 His malice, and with rapine sweet bereaved  
 His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought:  
 That space the evil one abstracted stood  
 From his own evil, and for the time remain'd  
 Stupidly good, of enmity disarm'd,  
 Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge;  
 But the hot hell that always in him burns,  
 Though in mid heaven, soon ended his delight,  
 And tortures him now more, the more he sees  
 Of pleasure not for him ordain'd. Then soon  
 Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts  
 Of mischief gratulating, thus excites:

"Thoughts, whither have ye led me? with what  
 Compulsion, thus transported, to forget [sweet  
 What hither brought us? hate, not love, nor hope  
 Of Paradise for hell; hope here to taste  
 Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,  
 Save what is in destroying: other joy  
 To me is lost. Then, let me not let pass  
 Occasion which now smiles; behold alone  
 The woman, opportune to all attempts;  
 Her husband (for I view far round,) not nigh;  
 Whose higher intellectual more I shun,  
 And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb  
 Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould,  
 Foe not formidable! exempt from wound,

I not; so much hath hell debased, and pain  
Enfeebled me, to what I was in heaven.  
She fair, divinely fair, fit love for gods!  
Not terrible, though terror be in love  
And beauty, not approach'd by stronger hate,  
Hate stronger, under show of love well feign'd,  
The way which to her ruin now I tend."

So spake the enemy of mankind, enclosed  
In serpent, inmate bad; and toward Eve  
Address'd his way; not with indented wave,  
Prone on the ground, as since; but on his rear,  
Circular base of rising folds, that tower'd,  
Fold above fold, a surging maze; his head  
Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;  
With burnish'd neck of verdant gold, erect  
Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass  
Floated redundant: pleasing was his shape,  
And lovely; never since of serpent kind  
Lovelier; not those that in Illyria changed  
Hermione and Cadmus, or the god  
In Epidaurus; nor to which transform'd,  
Ammonian Jove or Capitoline was seen;  
He with Olympias, this with her who bore  
Scipio, the height of Rome. With tract oblique,  
At first, as one who sought access, but fear'd  
To interrupt, side-long he works his way:  
As when a ship, by skilful steersman wrought,  
Nigh river's mouth, or foreland, where the wind  
Veers off, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail;  
So varied he, and of his tortuous train  
Curl'd many a wanton wreath, in sight of Eve,

To lure her eye; she, busied, heard the sound  
Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as used  
To such disport before her through the field,  
From every beast; more duteous at her call,  
Than at Circean call, the herd disguised.  
He, bolder now, uncall'd before her stood,  
But as in gaze admiring: oft he bow'd  
His turret crest, and sleek enamell'd neck,  
Fawning; and lick'd the ground whereon she trod,  
His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length  
The eye of Eve to mark his play; he, glad  
Of her attention gain'd, with serpent tongue  
Organic, or impulse of vocal air,  
His fraudulent temptation thus began:

“Wonder not, sovereign mistress, if perhaps  
Thou canst, who art sole wonder! much less arm  
Thy looks, the heaven of mildness, with disdain,  
Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze  
Insatiate; I, thus single; nor have feared  
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retired.  
Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,  
Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine  
By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore,  
With ravishment beheld! there best beheld,  
Where universally admired; but here,  
In this inclosure wild, these beasts among,  
Beholders rude, and shallow to discern  
Half what in thee is fair, one man except, [seen  
Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who shouldst be  
A goddess among gods, adored and served  
By angels numberless, thy daily train.”



So glozed the tempter, and his proem tuned:  
Into the heart of Eve his words made way,  
Though at the voice much marvelling; at length,  
Not unamazed, she thus in answer spake: [nounced  
“What may this mean? language of man, pro-  
By tongue of brute, and human sense express’d  
The first at least of these I thought denied  
To beasts, whom God, on their creation-day,  
Created mute to all articulate sound:  
The latter I demur; for in their looks  
Much reason, and in their actions, oft appears.  
Thee, serpent, subtlest beast of all the field  
I knew, but not with human voice endued:  
Redouble then this miracle, and say,  
How camest thou speakable of mute; and how  
To me so friendly grown above the rest  
Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight  
Say, for such wonder claims attention due.”

To whom the guileful tempter thus replied:  
“Empress of this fair world, resplendent Eve!  
Easy to me it is to tell thee all [be obeyed:  
What thou command’st, and right thou should’st  
I was at first as other beasts that graze  
The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,  
As was my food; nor aught but food discern’d,  
Or sex, and apprehended nothing high:  
Till, on a day roving the field, I chanced  
A goodly tree far distant to behold  
Laden with fruit of fairest colours mix’d,  
Ruddy and gold: I nearer drew to gaze,  
When from the boughs a savoury odour blown,

Grateful to appetite, more pleased my sense  
Than smell of sweetest fennel, or the teats  
Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at even,  
Unsuck'd of lamb or kid, that tend their play.  
To satisfy the sharp desire I had  
Of tasting those fair apples, I resolved  
Not to defer; hunger and thirst at once,  
Powerful persuaders, quicken'd at the scent  
Of that alluring fruit, urged me so keen.  
About the mossy trunk I wound me soon,  
For, high from ground, the branches would require  
Thy utmost reach, or Adam's: round the tree,  
All other beasts that saw, with like desire,  
Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.  
Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung  
Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill  
I spared not; for such pleasure till that hour,  
At feed or fountain, never had I found.  
Sated at length, ere long I might perceive  
Strange alteration in me, to degree  
Of reason in my inward powers; and speech  
Wanted not long, though to this shape retain'd.  
Thenceforth to speculations high or deep  
I turn'd my thoughts, and with capacious mind  
Consider'd all things visible in heaven,  
On earth, or middle, all things fair and good;  
But all that fair and good in thy divine  
Semblance, and in thy beauty's heavenly ray,  
United I beheld; no fair to thine  
Equivalent, or second! which compell'd  
Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come

And gaze, and worship thee, of right declar'd  
Sovereign of creatures, universal dame!"

So talk'd the spirited sly snake; and Eve,  
Yet more amazed, unwary thus replied.

"Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt  
The virtue of that fruit, in thee first proved:  
But say, where grows the tree? from hence how  
For many are the trees of God that grow [far?  
In Paradise, and various, yet unknown  
To us; in such abundance lies our choice,  
As leaves a greater store of fruit untouch'd  
Still hanging incorruptible, till men  
Grow up to their provision, and more hands  
Help to disburden Nature of her birth."

To whom the wily adder, blythe and glad:  
"Empress, the way is ready, and not long.  
Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,  
Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past  
Of blowing myrrh and balm: if thou accept  
My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon."

"Lead then," said Eve. He, leading, swiftly roll'd  
In tangles, and made intricate seem straight,  
To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy  
Brightens his crest; as when a wandering fire,  
Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night  
Condenses, and the cold environs round,  
Kindled through agitation to a flame,  
Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends,  
Hovering and blazing with delusive light,  
Misleads the amaz'd night-wanderer from his way,  
Through bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool.

There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far:  
So glister'd the dire snake, and into fraud  
Led Eve, our credulous mother, to the tree  
Of prohibition, root of all our woe;  
Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake.

“Serpent, we might have spared our coming  
hither,

Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to excess,  
The credit of whose virtue rests with thee;  
Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects!  
But of this tree we may not taste nor touch;  
God so commanded, and left that command  
Sole daughter of his voice; the rest, we live  
Law to ourselves; our reason is our law.”

To whom the tempter guilefully replied:  
“Indeed! hath God then said that of the fruit  
Of all these garden-trees ye shall not eat,  
Yet lords declared of all in earth or air?”

To whom thus Eve, yet sinless: “Of the fruit  
Of each tree in the garden we may eat;  
But of the fruit of this fair tree, amidst  
The garden, God hath said, ‘Ye shall not eat  
Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die.’”

She scarce had said, though brief, when now  
more bold,

The tempter, but with show of zeal and love  
To man, and indignation at his wrong,  
New parts put on; and, as to passion moved,  
“Fluctuates disturb'd, yet comely and in act  
Raised, as of some great matter to begin.  
As when of old some orator renowned,

In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence [dress'd,  
Flourish'd, since mute, to some great cause ad-  
Stood in himself collected; while each part,  
Motion, each act, won audience ere the tongue;  
Sometimes in height began, as no delay  
Of preface brooking, through his zeal of right:  
So standing, moving, or to height upgrown,  
The tempter, all impassion'd, thus began.

“O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving Plant!  
Mother of science! now I feel thy power  
Within me clear, not only to discern  
Things in their causes, but to trace the ways  
Of highest agents, deem'd however wise.  
Queen of this universe! do not believe  
Those rigid threats of death: ye shall not die.  
How should ye? by the fruit? it gives you life  
To knowledge: by the threatener? look on me,  
Me, who have touch'd and tasted; yet both live,  
And life more perfect have attain'd than fate  
Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot.  
Shall that be shut to man which to the beast  
Is open? or will God incense his ire  
For such a petty trespass? and not praise  
Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain  
Of death denounced, whatever thing death be,  
Deterr'd not from achieving what might lead  
To happier life, knowledge of good and evil;  
Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil  
Be real, why not known, since easier shunn'd?  
God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just:  
Not just, not God; not fear'd then, nor obey'd:

Your fear itself of death removes the fear.  
Why then was this forbid? why, but to awe?  
Why, but to keep ye low and ignorant,  
His worshippers? He knows, that in the day  
Ye eat thereof, your eyes, that seem so clear,  
Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then  
Open'd and clear'd, and ye shall be as gods,  
Knowing both good and evil, as they know.  
That ye shall be as gods, since I as man,  
Internal man, is but proportion meet;  
I of brute, human; ye of human, gods.  
So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off  
Human, to put on gods; death to be wish'd, [bring.  
Though threaten'd, which no worse than this can  
And what are gods, that man may not become  
As they, participating god-like food?  
The gods are first, and that advantage use,  
On our belief, that all from them proceeds:  
I question it; for this fair earth I see,  
Warm'd by the sun, producing every kind;  
Them, nothing: if they all things, who enclosed  
Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,  
That whoso eats thereof forthwith attains  
Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies  
The offence, that man should thus attain to know?  
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree  
Impart against his will, if all be his?  
Or is it envy? and can envy dwell  
In heavenly breasts? These, these, and many more  
Causes import your need of this fair fruit.  
Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste."

He ended; and his words, replete with guile,  
Into her heart too easy entrance won.  
Fix'd on the fruit she gazed, which to behold  
Might tempt alone; and in her ears the sound  
Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd  
With reason, to her seeming, and with truth:  
Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and waked  
An eager appetite, raised by the smell  
So savoury of that fruit, which with desire  
Inclinable now grown to touch or taste,  
Solicited her longing eye; yet first,  
Pausing awhile, thus to herself she mused :

“ Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits,  
Though kept from man, and worthy to be admir'd;  
Whose taste, too long foreborne, at first essay,  
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught  
The tongue not made for speech to speak thy  
Thy praise He also, who forbids thy use, [praise:  
Conceals not from us, naming thee the tree  
Of knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil:  
Forbids us then to taste; but his forbidding  
Commends thee more, while it infers the good  
By thee communicated, and our want:  
For good unknown sure is not had, or, had  
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.  
In plain then, what forbids he but to know,  
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?  
Such prohibitions bind not. But if death  
Bind us with after-bands, what profits then  
Our inward freedom? In the day we eat  
Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we shall die!

How dies the serpent? he hath eaten and lives,  
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns,  
Irrational till then. For us alone  
Was death invented? or to us denied  
This intellectual food, for beasts reserved?  
For beasts it seems: yet that one beast which first  
Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy  
The good befallen him, author unsuspect,  
Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.  
What fear I then? rather, what now to fear,  
Under this ignorance of good or evil,  
Of God or death, of law or penalty?  
Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,  
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,  
Of virtue to make wise: what hinders then  
To reach, and feed at once both body and mind?"

So saying, her rash hand, in evil hour,  
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat:  
Earth felt the wound; and Nature from her seat,  
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe  
That all was lost. Back to the thicket slunk  
The guilty serpent, and well might; for Eve,  
Intent now wholly on her taste, nought else  
Regarded; such delight till then, as seem'd,  
In fruit she never tasted, whether true  
Or fancied so, through expectation high  
Of knowledge: nor was Godhead from her thought.  
Greedily she ingorged without restraint,  
And knew not eating death. Sate at length,  
And heighten'd as with wine, jocund and boon,  
Thus to herself she pleasingly began:



“ O sovereign, virtuous, precious of all trees  
In Paradise! of operation blest  
To sapience, hitherto obscured, infamed,  
And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end  
Created; but henceforth my early care,  
Not without song, each morning, and due praise,  
Shall tend thee, and the fertile burden ease  
Of thy full branches, offer'd free to all;  
Till, dieted by thee, I grow mature  
In knowledge as the gods, who all things know;  
Though others envy what they cannot give:  
For had the gift been theirs, it had not here  
Thus grown. Experience, next, to thee I owe,  
Best guide; not following thee, I had remain'd  
In ignorance; thou open'st wisdom's way,  
And givest access, though secret she retire.  
And I perhaps am secret: heaven is high,  
High, and remote, to see from thence distinct  
Each thing on earth; and other care perhaps  
May have diverted from continual watch  
Our great Forbidder, safe with all his spies  
About him. But to Adam in what sort  
Shall I appear? shall I to him make known  
As yet my change, and give him to partake  
All happiness with me? or rather not,  
But keep the odds of knowledge in my power,  
Without co-partner? so to add what wants  
In female sex, the more to draw his love,  
And render me more equal; and perhaps,  
A thing not undesirable, sometime  
Superior; for, inferior, who is free?

This may be well: but what if God have seen,  
And death ensue? then I shall be no more,  
And Adam, wedded to another Eve,  
Shall live with her enjoying; I extinct:  
A death to think. Confirmed then, I resolve,  
Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe;  
So dear I love him, that with him all deaths  
I could endure, without him life no life."

So saying, from the tree her steps she turn'd,  
But first low reverence done, as to the power  
That dwelt within, whose presence had infused  
Into the plant sciential sap, derived  
From nectar, drink of gods. Adam the while  
Waiting desirous her return, had wove  
Of choicest flowers a garland, to adorn  
Her tresses, and her rural labours crown;  
As reapers oft are wont their harvest-queen.  
Great joy he promised to his thoughts, and new  
Solace in her return, so long delayed:  
Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,  
Mishap'd him; he the faltering measure felt;  
And forth to meet her went, the way she took  
That morn, when first they parted: by the tree  
Of knowledge he must pass; there he her met,  
Scarce from the tree returning; in her hand  
A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smiled,  
New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffused.  
To him she hasted; in her face excuse  
Came prologue, and apology too prompt;  
Which, with bland words at will, she thus address'd:  
"Hast thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my stay?"

Thee I have miss'd, and thought it long, deprived  
Thy presence; agony of love till now  
Not felt, nor shall be twice; for never more  
Mean I to try, what rash untried I sought,  
The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange  
Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear:  
This tree is not, as we are told, a tree  
Of danger, tasted, nor to evil unknown  
Opening the way; but of divine effect,  
To open eyes, and make them gods who taste;  
And hath been tasted such: the serpent, wise,  
Or not restrain'd as we, or not obeying,  
Hath eaten of the fruit; and is become  
Not dead as we are threaten'd, but thenceforth  
Endued with human voice, and human sense,  
Reasoning to admiration; and with me  
Persuasively hath so prevailed, that I  
Have also tasted, and have also found  
The effects to correspond; opener mine eyes,  
Dim erst, dilated spirits, ampler heart,  
And growing up to godhead; which for thee  
Chiefly I sought, without thee, can despise.  
For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss;  
Tedious, unshared with thee, and odious soon.  
Thou therefore also taste, that equal lot  
May join us, equal joy, as equal love;  
Lest, thou not tasting, different degree  
Disjoin us, and I then, too late, renounce  
Deity for thee, when fate will not permit."

Thus Eve with countenance blithe, her story  
But in her cheek distemper flushing glow'd. [told;

On the other side, Adam, soon as he heard  
The fatal trespass done by Eve, amazed,  
Astonied stood and blank, while horror chill  
Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd;  
From his slack hand the garland, wreath'd for Eve,  
Down dropt, and all the faded roses shed:  
Speechless he stood, and pale, till thus at length,  
First to himself, he inward silence broke:

“ O fairest of creation! last and best  
Of all God's works! creature in whom excell'd  
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,  
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!  
How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,  
Defaced, deflowered, and now to death devote!  
Rather, how hast thou yielded to transgress  
The strict forbiddance, how to violate  
The sacred fruit forbidden? some cursed fraud  
Of enemy hath beguiled thee, yet unknown,  
And me with thee hath ruin'd; for with thee  
Certain my resolution is to die:  
How can I live without thee, how forego  
Thy sweet converse and love, so dearly join'd,  
To live again in these wild woods forlorn  
Should God create another Eve, and I  
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee  
Would never from my heart: no, no, I feel  
The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh,  
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state  
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.”

So having said, as one from sad dismay  
Re-comforted, and after thoughts disturb'd

Submitting to what seem'd remediless,  
Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turn'd:  
    "Bold deed thou hast presumed, adventurous Eve,  
And peril great provoked, who thus hast dared,  
Had it been only coveting to eye  
That sacred fruit, sacred to abstinence,  
Much more to taste it under ban to touch.  
But past, who can recall, or done undo;  
Not God omnipotent, nor Fate; yet so  
Perhaps thou shalt not die; perhaps the fact  
Is not so heinous now; foretasted fruit,  
Profaned first by the serpent, by him first  
Made common and unhallow'd, ere our taste:  
Nor yet on him found deadly; he yet lives,  
Lives, as thou said'st, and gains to live as man,  
Higher degree of life, inducement strong  
To us, as likely tasting to attain  
Proportional ascent; which cannot be  
But to be gods, or angels, demi-gods.  
Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,  
Though threatening, will in earnest so destroy  
Us his prime creatures, dignified so high,  
Set over all his works; which in our fall,  
For us created, needs with us must fail,  
Dependant made; so God shall uncreate,  
Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour lose;  
Not well conceived of God, who, though his power  
Creation could repeat, yet would be loth  
Us to abolish, lest the adversary  
Triumph, and say, 'Fickle their state whom God  
Most favours; who can please him long? Me first

He ruin'd; now mankind; whom will he next?  
Matter of scorn, not to be given the foe.  
However, I with thee have fix'd my lot,  
Certain to undergo like doom; if death  
Consort with thee, death is to me as life;  
So forcible within my heart I feel  
The bond of nature draw me to my own,  
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine:  
Our state cannot be sever'd; we are one,  
One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself."

So Adam, and thus Eve to him replied:  
"O glorious trial of exceeding love,  
Illustrious evidence, example high!  
Engaging me to emulate; but, short  
Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,  
Adam? from whose dear side I boast me sprung,  
And gladly of our union hear thee speak,  
One heart, one soul in both; whereof good proof  
This day affords, declaring thee resolved,  
Rather than death, or aught than death more  
Shall separate us, link'd in love so dear, [dread,  
To undergo with me, one guilt, one crime,  
If any be, of tasting this fair fruit;  
Whose virtue (for of good still good proceeds,  
Direct or by occasion,) hath presented  
This happy trial of thy love, which else  
So eminently never had been known.  
Were it I thought death menac'd would ensue  
This my attempt, I would sustain alone  
The worst, and not persuade thee; rather die  
Deserted, than oblige thee with a fact

Pernicious to thy peace: chiefly, assured  
 Remarkably so late of thy so true,  
 So faithful, love unequal'd: but I feel  
 Far otherwise the event; not death, but life  
 Augmented, open'd eyes, new hopes, new joys,  
 Taste so divine, that what of sweet before  
 Hath touch'd my sense, flat seems to this, and  
 On my experience, Adam, freely taste, [harsh.  
 And fear of death deliver to the winds."

So saying, she embrac'd him, and for joy  
 Tenderly wept; much won that he his love  
 Had so ennobled, as of choice to incur  
 Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.  
 In recompense, (for such compliance bad  
 Such recompense best merits,) from the bough  
 She gave him of that fair enticing fruit  
 With liberal hand: he scrupled not to eat,  
 Against his better knowledge; not deceived,  
 But fondly overcome with female charm.  
 Earth trembled from her entrails, as again  
 In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan;  
 Sky lour'd, and muttering thunder, some sad drops  
 Wept at completing of the mortal sin  
 Original; while Adam took no thought,  
 Eating his fill; nor Eve to iterate  
 Her former trespass fear'd, the more to soothe  
 Him with her lov'd society; that now,  
 As with new wine intoxicated both,  
 They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel  
 Divinity within them, breeding wings  
 Wherewith to scorn the earth: but that false fruit

Far other operation first display'd,  
Carnal desire inflaming: he on Eve  
Began to cast lascivious eyes; she him  
As wantonly repaid; in lust they burn:  
Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move:

“Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,  
And elegant, of sapience no small part;  
Since to each meaning savour we apply,  
And palate call judicious: I the praise  
Yield thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd.  
Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd  
From this delightful fruit, nor known till now  
True relish, tasting; if such pleasure be  
In things to us forbidden, it might be wish'd,  
For this one tree had been forbidden ten.  
But come, so well refresh'd, now let us play,  
As meet is, after such delicious fare;  
For never did thy beauty, since the day  
I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd  
With all perfections, so inflame my sense  
With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now  
Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree!”

So said he, and forbore not glance or toy  
Of amorous intent, well understood  
Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.  
Her hand he seized; and to a shady bank,  
Thick over-head with verdant roof embower'd,  
He led her, nothing loath; flowers were the couch,  
Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,  
And hyacinth; earth's freshest, softest lap.  
Their they their fill of love and love's disport



Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,  
The solace of their sin; till dewy sleep  
Oppress'd them, wearied with their amorous play.

Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,  
That with exhilarating vapour bland  
About their spirits had play'd, and inmost powers  
Made err, was now exhaled; and grosser sleep,  
Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams  
Encumber'd, now had left them; up they rose  
As from unrest, and, each the other viewing,  
Soon found their eyes how open'd, and their minds  
How darken'd; innocence, that as a veil  
Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone:  
Just confidence, and native righteousness,  
And honour, from about them, naked left  
To guilty shame: he covered, but his robe  
Uncover'd more. So rose the Danite strong,  
Herculean Samson, from the harlot-lap  
Of Philistean Delilah, and waked  
Shorn of his strength; they destitute and bare  
Of all their virtue: silent, and in face  
Confounded, long they sat, as stricken mute;  
Till Adam, though not less than Eve abash'd,  
At length gave utterance to these words constrain'd:  
"O Eve, in evil hour thou did'st give ear  
To that false worm, of whomsoever taught  
To counterfeit man's voice; true in our fall,  
False in our promised rising; since our eyes  
Open'd we find indeed, and find we know  
Both good and evil; good lost, and evil got;  
Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know;

Which leaves us naked thus, of honour void,  
Of innocence, of faith, of purity,  
Our wonted ornaments now soiled and stained,  
And in our faces evident the signs  
Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store,  
Even shame, the last of evils: of the first  
Be sure then. How shall I behold the face  
Henceforth, of God or angel, erst with joy  
And rapture so oft beheld? those heavenly shapes  
Will dazzle now this earthly, with their blaze  
Insufferably bright. O, might I here  
In solitude live savage, in some glade  
Obscured; where highest woods, impenetrable  
To star or sun-light, spread their umbrage broad  
And brown as evening! Cover me, ye pines!  
Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs,  
Hide me, where I may never see them more!  
But let us now, as in bad plight, devise  
What best may for the present serve to hide  
The parts of each from other, that seem most  
To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen:  
Some tree, whose broad smooth leaves, together  
And girded on our loins, may cover round [sew'd  
Those middle parts; that this new comer, Shame,  
There sit not, and reproach us as unclean."

So counsell'd he, and both together went  
Into the thickest wood; there soon they chose  
The fig-tree, not that kind for fruit renown'd,  
But such as at this day, to Indians known  
In Malabar or Decan, spreads her arms,  
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground

The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow  
About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade  
High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between;  
There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,  
Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds  
At loop-holes cut through thickest shade: those  
They gather'd, broad as Amazonian targe, [leaves  
And, with what skill they had, together sew'd,  
To gird their waist; vain covering, if to hide  
Their guilt and dreaded shame! O how unlike  
To that first naked glory! Such of late  
Columbus found the American, so girt  
With feather'd cincture; naked else, and wild,  
Among the trees, on isles and woody shores.  
Thus fenced, and, as they thought, their shame in  
Cover'd, but not at rest or ease of mind, [part  
They sat them down to weep; nor only tears  
Rain'd at their eyes, but high winds worse within  
Began to rise; high passions, anger, hate,  
Mistrust, suspicion, discord; and shook sore  
Their inward state of mind, calm region once,  
And full of peace, now toss'd and turbulent:  
For understanding ruled not, and the will  
Heard not her lore; both in subjection now  
To sensual appetite, who from beneath,  
Usurping over sovereign reason, claimed  
Superior sway; from thus distemper'd breast,  
Adam, estranged in look and alter'd style,  
Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew'd: [stay'd  
“ Would thou hadst hearken'd to my words, and  
With me, as I besought thee, when that strange

Desire of wandering, this unhappy morn,  
I know not whence possess'd thee; we had then  
Remain'd still happy: not, as now, despoil'd  
Of all our good; sham'd, naked, miserable!  
Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve  
The faith they owe; when earnestly they seek  
Such proof, conclude they then begin to fail." [Eve:

To whom, soon moved with touch of blame, thus  
"What words have passed thy lips, Adam, severe?  
Imputest thou that to my default, or will  
Of wandering, as thou call'st it, which who knows  
But might as ill have happen'd, thou being by,  
Or to thyself perhaps? Hadst thou been there,  
Or here the attempt, thou couldst not have dis-  
Fraud in the serpent, speaking as he spake; [cern'd  
No ground of enmity between us known,  
Why should he mean me ill, or seek to harm.  
Was I to have never parted from thy side?  
As good have grown there still a lifeless rib.  
Being as I am, why didst not thou, the head,  
Command me absolutely not to go,  
Going into such danger, as thou saidst?  
Too facile then, thou didst not much gainsay,  
Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.  
Hadst thou been firm and fix'd in thy dissent,  
Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with me."

To whom, then first incensed, Adam replied:  
"Is this the love, is this the recompense  
Of mine to thee, ungrateful Eve? express'd  
Immutable, when thou wert lost, not I;  
Who might have lived, and joyed immortal bliss,

Yet willingly chose rather death with thee?  
And am I now upbraided as the cause  
Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,  
It seems, in thy restraint: what could I more?  
I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold  
The danger and the lurking enemy  
That lay in wait: beyond this had been force;  
And force upon free-will hath here no place.  
But confidence then bore thee on; secure  
Either to meet no danger, or to find  
Matter of glorious trial: and perhaps  
I also err'd, in over-much admiring  
What seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought  
No evil durst attempt thee; but I rue  
That error now, which is become my crime,  
And thou the accuser. Thus it shall befall  
Him who, to worth in woman overtrusting,  
Lets her will rule: restraint she will not brook;  
And, left to herself, if evil thence ensue,  
She first his weak indulgence will accuse."

Thus they in mutual accusation spent  
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning;  
And of their vain contest appear'd no end.

The first part of the history is a general account of the  
state of the world at the beginning of the world. It  
describes the creation of the world and the  
origin of the human race. It also describes the  
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PARADISE LOST.

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BOOK X.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Man's transgression known; the guardian angels forsake Paradise, and return up to heaven to approve their vigilance, and are approved; God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the transgressors; who descends and gives sentence accordingly; then in pity clothes them both, and re-ascends. Sin and Death, sitting till then at the gates of hell, by wondrous sympathy, feeling the success of Satan in this new world, and the sin by man there committed, resolve to sit no longer confined in hell, but to follow Satan their sire up to the place of man: to make the way easier from hell to this world to and fro, they pave a broad highway or bridge over Chaos, according to the track that Satan had made; then, preparing for earth, they meet him, proud of his success, returning to hell; their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium; in full assembly relates with boasting his success against man; instead of applause is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, transformed with himself also suddenly into serpents, according to his doom given in Paradise; then, deluded with a show of the forbidden tree springing up before them, they, greedily reaching to take of the fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death; God foretells the final victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the present commands his angels to make several alterations in the heavens and elements. Adam, more and more perceiving his fallen condition, heavily bewails, rejects the condolment of Eve; she persists, and at length appeases: then, to evade the curse likely to fall on their offspring, proposes to Adam violent ways, which he approves not; but, conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promise made them, that her seed should be revenged on the serpent; and exhorts her with him to seek peace of the offended Deity by repentance and supplication.*



## PARADISE LOST.

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### BOOK X.

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MEANWHILE the heinous and despiteful act  
Of Satan done in Paradise, and how  
He in the serpent had perverted Eve,  
Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,  
Was known in heaven; for what can 'scape the eye  
Of God all-seeing, or deceive his heart  
Omniscient? who, in 'all things wise and just,  
Hindered not Satan to attempt the mind  
Of man, with strength entire, and free-will arm'd,  
Complete, to have discover'd and repulsed  
Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend. [ber'd,  
For still they knew, and ought to have still remem-  
The high injunction not to taste that fruit,  
Whoever tempted; which they not obeying,  
Incurr'd (what could they less?) the penalty;  
And, manifold in sin, deserved to fall.  
Up into heaven from Paradise in haste  
The angelic guards ascended, mute and sad  
For man; for of his state by this they knew,  
Much wond'ring how the subtle fiend had stolen  
Entrance unseen. Soon as the unwelcome news

From earth arrived at heaven-gate, displeas'd  
All were who heard; dim sadness did not spare  
That time celestial visages, yet, mix'd  
With pity, violated not their bliss.  
About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes,  
The ethereal people ran, to hear and know  
How all befell: they towards the throne supreme,  
Accountable, made haste to make appear,  
With righteous plea, their utmost vigilance,  
And easily approved; when the Most High  
Eternal Father, from his secret cloud  
Amidst, in thunder utter'd thus his voice:

“Assembled Angels, and ye Powers return'd  
From unsuccessful charge, be not dismay'd,  
Nor troubled at these tidings from the earth,  
Which your sincerest care could not prevent;  
Foretold so lately what would come to pass,  
When first the tempter cross'd the gulf from hell.  
I told ye then he should prevail, and speed  
On his bad errand; Man should be seduced,  
And flattered out of all, believing lies  
Against his Maker; no decree of mine  
Concurring to necessitate his fall,  
Or touch with lightest moment of impulse,  
His free-will, to her own inclining left  
In even scale. But fallen he is; and now  
What rests, but that the mortal sentence pass  
On his transgression, death denounced that day?  
Which he presumes already vain and void,  
Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,  
By some immediate stroke; but soon shall find

Forbearance no acquittance, ere day end.  
 Justice shall not return as bounty scorn'd.  
 But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee,  
 Vicegerent Son? to thee I have transferr'd  
 All judgment, whether in heaven, or earth, or hell.  
 Easy it may be seen that I intend  
 Mercy colleague with justice, sending thee,  
 Man's Friend, his Mediator, his design'd  
 Both Ransom and Redeemer voluntary,  
 And destined Man himself to judge man fallen."

So spake the Father; and, unfolding bright  
 Toward the right hand of his glory, on the Son  
 Blazed forth unclouded Deity; he full  
 Resplendent all his Father manifest  
 Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd mild:

"Father Eternal, thine is to decree;  
 Mine, both in heaven and earth, to do thy will  
 Supreme; that thou in me, thy Son beloved,  
 May'st ever rest well pleased. I go to judge  
 On earth these thy transgressors; but thou know'st,  
 Whoever judged, the worst on me must light,  
 When time shall be; for so I undertook  
 Before thee; and, not repenting, this obtain  
 Of right, that I may mitigate their doom  
 On me derived: yet I shall temper so  
 Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most  
 Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.  
 Attendance none shall need, nor train, where none  
 Are to behold the judgment but the judg'd,  
 Those two; the third, best absent, is condemn'd,  
 Convict by flight, and rebel to all law;

Conviction to the serpent none belongs.”

Thus saying, from his radiant seat he rose  
 Of high collateral glory: him thrones, and powers,  
 Princedoms, and dominations ministrant,  
 Accompanied to heaven-gate; from whence  
 Eden and all the coast in prospect lay.  
 Down he descended straight; the speed of gods  
 Time counts not, tho’ with swiftest minutes wing’d.  
 Now was the sun in western cadence low  
 From noon; and gentle airs, due at their hour,  
 To fan the earth now waked, and usher in  
 The evening cool; when he, from wrath more cool,  
 Came the mild Judge and Intercessor both,  
 To sentence man. The voice of God they heard,  
 Now walking in the garden, by soft winds [heard,  
 Brought to their ears while day declined; they  
 And from his presence hid themselves among  
 The thickest trees, both man and wife, till God,  
 Approaching thus to Adam call’d aloud:

“Where art thou, Adam, wont with joy to meet  
 My coming seen far off? I miss thee here;  
 Not pleased, thus entertained with solitude,  
 Where obvious duty erewhile appear’d unsought:  
 Or come I less conspicuous, or what change  
 Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.”

He came, and with him Eve, more loath, though  
 first  
 To offend; discountenanced both, and discomposed;  
 Love was not in their looks, either to God  
 Or to each other; but apparent guilt,  
 And shame, and perturbation, and despair,

Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile.  
Whence Adam, faltering long, thus answer'd brief:

“ I heard thee in the garden, and of thy face  
Afraid, being naked, hid myself.” To whom  
The gracious Judge without revile replied:  
“ My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,  
But still rejoiced: how is it now become  
So dreadful to thee? That thou art naked, who  
Hath told thee? Hast thou eaten of the tree,  
Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?”

To whom thus Adam, sore beset, replied:  
“ O Heaven! in evil strait this day I stand  
Before my Judge; either to undergo  
Myself the total crime, or to accuse  
My other self, the partner of my life;  
Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,  
I should conceal, and not expose to blame  
By my complaint: but strict necessity  
Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,  
Lest on my head both sin and punishment,  
However insupportable, be all  
Devolved: though, should I hold my peace, yet thou  
Wouldst easily detect what I conceal.  
This woman, whom thou mad'st to be my help,  
And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,  
So fit, so acceptable, so divine,  
That from her hand I could suspect no ill;  
And what she did, whatever in itself,  
Her doing seem'd to justify the deed;  
She gave me of the tree, and I did eat.”

To whom the Sovereign Presence thus replied:

“ Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey  
Before his voice? or was she made thy guide,  
Superior, or but equal, that to her  
Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the place  
Wherein God set thee above her made of thee,  
And for thee, whose perfection far excell'd  
Her's, in all real dignity? Adorn'd  
She was indeed, and lovely, to attract  
Thy love, not thy subjection; and her gifts  
Were such, as under government, well seem'd  
Unseemly to bear rule; which was thy part  
And person, hadst thou known thyself aright.”

So having said, he thus to Eve in few:

“ Say, woman, what is this which thou hast done?”

To whom sad Eve, with shame nigh overwhelm'd,  
Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge  
Bold or loquacious, thus abash'd replied:  
“ The serpent me beguiled, and I did eat.”

Which, when the Lord God heard, without delay  
To judgment he proceeded on the accused  
Serpent, though brute; unable to transfer  
The guilt on him, who made him instrument  
Of mischief, and polluted from the end  
Of his creation: justly then accursed,  
As vitiated in nature: more to know  
Concern'd not man, (since he no further knew,)  
Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at last  
To Satan, first in sin, his doom applied,  
Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best;  
And on the Serpent thus his curse let fall:

“ Because thou hast done this, thou art accursed

Above all cattle, each beast of the field;  
 Upon thy belly grovelling thou shalt go,  
 And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life.  
 Between thee and the woman I will put  
 Enmity, and between thine and her seed;  
 Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his

So spake this Oracle, then verified [heel.]  
 When Jesus, son of Mary, second Eve,  
 Saw Satan fall, like lightning, down from heaven,  
 Prince of the air; then, rising from his grave,  
 Spoil'd principalities and powers, triumph'd  
 In open show; and, with ascension bright,  
 Captivity led captive through the air,  
 The realm itself of Satan, long usurp'd;  
 Whom he shall tread at last under our feet,  
 Even he, who now foretold his fatal bruise;  
 And to the woman thus his sentence turn'd:

“Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply,  
 By thy conception; children thou shalt bring  
 In sorrow forth; and to thy husband's will  
 Thine shall submit; he over thee shall rule.”

On Adam last thus judgment he pronounced:  
 “Because thou hast hearken'd to the voice of thy  
 And eaten of the tree, concerning which [wife,  
 I charged thee, saying, ‘Thou shalt not eat thereof;’  
 Cursed is the ground for thy sake: thou in sorrow  
 Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life;  
 Thorns also and thistles it shall bring thee forth  
 Unbid; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field:  
 In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,  
 Till thou return unto the ground; for thou

Out of the ground wast taken; know thy birth;  
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return."

So judged he man, both Judge and Saviour sent;  
And the instant stroke of death, denounc'd that  
Remov'd far off: then, pitying how they stood [day,  
Before him naked to the air, that now  
Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin  
Thenceforth the form of servant to assume,  
As when he wash'd his servants' feet; so now  
As father of his family, he clad  
Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain,  
Or, as the snake, with youthful coat repaid;  
And thought not much to clothe his enemies:  
Nor he their outward only with the skins  
Of beasts, but inward nakedness, much more  
Opprobrious, with his robe of righteousness  
Arraying, cover'd from his Father's sight.  
To him with swift ascent he up return'd,  
Into his blissful bosom re-assumed,  
In glory, as of old; to him appeas'd,  
All, though all-knowing, what had pass'd with  
Recounted, mixing intercession sweet. [man

Meanwhile, ere thus was sinn'd and judged on  
Within the gates of hell sat Sin and Death, [earth,  
In counter-view within the gates, that now  
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame,  
Far into chaos, since the fiend pass'd through,  
Sin opening; who thus now to Death began:

"O son, why sit we here, each other viewing  
Idly, while Satan, our great author, thrives  
In other worlds, and happier seat provides



For us, his offspring dear? It cannot be  
But that success attends him; if mishap,  
Ere this he had return'd, with fury driven  
By his avengers; since no place like this  
Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.  
Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,  
Wings growing, and dominion given me large  
Beyond this deep; whatever draws me on,  
Or sympathy, or some connatural force,  
Powerful at greatest distance to unite  
With secret amity things of like kind,  
By secretest conveyance. Thou, my shade  
Inseparable, must with me along;  
For Death from Sin no power can separate.  
But, lest the difficulty of passing back  
Stay his return perhaps over this gulf  
Impassable, impervious, let us try  
Adventurous work, yet to thy power and mine  
Not disagreeable, to found a path  
Over this main from hell to that new world  
Where Satan now prevails; a monument  
Of merit high to all the infernal host,  
Easing their passage hence, for intercourse,  
Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead.  
Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn,  
By this new-felt attraction and instinct."

Whom thus the meagre shadow answered soon:  
"Go whither fate and inclination strong  
Leads thee; I shall not lag behind, nor err  
The way, thou leading; such a scent I draw  
Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste

The savour of death, from all things there that  
Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest [live;  
Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.”

So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell  
Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock  
Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,  
Against the day of battle, to a field,  
Where armies lie encamp'd, come flying, lured  
With scent of living carcasses design'd  
For death, the following day, in bloody fight:  
So scented the grim Feature, and upturn'd  
His nostril wide into the murky air,  
Sagacious of his quarry from so far.  
Then both from out hell-gates into the waste  
Wide anarchy of Chaos, damp and dark, [great,  
Flew diverse; and with power (their power was  
Hovering upon the waters, what they met,  
Solid or slimy, as in raging sea  
Toss'd up and down, together crowded drove,  
From each side shoaling towards the mouth of hell:  
As when two polar winds, blowing adverse,  
Upon the Cronian sea, together drive  
Mountains of ice, that stop the imagin'd way,  
Beyond Petsora eastward, to the rich  
Cathaian coast. The aggregated soil  
Death, with his mace petrific, cold and dry,  
As with a trident, smote, and fix'd as firm  
As Delos, floating once; the rest his look  
Bound with Gorgonian rigour not to move;  
And with asphaltic slime, broad as the gate,  
Deep to the roots of hell the gather'd beach

They fasten'd, and the mole immense wrought on,  
Over the foaming deep high-arch'd, a bridge  
Of length prodigious, joining to the wall  
Immoveable of this now fenceless world,  
Forfeit to Death; from hence, a passage broad,  
Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to hell.  
So, if great things to small may be compared,  
Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,  
From Susa, his Memnonian palace high,  
Came to the sea; and, over Hellespont  
Bridging his way, Europe with Asia join'd, [waves.  
And scourged with many a stroke the indignant  
Now had they brought the work, by wondrous art  
Pontifical, a ridge of pendent rock,  
Over the vex'd abyss, following the track  
Of Satan to the self-same place where he  
First lighted from his wing, and landed safe  
From out of Chaos, to the outside bare  
Of this round world: with pins of adamant,  
And chains they made all fast; too fast they made  
And durable! And now in little space  
The confines met of empyrean heaven,  
And of this world; and, on the left hand, hell  
With long reach interposed; three several ways  
In sight, to each of these three places led.  
And now their way to earth they had descried,  
To Paradise first tending; when, behold!  
Satan in likeness of an angel bright,  
Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering  
His zenith, while the sun in Aries rose:  
Disguis'd he came; but those his children dear

Their parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.  
He, after Eve seduced, unminded slunk  
Into the wood fast by; and, changing shape  
To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act  
By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded  
Upon her husband; saw their shame that sought  
Vain covertures; but when he saw descend  
The Son of God to judge them, terrified  
He fled, not hoping to escape, but shun  
The present; fearing, guilty, what his wrath  
Might suddenly inflict; that past, return'd  
By night, and listening where the hapless pair  
Sat in their sad discourse and various plaint,  
Thence gather'd his own doom; which understood  
Not instant, but of future time, with joy  
And tidings fraught, to hell he now return'd,  
And at the brink of Chaos, near the foot  
Of this new wondrous pontifice, unhop'd,  
Met, who to meet him came, his offspring dear.  
Great joy was at their meeting, and at sight  
Of that stupendous bridge his joy increased.  
Long he admiring stood: till Sin, his fair  
Enchanting daughter, thus the silence broke:  
    "O parent! these are thy magnific deeds,  
Thy trophies, which thou view'st as not thine own:  
Thou art their author and prime architect:  
For I no sooner in my heart divined  
(My heart, which by a secret harmony  
Still moves with thine, join'd in connection sweet,  
That thou on earth hadst prosper'd, which thy  
Now also evidence, but straight I felt, [looks

Though distant from thee worlds between, yet felt  
That I must after thee, with this thy son;  
Such fatal consequence unites us three:  
Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,  
Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure  
Detain from following thy illustrious track:  
Thou hast achieved our liberty, confined  
Within hell-gates till now; thou us empower'd  
To fortify thus far, and overlay,  
With this portentous bridge, the dark abyss.  
Thine now is all this world; thy virtue hath won  
What thy hands builded not; thy wisdom gain'd,  
With odds, what war hath lost, and fully avenged  
Our foil in heaven: here thou shalt monarch reign,  
There didst not; there let him still victor sway,  
As battle hath adjudged, from this new world  
Retiring, by his own doom alienated;  
And henceforth monarchy with thee divide  
Of all things, parted by the empyreal bounds,  
His quadrature, from thy orbicular world;  
Or try thee now more dangerous to his throne."

Whom thus the Prince of Darkness answer'd,  
glad:

"Fair daughter, and thou son and grandchild both,  
High proof ye now have given to be the race  
Of Satan (for I glory in the name,  
Antagonist of heaven's Almighty King);  
Amply have merited of me, of all  
The infernal empire, that so near heaven's door  
Triumphal with triumphal act have met,  
Mine with this glorious work, and made one realm,

Hell and this world, one realm, one continent  
Of easy thoroughfare. Therefore,—while I  
Descend through darkness on your road with ease,  
To my associate powers, them to acquaint  
With these successes, and with them rejoice,—  
You two this way, among these numerous orbs,  
All yours, right down to Paradise descend;  
There dwell, and reign in bliss; thence on the earth  
Dominion exercise, and in the air,  
Chiefly on man, sole lord of all declared:  
Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.  
My substitutes I send ye, and create  
Plenipotent on earth, of matchless might  
Issuing from me; on your joint vigour now  
My hold of this new kingdom all depends,  
Through Sin to Death exposed by my exploit.  
If your joint power prevail, the affairs of hell  
No detriment need fear: go, and be strong!”

So saying, he dismiss'd them: they with speed  
Their course through thickest constellations held,  
Spreading their bane; the blasted stars looked wan;  
And planets, planet-struck, real eclipse  
Then suffer'd. The other way Satan went down  
The causeway to hell-gate: on either side  
Disparted Chaos over-built exclaim'd,  
And with rebounding surge the bars assail'd,  
That scorn'd his indignation: through the gate,  
Wide open and unguarded, Satan pass'd,  
And all about found desolate; for those  
Appointed to sit there had left their charge,  
Flown to the upper world; the rest were all

Far to the inland retired, about the walls  
Of Pandemonium, city and proud seat  
Of Lucifer; so by allusion called,  
Of that bright star to Satan paragon'd:  
Their kept there watch the legions, while the grand  
In council sat, solicitous what chance  
Might intercept their emperor sent; so he  
Departing gave command, and they observed.  
As when the Tartar from his Russian foe,  
By Astracan, over the snowy plains,  
Retires; or Bactrian Sophi, from the horns  
Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste beyond  
The realm of Aladule, in his retreat  
To Taurus or Casbeen; so these, the late  
Heaven-banish'd host, left desert utmost hell,  
Many a dark league, reduced in careful watch  
Round their metropolis; and now, expecting  
Each hour their great adventurer, from the search  
Of foreign worlds: he, through the midst, un-  
In show plebeian angel militant [mark'd,  
Of lowest order, pass'd; and from the door  
Of that Plutonian hall, invisible,  
Ascended his high throne, which, under state  
Of richest texture spread, at the upper end  
Was placed in regal lustre. Down a while  
He sat, and round about him saw, unseen;  
At last, as from a cloud, his fulgent head  
And shape, star-bright, appear'd, or brighter; clad  
With what permissive glory since his fall  
Was left him, or false glitter: all amazed:  
At that so sudden blaze, the Stygian throng

Bent their aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld,  
Their mighty chief return'd: loud was the acclaim;  
Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting peers;  
Raised from their dark divan, and with like joy  
Congratulant approach'd him; who with hand  
Silence, and with these words attention, won:

“ Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues,  
For in possession such, not only of right, [powers;  
I call ye, and declare ye now; return'd  
Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth  
Triumphant out of this infernal pit  
Abominable, accursed, the house of woe,  
And dungeon of our tyrant: now possess,  
As lords, a spacious world, to our native heaven  
Little inferior, by my adventure hard  
With peril great achieved. Long were to tell  
What I have done, what suffer'd; with what pain  
Voyag'd the unreal, vast, unbounded deep  
Of horrible confusion; over which  
By Sin and Death a broad way now is paved,  
To expedite your glorious march; but I  
Toil'd out my uncouth passage, forc'd to ride  
The untractable abyss, plung'd in the womb  
Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wild;  
That, jealous of their secrets, fiercely oppos'd  
My journey strange, with clamorous uproar,  
Protesting fate supreme; thence how I found  
The new-created world, which fame in heaven  
Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful  
Of absolute perfection! therein Man  
Placed in a Paradise, by our exile



Made happy: him by fraud I have seduced  
From his Creator; and, the more to increase  
Your wonder, with an apple; he, thereat  
Offended, (worth your laughter!) hath given up  
Both his beloved man, and all his world,  
To Sin and Death a prey; and so to us,  
Without our hazard, labour, or alarm,  
To range in, and to dwell, and over man  
To rule, as over all he should have ruled.  
True is, me also hath he judged, or rather  
Me not, but the brute serpent, in whose shape  
Man I deceived: that which to me belongs  
Is enmity, which he will put between  
Me and mankind; I am to bruise his heel:  
His seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head.  
A world, who would not purchase with a bruise,  
Or much more grievous pain? Ye have the account  
Of my performanee: what remains, ye gods,  
But up, and enter now into full bliss?"

So having said, a while he stood, expecting  
Their universal shout, and high applause,  
To fill his ear; when, contrary, he hears  
On all sides, from innumerable tongues,  
A dismal universal hiss, the sound  
Of public scorn; he wondered, but not long  
Had leisure, wondering at himself now more:  
His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare;  
His arms clung to his ribs; his legs entwining  
Each other, till, supplanted, down he fell,  
A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,  
Reluctant, but in vain; a greater Power

Now ruled him, punish'd in the shape he sinn'd,  
According to his doom. He would have spoke;  
But hiss for hiss return'd with forked tongue  
To forked tongue; for now were all transform'd  
Alike, to serpents all, as accessories  
To his bold riot: dreadful was the din  
Of hissing through the hall, thick-swarving now  
With complicated monsters head and tail,  
Scorpion, and asp, and amphisbæna dire,  
Cerastes horn'd, hydrus, and elops drear,  
And dipsas, (not so thick swarm'd once the soil  
Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the isle  
Ophiusa): but still greatest he the midst,  
Now dragon grown, larger than whom the sun  
Engender'd in the Pythian vale on slime,  
Huge Python, and his power no less he seem'd  
Above the rest still to retain. They all  
Him follow'd, issuing forth to the open field,  
Where all yet left of that revolted rout,  
Heav'n-fallen, in station stood or just array,  
Sublime with expectation when to see  
In triumph issuing forth, their glorious chief.  
They saw, but other sight instead! a crowd  
Of ugly serpents; horror on them fell,  
And horrid sympathy; for what they saw [arms,  
They felt themselves, now changing; down their  
Down fell both spear and shield; down they as fast;  
And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form  
Catch'd by contagion; like in punishment, [meant  
As in their crime. Thus was th' applause they  
Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame,

Cast on themselves from their own mouths. There  
stood

A grove hard by, sprung up with this their change,  
His will who reigns above, to aggravate  
Their penance, laden with fruit, like that  
Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve  
Used by the tempter: on that prospect strange  
Their earnest eyes they fix'd, imagining  
For one forbidden tree a multitude  
Now risen, to work them farther woe or shame;  
Yet, parch'd with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,  
Though to delude them sent, could not abstain;  
But on they roll'd in heaps, and, up the trees  
Climbing, sat thicker than the snaky locks  
That curl'd Megæra. Greedily they pluck'd  
The fruitage fair to sight, like that which grew  
Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flam'd;  
This more delusive, not the touch, but taste  
Deceived; they fondly thinking to allay  
Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit  
Chew'd bitter ashes, which the offended taste  
With sputtering noise rejected: oft they assay'd,  
Hunger and thirst constraining; drugg'd as oft,  
With hatefulest disrelish writh'd their jaws,  
With soot and cinders fill'd; so oft they fell  
Into the same illusion, not as man [plagu'd,  
Whom they triumph'd once laps'd. Thus were they  
And worn with famine, long and ceaseless hiss,  
Till their lost shape, permitted, they resumed;  
Yearly enjoind; some say, to undergo  
This annual humbling certain number'd days,

To dash their pride and joy for man seduced.  
 However, some tradition they dispersed  
 Among the heathen of their purchase got;  
 And fabled how the serpent, whom they call'd  
 Ophion, with Eurynome, the wide-  
 Encroaching Eve perhaps, had first the rule  
 Of high Olympus; thence by Saturn driven  
 And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born.

Meanwhile in Paradise the hellish pair  
 Too soon arrived; Sin, there in power before,  
 Once actual, now in body, and to dwell  
 Habitual habitant; behind her Death,  
 Close following, pace for pace, not mounted yet  
 On his pale horse; to whom Sin thus began:

“Second of Satan sprung, all conquering Death!  
 What think'st thou of our empire now, though  
 With travail difficult; not better far [earn'd  
 Than still at hell's dark threshold to have sat watch,  
 Unnamed, undreaded, and thyself half starved?”

Whom thus the Sin-born monster answered soon:  
 “To me, who with eternal famine pine,  
 Alike is hell, or paradise, or heaven;  
 There best, where most with ravine I may meet;  
 Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems  
 To stuff this maw, this vast unhidebound corpse.”

To whom the incestuous mother thus replied:  
 “Thou therefore on these herbs, and fruits, and  
 flowers,  
 Feed first; on each beast next, and fish, and fowl;  
 No homely morsels; and whatever thing  
 The scythe of Time mows down, devour unspared;

Till I, in man residing, through the race,  
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions, all infect;  
And season him thy last and sweetest prey."

This said, they both betook them several ways,  
Both to destroy, or unimmortal make  
All kinds, and for destruction to mature,  
Sooner or later; which the Almighty seeing,  
From his transcendent seat the saints among,  
To those bright orders utter'd thus his voice:

"See, with what heat these dogs of hell advance,  
To waste and havoc yonder world, which I  
So fair and good created; and had still  
Kept in that state, had not the folly of man  
Let in these wasteful furies, who impute  
Folly to me; so doth the prince of hell  
And his adherents, that with so much ease  
I suffer them to enter and possess  
A place so heavenly; and conniving seem,  
To gratify my scornful enemies,  
That laugh, as if transported with some fit  
Of passion, I to them had quitted all,  
At random yielded up to their misrule;  
And know not that I call'd and drew them thither,  
My hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth  
Which man's polluting sin with taint hath shed  
On what was pure; till, cramm'd and gorged, nigh  
With suck'd and glutted offal, at one sling [burst,  
Of thy victorious arm, well-pleasing Son,  
Both Sin and Death, and yawning Grave, at last,  
Through Chaos hurl'd, obstruct the mouth of hell  
For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.

Then heaven and earth, renew'd, shall be made  
To sanctify, that shall receive no stain: [pure  
Till then, the curse pronounced on both proceeds.”

He ended; and the heavenly audience loud  
Sung Hallelujah, as the sound of seas,  
Through multitude that sung: “Just are thy ways,  
Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works;  
Who can extenuate thee?” Next to the Son,  
“Destined Restorer of mankind, by whom  
New heaven and earth shall to the ages rise, [song;  
Or down from heaven descend.” Such was their  
While the Creator, calling forth by name  
His mighty angels, gave them several charge,  
As sorted best with present things. The sun  
Had first his precept, so to move, so shine,  
As might affect the earth with cold and heat,  
Scarce tolerable, and from the north to call  
Decrepit winter, from the south to bring  
Solstitial summer's heat. To the blanc moon  
Her office they prescribed; to the other five,  
Their planetary motions, and aspects,  
In sextile, square, and trine, and opposite,  
Of noxious efficacy, and when to join  
In synod unbenign; and taught the fix'd  
Their influence malignant when to shower,  
Which of them rising with the sun, or falling,  
Should prove tempestuous: to the winds they set  
Their corners, when with bluster to confound  
Sea, air, and shore; the thunder when to roll  
With terror, through the dark aërial hall.  
Some say, he bid his angels turn askance

The poles of earth, twice ten degrees and more,  
From the sun's axle; they with labour push'd  
Oblique the centric globe. Some say, the sun  
Was bid turn reins from the equinoctial road  
Like-distant breadth to Taurus with the seven  
Atlantic Sisters, and the Spartan Twins,  
Up to the Tropic Crab: thence down amain  
By Leo, and the Virgin, and the Scales,  
As deep as Capricorn; to bring in change  
Of seasons to each clime; else had the spring  
Perpetual smiled on earth with verdant flowers,  
Equal in days and nights, except to those  
Beyond the polar circles; to them day  
Had unbenighted shone; while the low sun,  
To recompense his distance, in their sight  
Had rounded still the horizon, and not known  
Or east or west; which had forbid the snow  
From cold Estotiland, and south as far  
Beneath Magellan. At that tasted fruit,  
The sun, as from Thyestian banquet, turn'd  
His course intended; else, how had the world  
Inhabited, though sinless, more than now  
Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?  
These changes in the heavens, though slow, pro-  
Like change on sea and land; sideral blast, [duced  
Vapour, and mist, and exhalation hot,  
Corrupt and pestilent. Now from the north  
Of Norumbega, and the Samoed shore,  
Bursting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice,  
And snow, and hail, and stormy gust and flaw,  
Boreas, and Cæcias, and Argestes loud,

And Thrascias, rend the woods, and seas upturn;  
With adverse blast upturns them from the south  
Notus, and Afer black with thunderous clouds  
From Serrationa; thwart of these, as fierce,  
Forth rush the Levant and the Ponent winds,  
Eurus and Zephyr, with their lateral noise,  
Sirocco and Libeccio. Thus began  
Outrage from lifeless things; but Discord first,  
Daughter of Sin, among the irrational  
Death introduced, through fierce antipathy:  
Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,  
And fish with fish; to graze the herb all leaving,  
Devour'd each other; nor stood much in awe  
Of man, but fled him, or, with countenance grim,  
Glared on him passing. These were from without  
The growing miseries, which Adam saw  
Already in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,  
To sorrow abandon'd, but worse felt within;  
And in a troubled sea of passion tossed,  
Thus to disburden sought, with sad complaint:

“O miserable of happy! is this the end  
Of this new glorious world, and me, so late  
The glory of that glory, who now become  
Accursed of blessed? Hide me from the face  
Of God, whom to behold was then my height  
Of happiness! Yet well, if here would end  
The misery: I deserved it; and would bear  
My own deservings; but this will not serve:  
All that I eat, or drink, or shall beget,  
Is propagated curse. O voice once heard  
Delightfully, ‘Increase and multiply,’



Now death to hear! for what can I increase,  
Or multiply, but curses on my head?  
Who, of all ages to succeed, but feeling  
The evil on him brought by me, will curse  
My head? 'Ill fare our ancestor impure!  
For this we may thank Adam!' but his thanks  
Shall be the execration; so, besides  
Mine own that bide upon me, all from me  
Shall with a fierce reflux on me rebound;  
On me, as on their natural centre, light  
Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys  
Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!  
Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay  
To mould me man? did I solicit thee  
From darkness to promote me, or here place,  
In this delicious garden? As my will  
Concurr'd not to my being, it were but right  
And equal to reduce me to my dust,  
Desirous to resign and render back  
All I received; unable to perform  
Thy terms, too hard, by which I was to hold  
The good I sought not. To the loss of that,  
Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added  
The sense of endless woes? Inexplicable  
Thy justice seems; yet, to say truth, too late  
I thus contest; then should have been refused  
Those terms whatever, when they were proposed.  
Thou didst accept them; wilt thou enjoy the good  
Then cavil the conditions? and, though God  
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son  
Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,

Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not:  
Wouldst thou admit, for his contempt of thee,  
That proud excuse? yet him, not thy election,  
But natural necessity, begot.

God made thee of choice his own, and of his own  
To serve him; thy reward was of his grace;  
Thy punishment then justly is at his will.  
Be it so, for I submit; his doom is fair,  
That dust I am, and shall to dust return:  
O welcome hour whenever! why delays  
His hand to execute what his decree  
Fix'd on this day? why do I overlive?  
Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out  
To deathless pain? How gladly would I meet  
Mortality, my sentence, and be earth  
Insensible! how glad would lay me down,  
As in my mother's lap! there I should rest  
And sleep secure: his dreadful voice no more  
Would thunder in my ears; no fear of worse  
To me and to my offspring would torment me  
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt  
Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die;  
Lest that pure breath of life, the spirit of man,  
Which God inspired, cannot together perish  
With this corporeal clod: then in the grave,  
Or in some other dismal place, who knows  
But I shall die a living death? O thought  
Horrid, if true! Yet why? It was but breath  
Of life that sinned; what dies, but what had life  
And sin? the body properly hath neither.  
All of me then shall die: let this appease

The doubt, since human reach no farther knows:  
For, though the Lord of all be infinite,  
Is his wrath also? Be it; man is not so,  
But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise  
Wrath without end on man, whom death must end?  
Can he make deathless death? that were to make  
Strange contradiction, which to God himself  
Impossible is held; as argument  
Of weakness, not of power. Will he draw out,  
For anger's sake, finite to infinite,  
In punish'd man, to satisfy his rigour,  
Satisfied never? That were to extend  
His sentence beyond dust, and nature's law  
By which all causes else, according still  
To the reception of their matter, act;  
Not to the extent of their own sphere. But say  
That death be not one stroke, as I supposed,  
Bereaving sense, but endless misery  
From this day onward; which I feel begun  
Both in me, and without me; and so last  
To perpetuity:—ah me! that fear  
Comes thundering back with dreadful revolution  
On my defenceless head; both Death and I  
Are found eternal, and incorporate both;  
Nor I on my part single; in me all  
Posterity stands cursed: fair patrimony  
That I must leave ye, sons! O were I able  
To waste it all myself, and leave ye none!  
So disinherited, how would ye bless  
Me, now your curse! Ah! why should all mankind,  
For one man's fault, thus guiltless be condemn'd,

If guiltless? But from me what can proceed,  
But all corrupt; both mind and will depriv'd,  
Not to do only, but to will the same  
With me? How can they then acquitted stand  
In sight of God? Him, after all disputes,  
Forced, I absolve: all my evasions vain,  
And reasonings, though through mazes, lead me  
But to my own conviction: first and last [still  
On me, me only, as the source and spring  
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due; [support  
So might the wrath! Fond wish! couldst thou  
That burden, heavier than the earth to bear;  
Than all the world much heavier, though divided  
With that bad woman? Thus, what thou desir'st,  
And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all hope  
Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable  
Beyond all past example and future:  
To Satan only like both crime and doom.  
O conscience! into what abyss of fears  
And horrors hast thou driven me; out of which  
I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!"

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud  
Through the still night; not now, as ere man fell,  
Wholesome, and cool, and mild, but with black air  
Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom  
Which to his evil conscience represented  
All things with double terror. On the ground  
Outstretched he lay, on the cold ground, and oft  
Curs'd his creation; death as oft accused  
Of tardy execution, since denounced  
The day of his offence. "Why comes not death,"

Said he, "with one thrice-acceptable stroke  
To end me? Shall truth fail to keep her word?  
Justice divine not hasten to be just?  
But death comes not at call; justice divine  
Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.  
O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bowers!  
With other echo late I taught your shades  
To answer, and resound far other song!"  
Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,  
Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,  
Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd;  
But her, with stern regard, he thus repell'd:

"Out of my sight, thou serpent! That name best  
Befits thee with him leagued, thyself as false  
And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy shape,  
Like his, and colour serpentine, may show  
Thy inward fraud, to warn all creatures from thee  
Henceforth; lest that too heavenly form, pretended,  
To hellish falsehood snare them! But for thee,  
I had persisted happy; had not thy pride,  
And wandering vanity, when least was safe,  
Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd  
Not to be trusted, longing to be seen,  
Though by the devil himself, him overweening  
To over-reach; but, with the serpent meeting,  
Fool'd and beguil'd: by him thou, I by thee,  
To trust thee from my side; imagined wise,  
Constant, mature, proof against all assaults;  
And understood not all was but a show,  
Rather than solid virtue; all but a rib  
Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,

More to the part sinister; from me drawn,  
Well if thrown out, as supernumerary  
To my just number found. O! why did God,  
Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven  
With spirits masculine, create at last  
This novelty on earth, this fair defect  
Of nature, and not fill the world at once  
With men, as angels, without feminine;  
Or find some other way to generate  
Mankind? This mischief had not then befallen;  
And more that shall befall; innumerable  
Disturbances on earth through female snares,  
And strait conjunction with this sex; for either  
He never shall find out fit mate, but such  
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;  
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain,  
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd  
By a far worse; or, if she love, withheld  
By parents; or his happiest choice too late  
Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock-bound  
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame;  
Which infinite calamity shall cause  
To human life, and household peace confound."

He added not, and from her turn'd. But Eve,  
Not so repulsed, with tears that ceased not flowing  
And tresses all disordered, at his feet  
Fell humble; and, embracing them, besought  
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint:

"Forsake me not thus, Adam! witness, Heaven,  
What love sincere and reverence in my heart  
I bear thee, and unwitting have offended,

Unhappily deceived! Thy suppliant,  
I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,  
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,  
Thy counsel, in this uttermost distress  
My only strength and stay: forlorn of thee,  
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?  
While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,  
Between us two let there be peace; both joining  
As join'd in injuries, one enmity  
Against a foe by doom express assign'd us,  
That cruel serpent. On me exercise not  
Thy hatred, for this misery befallen;  
On me already lost, me than thyself  
More miserable! both have sinn'd; but thou  
Against God only, I against God and thee;  
And to the place of judgment will return,  
There with my cries importune Heaven, that all  
The sentence, from thy head removed, may light  
On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe;  
Me only, just object of his ire."

She ended, weeping; and her lowly plight,  
Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault  
Acknowledged and deplored, in Adam wrought  
Commiseration: soon his heart relented  
Towards her, his life so late, and sole delight,  
Now at his feet submissive in distress:  
Creature so fair his reconciliation seeking,  
His counsel, whom she had displeas'd, his aid;  
As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost;  
And thus, with peaceful words, uprais'd her soon:  
"Unwary, and too desirous, as before,

So now, of what thou know'st not, who desir'st  
The punishment all on thyself; alas!  
Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain  
His full wrath, whose thou feel'st as yet least part,  
And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If prayers  
Could alter high decrees, I to that place  
Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,  
That on my head all might be visited;  
Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiven,  
To me committed, and by me exposed.  
But rise; let us no more contend, nor blame  
Each other, blamed enough elsewhere; but strive,  
In offices of love, how we may lighten  
Each other's burden, in our share of woe;  
Since this day's death denounced, if aught I see,  
Will prove no sudden, but a slow-paced evil,  
A long day's dying, to augment our pain;  
And to our seed, (O hapless seed!) deriv'd."

To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, replied:  
"Adam, by sad experiment I know  
How little weight my words with thee can find,  
Found so erroneous; thence, by just event,  
Found so unfortunate: nevertheless,  
Restored by thee, vile as I am, to place  
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain  
Thy love, the sole contentment of my heart,  
Living or dying, from thee I will not hide  
What thoughts in my unquiet breast are risen,  
Tending to some relief of our extremes,  
Or end; though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,  
As in our evils, and of easier choice.



If care of our descent perplex us most,  
Which must be born to certain woe, devour'd  
By death at last; and miserable it is  
To be to others cause of misery,  
Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring  
Into this cursed world a woeful race,  
That after wretched life must be at last  
Food for so foul a monster; in thy power  
It lies, yet ere conception, to prevent  
The race unblest, to being yet unbegot.  
Childless thou art, childless remain; so Death  
Shall be deceiv'd his glut, and with us two  
Be forced to satisfy his ravenous maw.  
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,  
Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain  
From love's due rites, nuptial embraces sweet,  
And with desire to languish without hope,  
Before the present object languishing  
With like desire, which would be misery  
And torment, less than none of what we dread;  
Then, both ourselves and seed at once to free  
From what we fear for both, let us make short,—  
Let us seek death; or, he not found, supply  
With our own hands his office on ourselves.  
Why stand we longer shivering under fears,  
That show no end but death; and have the power  
Of many ways to die, the shortest choosing,  
Destruction with destruction to destroy?"

She ended here, or vehement despair  
Broke off the rest; so much of death her thoughts  
Had entertain'd, as dyed her cheeks with pale.

But Adam, with such counsel nothing sway'd  
To better hopes his more attentive mind  
Labouring had raised; and thus to Eve replied:  
“Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems  
To argue in thee something more sublime  
And excellent, than what thy mind contemns;  
But self-destruction, therefore sought, refutes  
That excellence thought in thee, and implies,  
Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret  
For loss of life and pleasure overloved.  
Or if thou covet death, as utmost end  
Of misery, so thinking to evade  
The penalty pronounced, doubt not but God  
Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire, than so  
To be forestall'd; much more I fear lest death,  
So snatch'd, will not exempt us from the pain  
We are by doom to pay; rather, such acts  
Of contumacy will provoke the Highest  
To make death in us live. Then let us seek  
Some safer resolution, which methinks  
I have in view, calling to mind with heed  
Part of our sentence, that thy seed shall bruise  
The serpent's head; piteous amends! unless  
Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand foe,  
Satan; who, in the serpent, hath contrived  
Against us this deceit: to crush his head  
Would be revenge indeed, which will be lost,  
By death brought on ourselves, or childless days,  
Resolved as thou proposest: so our foe  
Shall 'scape his punishment ordain'd, and we,  
Instead, shall double ours upon our heads.

No more be mention'd then of violence  
Against ourselves, and wilful barrenness,  
Than cuts us off from hope, and savours only  
Rancour and pride, impatience and despite,  
Reluctance against God and his just yoke  
Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild  
And gracious temper he hath heard and judged,  
Without wrath or reviling: we expected  
Immediate dissolution, which we thought  
Was meant by death that day; when, lo! to thee  
Pains only in child-bearing were foretold,  
And bringing forth, soon recompensed with joy  
Fruit of thy womb: on me the curse aslope  
Glanced on the ground; with labour I must earn  
My bread: what harm? Idleness had been worse;  
My labour will sustain me; and, lest cold  
Or heat should injure us, his timely care  
Hath, unbesought, provided; and his hands  
Clothed us, unworthy, pitying while he judged.  
How much more, if we pray him, will his ear  
Be open, and his heart to pity incline,  
And teach us further, by what means to shun  
The inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow,  
Which now the sky, with various face, begins  
To show us in this mountain; while the winds  
Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks  
Of these fair-spreading trees; which bids us seek  
Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish  
Our limbs benumb'd, ere this diurnal star  
Leave cold the night; how we his gather'd beams  
Reflected, may with matter sere foment  
Or, by collision of two bodies, grind

The air attrite to fire; as late the clouds  
 Justling, or push'd with winds, rude in their shock,  
 Time theslant lightning, whose thwart flame, driv'n  
 Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine, [down,  
 And sends a comfortable heat from far,  
 Which might supply the sun: such fire to use,  
 And what may else be remedy or cure  
 To evils, which our own misdeeds have wrought,  
 He will instruct us praying, and of grace  
 Beseeching him; so as we need not fear  
 To pass commodiously this life, sustained  
 By him with many comforts, till we end  
 In dust, our final rest and native home.  
 What better can we do, than, to the place  
 Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall  
 Before him reverent; and there confess  
 Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears  
 Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air  
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek?  
 Undoubtedly he will relent, and turn  
 From his displeasure; in whose look serene,  
 When angry most he seem'd and most severe,  
 What else but favour, grace, and mercy shone?"

So spake our father penitent; nor Eve  
 Felt less remorse: they, forthwith to the place  
 Repairing where he judg'd them, prostrate fell  
 Before him reverent, and both confess'd  
 Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears  
 Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air  
 Frequenting, sent from heart contrite, in sign  
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XI.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*The Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our first parents, now repenting, and intercedes for them. God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise: sends Michael with a band of cherubim to dispossess them; but first to reveal to Adam future things. Michael's coming down. Adam shows to Eve certain ominous signs; he discerns Michael's approach; goes out to meet him; the angel denounces their departure. Eve's lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits. The angel leads him up to a high hill: sets before him in vision what shall happen till the flood.*

## PARADISE LOST.

### BOOK XI.

THUS they, in lowliest plight, repentant stood,  
Praying; for from the mercy-seat above  
Preventant grace, descending, had removed  
The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh,  
Regenerate, grow instead; that sighs now breath'd  
Unutterable; which the spirit of prayer  
Inspired, and wing'd for heaven with speedier flight  
Than loudest oratory: yet their port  
Not of mean suitors; nor important less  
Seem'd their petition, than when the ancient pair  
In fables old, less ancient yet than these,  
Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha, to restore  
The race of mankind drown'd, before the shrine  
Of Themis stood devout. To heaven their prayers  
Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds  
Blown vagabond or frustrate; in they pass'd,  
Dimensionless, through heavenly doors; then clad  
With incense, where the golden altar fumed,  
By their great Intercessor, came in sight  
Before the Father's throne; them the glad Son  
Presenting, thus to intercede began:

“ See, Father, what first-fruits on earth are sprung  
From thy implanted grace in man; these sighs  
And prayers, which in this golden censer mix’d  
With incense, I thy priest before thee bring;  
Fruits of more pleasing savour from thy seed,  
Sown with contrition in his heart, than those  
Which, his own hand manuring, all the trees  
Of Paradise could have produced, ere fallen  
From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear  
To supplication; hear his sighs, though mute;  
Unskilful with what words to pray, let me  
Interpret for him; me, his Advocate  
And Propitiation; all his works on me,  
Good or not good, ingraft; my merit those  
Shall perfect, and for these my death shall pay.  
Accept me; and, in me, from these receive  
The smell of peace toward mankind; let him live  
Before thee reconciled, at least his days  
Number’d, though sad; till death his doom (which I  
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse,)  
To better life shall yield him; where with me  
All my redeem’d may dwell in joy and bliss,  
Made one with me, as I with thee am one.”

To whom the Father, without cloud, serene:  
“ All thy request for man, accepted Son,  
Obtain; all thy request was my decree;  
But longer in that Paradise to dwell  
The law I gave to nature him forbids:  
Those pure immortal elements, that know  
No gross, no inharmonious mixture foul,  
Eject him, tainted now, and purge him off,



As a distemper gross, to air as gross,  
And mortal food; as may dispose him best  
For dissolution wrought by sin, that first  
Distemper'd all things, and of incorrupt  
Corrupted. I, at first, with two fair gifts  
Created him endow'd; with happiness  
And immortality: that fondly lost,  
This other served but to eternize woe,  
Till I provided death: so death becomes  
His final remedy; and, after life,  
Tried in sharp tribulation, and refined  
By faith and faithful works, to second life,  
Waked in the renovation of the just,  
Resigns him up, with heaven and earth renew'd.  
But let us call to synod all the bless'd, [not hide  
Through heaven's wide bounds; from them I will  
My judgments; how with mankind I proceed  
As how with peccant angels late they saw, [firm'd."  
And in their state, though firm, stood more con-  
He ended; and the Son gave signal high  
To the bright minister that watch'd: he blew  
His trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps,  
When God descended; and perhaps once more  
To sound, at general doom. The angelic blast  
Fill'd all the regions: from their blissful bowers  
Of amaranthine shade, fountain or spring,  
By the waters of life, where'er they sat  
In fellowships of joy, the sons of light  
Hasted, resorting to the summons high,  
And took their seats: till from his throne supreme  
The Almighty thus pronounced his sovereign will:

“O sons, like one of us man is become,  
To know both good and evil, since his taste  
Of that defended fruit; but let him boast  
His knowledge of good lost, and evil got;  
Happier, had it sufficed him to have known  
Good by itself, and evil not at all.  
He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite,  
My motions in him; longer than they move,  
His heart I know how variable and vain,  
Self-left. Lest therefore his now bolder hand  
Reach also of the tree of life, and eat,  
And live for ever, dream at least to live  
For ever, to remove him I decree,  
And send him from the garden forth to till  
The ground, whence he was taken, fitter soil.  
Michael, this my behest have thou in charge:  
Take to thee, from among the cherubim,  
Thy choice of flaming warriors, lest the Fiend,  
Or in behalf of man, or to invade  
Vacant possession, some new trouble raise:  
Haste thee, and from the Paradise of God  
Without remorse drive out the sinful pair;  
From hallow'd ground the unholy; and denounce  
To them and to their progeny from thence  
Perpetual banishment. Yet, lest they faint  
At the sad sentence rigorously urg'd,  
(For I behold them soften'd, and with tears  
Bewailing their excess,) all terror hide.  
If patiently thy bidding they obey,  
Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveal  
To Adam what shall come in future days,

As I shall thee enlighten; intermix  
My covenant in the woman's seed renew'd:  
So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in  
And on the east side of the garden place, [peace.  
Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,  
Cherubic watch; and of a sword the flame  
Wide-waving; all approach far off to fright,  
And guard all passage to the tree of life:  
Lest Paradise a receptacle prove  
To spirits foul; and all my trees their prey,  
With whose stolen fruit man once more to delude."

He ceased; and the archangelic power prepared  
For swift descent; with him the cohort bright  
Of watchful cherubim; four faces each  
Had, like a double Janus; all their shape  
Spangled with eyes, more numerous than those  
Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drowse,  
Charm'd with Arcadian pipe, the pastoral reed  
Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Meanwhile,  
To re-salute the world with sacred light,  
Leucothea waked, and with fresh dews embalm'd  
The earth, when Adam and first matron Eve  
Had ended now their orisons, and found  
Strength added from above; new hope to spring  
Out of despair; joy, but with fear yet link'd;  
Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd:

"Eve, easily may faith admit, that all  
The good which we enjoy from heaven descends;  
But that from us aught should ascend to heaven,  
So prevalent, as to concern the mind  
Of God, high-bless'd, or to incline his will,

Hard to belief may seem; yet this will prayer,  
Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne  
Even to the seat of God. For since I sought  
By prayer the offended Deity to appease,  
Kneel'd, and before him humbled all my heart,  
Methought I saw him placable and mild  
Bending his ear; persuasion in me grew  
That I was heard with favour; peace return'd  
Home to my breast, and to my memory  
His promise, that thy seed shall bruise our foe:  
Which, then not minded in dismay, yet now  
Assures me that the bitterness of death  
Is past, and we shall live. Whence hail to thee,  
Eve rightly call'd, mother of all mankind,  
Mother of all things living, since by thee  
Man is to live; and all things live for man."

To whom thus Eve, with sad demeanour, meek:  
"Ill-worthy I, such title should belong  
To me, transgressor; who, for thee ordain'd  
A help, became thy snare; to me reproach  
Rather belongs, distrust, and all dispraise:  
But infinite in pardon was my Judge,  
That I, who first brought death on all, am graced  
The source of life: next favourable thou,  
Who highly thus to entitle me vouchsafest,  
Far other name deserving. But the field  
To labour calls us, now with sweat imposed,  
Though after sleepless night; for see! the morn,  
All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins  
Her rosy progress smiling; let us forth;  
I never from thy side henceforth to stray,

Where'er our day's work lies, though now enjoin'd  
 Laborious, till day droop: while here we dwell,  
 What can be toilsome in these pleasant walks?  
 Here let us live, though in fallen state, content."

So spake, so wish'd, much humbled Eve; but fate  
 Subscribed not: Nature first gave signs, impress'd  
 On bird, beast, air; air suddenly eclipsed,  
 After short blush of morn: nigh in her sight,  
 The bird of Jove, stoop'd from his airy tour,  
 Two birds of gayest plume before him drove;  
 Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods,  
 First hunter then, pursu'd a gentle brace,  
 Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind;  
 Direct to the eastern gate was bent their flight.  
 Adam observed; and with his eye the chase  
 Pursuing, not unmoved, to Eve thus spake:

"O Eve! some farther change awaits us nigh,  
 Which Heaven by these mute signs in nature  
 Forerunners of his purpose; or to warn [shows,  
 Us, haply too secure of our discharge  
 From penalty, because from death released  
 Some days: how long, and what till then our life,  
 Who knows? or, more than this, that we are dust,  
 And thither must return, and be no more?  
 Why else this double object, in our sight,  
 Of flight pursued in the air, and o'er the ground  
 One way the self-same hour? why in the east  
 Darkness, ere day's mid-course, and morning-light  
 More orient in yon western cloud, that draws  
 O'er the blue firmament a radiant white, [fraught?"  
 And slow descends, with something heavenly

He err'd not; for by this the heavenly bands  
 Down from a sky of jasper lighted now  
 In Paradise, and on a hill made halt;  
 A glorious apparition, had not doubt  
 And carnal fear that day dimm'd Adam's eye.  
 Not that more glorious, when the angels met  
 Jacob in Mahanaim, where he saw  
 The field pavilion'd with his guardians bright;  
 Nor that, which on the flaming mount appear'd  
 In Dothan, cover'd with a camp of fire,  
 Against the Syrian king, who to surprise  
 One man, assassin-like, had levied war,  
 War unproclaim'd. The princely hierarch  
 In their bright stand there left his powers, to  
 Possession of the garden: he alone [seize  
 To find where Adam shelter'd took his way,  
 Not unperceived of Adam; who to Eve,  
 While the great visitant approach'd, thus spake:

"Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps  
 Of us will soon determine, or impose  
 New laws to be observed; for I descry,  
 From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill,  
 One of the heavenly host; and, by his gait,  
 None of the meanest: some great potentate,  
 Or of the thrones above; such majesty  
 Invests him coming: yet not terrible,  
 That I should fear, nor sociably mild,  
 As Raphael, that I should much confide;  
 But solemn and sublime; whom, not to offend,  
 With reverence I must meet, and thou retire."

He ended; and the archangel soon drew nigh;

Not in his shape celestial, but as man,  
Clad to meet man; over his lucid arms  
A military vest of purple flow'd,  
Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain  
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old  
In time of truce; Iris had dipp'd the woof;  
His starry helm unbuckled show'd him prime  
In manhood where youth ended; by his side,  
As in a glistening zodiac, hung the sword,  
Satan's dire dread; and in his hand the spear.  
Adam bow'd low; he, kingly, from his state  
Inclined not; but his coming thus declared:

“Adam, Heaven's high behest no preface needs:  
Sufficient that thy prayers are heard; and Death,  
Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,  
Defeated of his seizure many days,  
Given thee of grace; wherein thou may'st repent,  
And one bad act with many deeds well done  
Mayst cover: well may then the Lord, appeas'd,  
Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious claim;  
But longer in this Paradise to dwell  
Permits not: to remove thee I am come,  
And send thee from the garden forth, to till  
The ground whence thou wast taken, fitter soil.”

He added not; for Adam, at the news  
Heart-struck, with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,  
That all his senses bound: Eve, who unseen,  
Yet all had heard, with audible lament  
Discover'd soon the place of her retire:

“O unexpected stroke, worse than of death!  
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave

Thee, native soil! these happy walks and shades,  
Fit haunt of gods? where I had hope to spend,  
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day  
That must be mortal to us both. O flowers!  
That never will in other climate grow,  
My early visitation, and my last  
At even, which I bred up with tender hand  
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names!  
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank  
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?  
Thee lastly, nuptial bower! by me adorn'd,  
With what to sight or smell was sweet! from thee  
How shall I part, and whither wander down  
Into a lower world, to this obscure  
And wild? how shall we breathe in other air  
Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits?"

Whom thus the angel interrupted mild:  
"Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign  
What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy heart,  
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine:  
Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes  
Thy husband; him to follow thou art bound:  
Where he abides, think there thy native soil."

Adam, by this from the cold sudden damp  
Recovering, and his scatter'd spirits return'd,  
To Michael thus his humble words address'd:  
"Celestial, whether among the thrones, or nam'd  
Of them the highest; for of such shape may seem  
Prince above princes! gently hast thou told  
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,  
And in performing, end us; what besides



Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,  
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring;  
Departure from this happy place, our sweet  
Recess, and only consolation left,  
Familiar to our eyes; all places else  
Inhospitable appear, and desolate;  
Nor knowing us, nor known: and if by prayer  
Incessant I could hope to change the will  
Of him who all things can, I would not cease  
To weary him with my assiduous cries:  
But prayer, against his absolute decree  
No more avails than breath against the wind,  
Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth:  
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.  
This most afflicts me; that, departing hence,  
As from his face I shall be hid, deprived  
His blessed countenance: here I could frequent  
With worship place by place where he vouchsafed  
Presence Divine: and to my sons relate;—  
On this mount he appear'd; under this tree  
Stood visible; among these pines his voice  
I heard; here with him at this fountain talked;—  
So many grateful altars I would rear  
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone  
Of lustre from the brook, in memory  
Or monument to ages; and thereon  
Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flowers  
In yonder nether world where shall I seek  
His bright appearances, or footstep trace?  
For though I fled him angry, yet, recall'd  
To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I now

Gladly behold, though but his utmost skirts  
Of glory; and far off his steps adore."

To whom thus Michael, with regard benign:  
"Adam, thou know'st heaven his, and all the earth;  
Not this rock only; his omnipresence fills  
Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,  
Fomented by his virtual power and warm'd:  
All the earth he gave thee to possess and rule,  
No despicable gift; surmise not then  
His presence to these narrow bounds confined  
Of Paradise, or Eden: this had been  
Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had spread  
All generations, and had hither come  
From all the ends of the earth, to celebrate  
And reverence thee, their great progenitor.  
But this pre-eminence thou hast lost, brought down  
To dwell on even ground now with thy sons:  
Yet doubt not but in valley and in plain,  
God is, as here; and will be found alike  
Present; and of his presence many a sign  
Still following thee, still compassing thee round  
With goodness and paternal love, his face  
Express, and of his steps the track divine.  
Which that thou may'st believe, and be confirm'd,  
Ere thou from hence depart, know, I am sent  
To show thee what shall come in future days  
To thee and to thy offspring: good with bad  
Expect to hear; supernal grace contending  
With sinfulness of men; thereby to learn  
True patience, and to temper joy with fear  
And pious sorrow; equally inured

By moderation either state to bear,  
Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead  
Safest thy life, and best prepared, endure  
Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend  
This hill; let Eve (for I have drench'd her eyes,)  
Here sleep below, while thou to foresight wakest;  
As once thou slept'st, while she to life was form'd."

To whom thus Adam gratefully replied:  
"Ascend; I follow thee, safe guide, the path  
Thou lead'st me; and to the hand of Heaven submit,  
However chastening; to the evil turn  
My obvious breast; arming to overcome  
By suffering, and earn rest from labour won,  
If so I may attain." So both ascend  
In the visions of God. It was a hill,  
Of Paradise the highest, from whose top  
The hemisphere of earth, in clearest ken,  
Stretch'd out to the amplest reach of prospect.  
Not higher that hill, nor wider looking round,  
Whereon, for different cause, the tempter set  
Our second Adam, in the wilderness,  
To show him all earth's kingdoms, and their glory.  
His eye might there command wherever stood  
City of old or modern fame, and seat  
Of mightiest empire, from the destined walls  
Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can,  
And Samarcand by Oxus, Temir's throne,  
To Paquin of Sinæan kings; and thence  
To Agra and Lahor of great Mogul,  
Down to the golden Chersonese, or where  
The Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since

In Hispahan; or where the Russian czar  
In Moscow; or the sultan in Bizance,  
Turchestan-born: nor could his eye not ken  
The empire of Negus to his utmost port  
Ercoco, and the less maritime kings,  
Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,  
And Sofala, thought Ophir, to the realm  
Of Congo, and Angola farthest south;  
Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount,  
The kingdoms of Almansor, Fez, and Sus,  
Morocco, and Algiers, and Tremisen;  
On Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway  
The world: in spirit perhaps he also saw  
Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezume,  
And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat  
Of Atabalipa: and yet unspoil'd  
Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons  
Call El Dorado. But to nobler sights  
Michael from Adam's eyes the film removed,  
Which that false fruit that promised clearer sight,  
Had bred; then purged with euphrasy and rue  
The visual nerve, for he had much to see;  
And from the well of life three drops instill'd.  
So deep the power of these ingredients pierced,  
E'en to the inmost seat of mental sight,  
That Adam, now enforced to close his eyes,  
Sunk down, and all his spirits became entranced;  
But him the gentle angel by the hand  
Soon raised, and his attention thus recall'd:  
"Adam, now ope thine eyes; and first behold  
The effects which thy original crime hath wrought

In some to spring from thee; who never touch'd  
The excepted tree; nor with the snake conspired;  
Nor sinn'd thy sin; yet from that sin derive  
Corruption, to bring forth more violent deeds.

His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,  
Part arable and tilth, whereon were sheaves  
New reap'd; the other part sheep-walks and folds:  
In the midst an altar as the landmark stood  
Rustic, of grassy sord: thither anon  
A sweaty reaper from his tillage brought  
First fruits, the green ear, and the yellow sheaf,  
Uncull'd, as came to hand; a shepherd next,  
More meek, came with the firstlings of his flock,  
Choicest and best; then, sacrificing, laid  
The inwards and their fat, with incense strow'd,  
On the cleft wood, and all due rites perform'd:  
His offering soon propitious fire from heaven  
Consumed with nimble glance, and grateful steam;  
The other's not, for his was not sincere;  
Whereat he inly rag'd, and, as they talk'd,  
Smote him into the midriff with a stone  
That beat out life: he fell; and, deadly pale,  
Groan'd out his soul with gushing blood effused.  
Much at that sight was Adam in his heart  
Dismay'd, and thus in haste to the angel cried:

“O teacher, some great mischief hath befallen  
To that meek man, who well had sacrificed:  
Is piety thus and pure devotion paid?”

To whom Michael thus, he also moved, replied:  
“These two are brethren, Adam, and to come  
Out of thy loins; the unjust the just hath slain.

For envy that his brother's offering found  
From Heaven acceptance; but the bloody fact  
Will be avenged; and the other's faith, approved,  
Lose no reward: though here thou see him die,  
Rolling in dust and gore." To which our sire:

"Alas! both for the deed and for the cause!  
But have I now seen death? Is this the way  
I must return to native dust? O sight  
Of terror, foul and ugly to behold,  
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!"

To whom thus Michael: "Death thou hast seen  
In his first shape on man; but many shapes  
Of death, and many are the ways that lead  
To his grim cave, all dismal; yet, to sense,  
More terrible at the entrance than within.  
Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die;  
By fire, flood, famine, by intemperance more  
In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring  
Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew  
Before thee shall appear; that thou may'st know  
What misery the inabstinence of Eve  
Shall bring on men." Immediately a place  
Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noisome, dark;  
A lazarus-house it seem'd, wherein were laid  
Numbers of all diseased; all maladies  
Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms  
Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds,  
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,  
Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,  
Demonic frenzy, moping melancholy,  
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,

Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,  
Dropsies and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.  
Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; Despair  
Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch;  
And over them triumphant Death his dart  
Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invoc'd  
With vows, as their chief good and final hope.  
Sight so deform what heart of rock could long  
Dry-eyed behold? Adam could not, but wept,  
Though not of woman born; compassion quell'd  
His best of man, and gave him up to tears  
A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess;  
And, scarce recovering words, his plaint renew'd:

“O miserable mankind, to what fall  
Degraded, to what wretched state reserved!  
Better end here unborn. Why is life given,  
To be thus wrested from us? rather, why  
Obtruded on us thus? who, if we knew  
What to receive, would either not accept  
Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down;  
Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus  
The image of God in man, created once  
So goodly and erect, though faulty since,  
To such unsightly sufferings be debased  
Under inhuman pains? Why should not man,  
Retaining still Divine similitude  
In part, from such deformities be free,  
And for his Maker's image-sake, exempt?”

“Their Maker's image,” answer'd Michael, “then  
Forsóok them, when themselves they vilified,  
To serve ungovern'd appetite, and took

His image whom they serv'd, a brutish vice,  
 Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.  
 Therefore so abject is their punishment,  
 Disfiguring not God's likeness, but their own;  
 Or if his likeness, by themselves defaced;  
 While they pervert pure Nature's healthful rules  
 To loathsome sickness; worthily, since they  
 God's image did not reverence in themselves."

"I yield it just," said Adam, "and submit.  
 But is there yet no other way, besides  
 These painful passages, how we may come  
 To death, and mix with our connatural dust?"

"There is," said Michael, "if thou well observe  
 The rule of—Not too much: by temperance taught  
 In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from  
 Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight; [thence  
 Till many years over thy head return;  
 So may'st thou live, till, like ripe fruit, thou drop  
 Into thy mother's lap; or be with ease  
 Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd; for death mature,  
 This is old age; but then thou must outlive [change  
 Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will  
 To wither'd, weak, and gray; thy senses then,  
 Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forego,  
 To what thou hast; and, for the air of youth,  
 Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign  
 A melancholy damp of cold and dry  
 To weigh thy spirits down; and last consume  
 The balm of life." To whom our ancestor:

"Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong  
 Life much; bent rather, how I may be quit,



Fairest and easiest, of this cumbrous charge,  
 Which I must keep till my appointed day  
 Of rendering up, and patiently attend  
 My dissolution." Michael replied:

"Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou livest,  
 Live well; how long, or short, permit to Heaven:  
 And now prepare thee for another sight."

He look'd, and saw a spacious plain, whereon  
 Were tents of various hue; by some, were herds  
 Of cattle grazing; others, whence the sound  
 Of instruments, that made melodious chime,  
 Was heard, of harp and organ; and who moved  
 Their stops and chords were seen; his volant touch,  
 Instinct through all proportions, low and high,  
 Fled and pursued transverse the resonant fugue.  
 In other part stood one, who, at the forge  
 Labouring, two massy clods of iron and brass  
 Had melted, (whether found where casual fire  
 Had wasted woods on mountain or in vale,  
 Down to the veins of earth; thence gliding hot  
 To some cave's mouth; or whether wash'd by stream  
 From under ground;) the liquid ore he drain'd  
 Into fit moulds prepared; from which he form'd  
 First his own tools; then, what might else be  
 Fusil or graven in metal. After these, [wrought  
 But on the hither side, a different sort [seat,  
 From the high neighbouring hills, which was their  
 Down to the plain descended; by their guise  
 Just men they seem'd, and all their study bent  
 To worship God aright, and know his works [serve  
 Not hid; nor those things last, which might pre-

Freedom and peace to men: they on the plain  
 Long had not walk'd, when from the tents, behold!  
 A bevy of fair women, richly gay  
 In gems and wanton dress; to the harp they sung  
 Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on.  
 The men, though grave, eyed them, and let their  
 Rove without rein; till, in the amorous net [eyes  
 Fast caught, they liked; and each his liking chose.  
 And now of love they treat, till the evening star,  
 Love's harbinger, appear'd; then, all in heat,  
 They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke  
 Hymen, then first to marriage rites invoked:  
 With feast and music all the tents resound.  
 Such happy interview, and fair event,  
 Of love and youth not lost, songs, garlands, flowers,  
 And charming symphonies, attach'd the heart  
 Of Adam, soon inclined to admit delight,  
 The bent of nature; which he thus express'd:  
     "True opener of mine eyes, prime angel bless'd;  
 Much better seems this vision, and more hope  
 Of peaceful days portends, than those two past:  
 Those were of hate and death, or pain, much worse;  
 Here nature seems fulfill'd in all her ends." [best  
     To whom thus Michael: "Judge not what is  
 By pleasure, though to nature seeming meet;  
 Created as thou art, to nobler end,  
 Holy and pure, conformity divine.  
 Those tents thou saw'st so pleasant, were the tents  
 Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his race  
 Who slew his brother; studious they appear  
 Of arts that polish life, inventors rare;

Unmindful of their Maker, though his Spirit  
Taught them; but they his gifts acknowledg'd  
Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget; [none.  
For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that seem'd  
Of goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,  
Yet empty of all good, wherein consists  
Woman's domestic honour and chief praise;  
Bred only and completed to the taste  
Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,  
To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye;—  
To these, that sober race of men, whose lives  
Religious titled them the sons of God,  
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame,  
Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles  
Of these fair atheists; and now swim in joy,  
Ere long to swim at large; and laugh, for which  
The world ere long a world of tears must weep.”

To whom thus Adam, of short joy bereft:  
“O pity and shame, that they, who to live well  
Enter'd so fair, should turn aside to tread  
Paths indirect, or in the midway faint!  
But still I see the tenor of man's woe  
Hold on the same, from woman to begin.”

“From man's effeminate slackness it begins,”  
Said the angel, “who should better hold his place,  
By wisdom and superior gifts received.  
But now prepare thee for another scene.”

He look'd, and saw wide territory spread  
Before him, towns, and rural works between;  
Cities of men with lofty gates and towers,  
Concourse in arms, fierce faces threatening war,

Giants of mighty bone and bold emprise;  
Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,  
Single or in array of battle ranged,  
Both horse and foot; nor idly mustering stood:  
One way a band select from forage drives  
A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine,  
From a fat meadowground; or fleecy flock,  
Ewes and their bleating lambs, over the plain,  
Their booty; scarce with life the shepherds fly,  
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray;  
With cruel tournament the squadrons join;  
Where cattle pastured late, now scatter'd lies  
With carcasses and arms the ensanguined field  
Deserted: others to a city strong  
Lay siege, encamped; by battery, scale, and mine,  
Assaulting; others from the wall defend  
With dart and javelin, stones and sulphurous fire;  
On each hand slaughter, and gigantic deeds.  
In other part, the sceptred heralds call  
To council, in the city gates; anon  
Gray-headed men and grave, with warriors mix'd,  
Assemble, and harangues are heard, but soon  
In factious opposition; till at last,  
Of middle age one rising, eminent  
In wise deport, spake much of right and wrong,  
Of justice, of religion, truth, and peace,  
And judgment from above: him old and young  
Exploded, and had seized with violent hands,  
Had not a cloud descending snatched him thence,  
Unseen amid the throng: so violence  
Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law,

Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.  
Adam was all in tears, and to his guide  
Lamenting turn'd full sad: "O what are these,  
Death's ministers, not men? who thus deal death  
Inhumanly to men, and multiply  
Ten thousand-fold the sin of him that slew  
His brother; for of whom such massacre  
Make they, but of their brethren, men of men?  
But who was that just man, whom, had not Heaven  
Rescued, had in his righteousness been lost?"

To whom thus Michael: "These are the product  
Of those ill-mated marriages thou saw'st;  
Where good with bad were match'd, who of them-  
Abhor to join; and, by imprudence mix'd, [selves  
Produce prodigious births of body or mind.  
Such were these giants, men of high renown;  
For in those days might only shall be admired,  
And valour and heroic virtue call'd;  
To overcome in battle, and subdue  
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite  
Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch  
Of human glory; and for glory done  
Of triumph, to be styled great conquerors,  
Patrons of mankind, gods, and sons of gods;  
Destroyers rightlier call'd, and plagues of men.  
Thus fame shall be achieved, renown on earth;  
And what most merits fame in silence hid.  
But he, the seventh from thee, whom thou beheld'st  
The only righteous in a world perverse,  
And therefore hated, therefore so beset  
With foes, for daring single to be just,

And utter odious truth, that God would come  
To judge them with his saints: him the Most High,  
Rapt in a balmy cloud, with winged steeds,  
Did, as thou saw'st, receive, to walk with God  
High in salvation and the climes of bliss,  
Exempt from death; to show thee what reward  
Awaits the good, the rest what punishment;  
Which now direct thine eyes, and soon behold."

He look'd, and saw the face of things quite chang'd:  
The brazen throat of war had ceased to roar;  
And all was turn'd to jollity and game,  
To luxury and riot, feast and dance,  
Marrying or prostituting, as befell,  
Rape or adultery, where passing fair  
Allured them; thence from cups to civil broils.  
At length a reverend sire among them came,  
And of their doings great dislike declared,  
And testified against their ways; he oft  
Frequented their assemblies, whereso met,  
Triumphs or festivals, and to them preach'd  
Conversion and repentance, as to souls  
In prison, under judgments imminent:  
But all in vain: which when he saw, he ceas'd  
Contending, and removed his tents far off.  
Then from the mountain hewing timber tall,  
Began to build a vessel of huge bulk, [height,  
Measured by cubit, length, and breadth, and  
Smear'd round with pitch, and in the side a door  
Contrived; and of provisions laid in large,  
For man and beast: when, lo! a wonder strange!  
Of every beast, and bird, and insect small,

Came sevens and pairs, and enter'd in as taught  
Their order; last the sire and his three sons,  
With their four wives; and God made fast the door.  
Meanwhile the south wind rose, and with black wings  
Wide-hovering, all the clouds together drove,  
From under heaven; the hills to their supply  
Vapour and exhalation dusk and moist  
Sent up amain; and now the thicken'd sky  
Like a dark ceiling stood; down rush'd the rain  
Impetuous, and continued till the earth  
No more was seen: the floating vessel swam  
Uplifted, and secure with beaked prow  
Rode tilting o'er the waves; all dwellings else  
Flood overwhelm'd; and them with all their pomp  
Deep under water roll'd; sea covered sea,  
Sea without shore; and in their palaces,  
Where luxury late reign'd, sea-monsters whelp'd  
And stabled: of mankind, so numerous late,  
All left in one small bottom swam embark'd.  
How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold  
The end of all thy offspring, end so sad,  
Depopulation! Thee another flood  
Of tears and sorrow a flood, thee also drown'd,  
And sunk thee as thy sons; till, gently rear'd  
By the angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last,  
Though comfortless; as when a father mourns  
His children all in view destroy'd at once;  
And scarce to the angel utter'dst thus thy plaint:  
" O visions ill foreseen! better had I  
Lived ignorant of future! so had borne  
My part of evil only, each day's lot

Enough to bear; those now, that were dispensed  
 The burden of many ages, on me light  
 At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth  
 Abortive, to torment me ere their being,  
 With thought that they must be. Let no man seek  
 Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall  
 Him or his children; evil he may be sure,  
 Which neither his foreknowing can prevent;  
 And he the future evil shall no less  
 In apprehension than in substance feel,  
 Grievous to bear: but that care now is past;  
 Man is not whom to warn; those few escaped  
 Famine and anguish will at last consume,  
 Wandering that watery desert: I had hope  
 When violence was ceased, and war on earth,  
 All would have then gone well; peace would have  
 crown'd

With length of happy days the race of man:  
 But I was far deceived; for now I see  
 Peace to corrupt, no less than war to waste.  
 How comes it thus? unfold, celestial guide;  
 And whether here the race of man will end?"

To whom thus Michael: "Those whom last thou  
 In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they [saw'st  
 First seen in acts of prowess eminent,  
 And great exploits, but of true virtue void;  
 Who, having spill'd much blood, and done much  
 Subduing nations, and achieved thereby [waste,  
 Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey,  
 Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and  
 Surfeit and lust; till wantonness and pride [sloth,



Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace.  
The conquer'd also, and enslav'd by war,  
Shall, with their freedom lost, all virtue lose  
And fear of God; from whom, their piety feign'd  
In sharp contest of battle found no aid  
Against invaders; therefore, cool'd in zeal,  
Thenceforth shall practise how to live secure,  
Worldly or dissolute, on what their lords  
Shall leave them to enjoy; for the earth shall bear  
More than enough, that temperance may be tried:  
So all shall turn degenerate, all depraved;  
Justice and temperance, truth and faith forgot;  
One man except, the only son of light  
In a dark age, against example good,  
Against allurements, custom, and a world  
Offended; fearless of reproach and scorn,  
Or violence, he of their wicked ways  
Shall them admonish; and before them set  
The paths of righteousness, how much more safe  
And full of peace; denouncing wrath to come,  
On their impenitence; and shall return,  
Of them derided, but of God observed  
The one just man alive by his command;  
Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheld'st,  
To save himself and household, from amidst  
A world devote to universal wrack.  
No sooner he, with them of man and beast  
Select for life, shall in the ark be lodged,  
And shelter'd round, but all the cataracts  
Of heaven set open on the earth shall pour  
Rain day and night; all fountains of the deep,

Broke up, shall heave the ocean to usurp  
Beyond all bounds; till inundation rise  
Above the highest hills: then shall this mount  
Of Paradise by might of waves be moved  
Out of his place, pushed by the horned flood,  
With all his verdure spoil'd, the trees adrift,  
Down the great river to the opening gulf,  
And there take root, an island salt and bare,  
The haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mew's clang:  
To teach thee that God attributes to place  
No sanctity, if none be thither brought  
By men who there frequent, or therein dwell.  
And now, what further shall ensue, behold."

He look'd, and saw the ark-hull on the flood,  
Which now abated; for the clouds were fled,  
Driven by a keen north wind, that, blowing dry,  
Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decay'd;  
And the clear sun on his wide watery glass  
Gazed hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew,  
As after thirst; which made their flowing shrink  
From standing lake to tripping ebb, that stole  
With soft foot towards the deep; who now had  
stopp'd

His sluices, as the heaven his windows shut.  
The ark no more now floats, but seems on ground,  
Fast on the top of some high mountain fix'd.  
And now the tops of hills, as rocks, appear;  
With clamour thence the rapid currents drive,  
Towards the retreating sea, their furious tide.  
Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies;  
And, after him, the surer messenger,

A dove, sent forth once and again to spy  
Green tree or ground, whereon his foot may light:  
The second time returning, in his bill  
An olive-leaf he brings, pacific sign:  
Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark  
The ancient sire descends, with all his train:  
Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,  
Grateful to Heaven, over his head beholds  
A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow  
Conspicuous with three listed colours gay,  
Betokening peace from God, and covenant new:  
Whereat the heart of Adam, erst so sad,  
Greatly rejoiced; and thus his joy broke forth:

“O thou, who future things canst represent  
As present, heavenly instructor! I revive  
At this last sight; assured that man shall live,  
With all the creatures, and their seed preserve.  
Far less I now lament for one whole world  
Of wicked sons destroyed, than I rejoice  
For one man found so perfect, and so just,  
That God vouchsafes to raise another world  
From him, and all his anger to forget. [heaven  
But say, what mean those colour'd streaks in  
Distended, as the brow of God appeared?  
Or serve they, as a flowery verge, to bind  
The fluid skirts of that same watery cloud,  
Lest it again dissolve, and shower the earth?”

To whom the archangel: “Dextrously thou  
So willingly doth God remit his ire, [aim'st;  
Though late repenting him of man depraved;  
Grieved at his heart, when looking down he saw

The whole earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh  
Corrupting each their way; yet, those removed,  
Such grace shall one just man find in his sight,  
That he relents, not to blot out mankind;  
And makes a covenant never to destroy  
The earth again by flood; nor let the sea  
Surpass his bounds; nor rain to drown the world,  
With man therein or beast; but when he brings  
Over the earth a cloud, will therein set  
His triple-colour'd bow, whereon to look,  
And call to mind his covenant: day and night,  
Seed-time and harvest, heat and hoary frost, [new,  
Shall hold their course; till fire purge all things  
Both heaven and earth, wherein the just shall  
dwell."

END OF BOOK XI.

PARADISE LOST

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XII.

Henceforth what is to come I will relate;  
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.  
This second source of men, while yet but few,  
And while the dread of judgment past remains  
Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity,  
With some regard to what is just and right  
Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace;  
Labouring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,  
Corn, wine, and oil: and, from the herd or flock,  
Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid,

The whole earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh  
Corrupting each their way; yet, those removed,  
Such grace shall one just man find in his sight,  
That he relents, not to blot out mankind;  
And makes a covenant never to destroy  
The earth again by flood; nor let the sea

### THE ARGUMENT.

*The angel Michael continues, from the flood, to relate what shall succeed: then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain who that Seed of the woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the fall; his incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension; the state of the church till his second coming. Adam, greatly satisfied and re-comforted by these relations and promises, descends the hill with Michael; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams composed to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of paradise, the fiery sword waving behind them, and the cherubin taking their stations to guard the place.*

END OF BOOK XL

# PARADISE LOST

## BOOK XII.

As one who in his journey bates at noon, [paused  
Though bent on speed; so here the archangel  
Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restored,  
If Adam aught perhaps might interpose;  
Then, with transition sweet, new speech resumes:

“ Thus thou hast seen one world begin, and end;  
And man, as from a second stock, proceed.  
Much thou hast yet to see; but I perceive  
Thy mortal sight to fail; objects divine  
Must needs impair and weary human sense:  
Henceforth what is to come I will relate;  
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.  
This second source of men, while yet but few,  
And while the dread of judgment past remains  
Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity,  
With some regard to what is just and right  
Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace;  
Labouring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,  
Corn, wine, and oil: and, from the herd or flock,  
Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid,

With large wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred feast,  
Shall spend their days in joy unblamed; and dwell  
Long time in peace, by families and tribes,  
Under paternal rule: till one shall rise  
Of proud ambitious heart; who, not content  
With fair equality, fraternal state,  
Will arrogate dominion undeserved  
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess  
Concord and law of nature from the earth;  
Hunting, (and men, not beasts, shall be his game,)  
With war, and hostile snare, such as refuse  
Subjection to his empire tyrannous:  
A mighty hunter thence he shall be styled  
Before the Lord; as in despite of Heaven,  
Or from Heaven claiming second sovereignty;  
And from rebellion shall derive his name,  
Though of rebellion others he accuse.  
He with a crew, whom like ambition joins  
With him or under him to tyrannize,  
Marching from Eden, towards the west, shall find  
The plain, wherein a black bitumenous gurge  
Boils out from under ground, the mouth of hell;  
Of brick, and of that stuff, they cast to build  
A city and tower, whose top may reach to heaven,  
And get themselves a name; lest, far dispers'd  
In foreign lands, their memory be lost;  
Regardless whether good or evil fame.  
But God, who oft descends to visit men  
Unseen, and through their habitations walks  
To mark their doings, them beholding soon,  
Comes down to see their city, ere the tower



Handwritten text, possibly a signature or a list of names, located at the bottom of the page. The text is faint and difficult to decipher, but appears to consist of several lines of cursive or semi-cursive script.



THE DESTRUCTION OF BABEL.

Obstruct heaven-towers; and in derision sets  
 Upon their tongues a various spirit, to rase  
 Quite out their native language; and, instead,  
 To sow a jangling noise of words unknown.  
 Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud,  
 Among the builders; each to other calls,  
 Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage, [ven,  
 As mock'd they storm: great laughter was in hea-  
 And looking down, to see the hubbub strange,  
 And hear the din: thus was the building left  
 Ridiculous, and the work Confusion named."

Whereto thus Adam, fatherly displeas'd:  
 "O execrable son, so to aspire  
 Above his brethren: to himself assuming  
 Authority, usurp'd from God, not given!  
 He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,  
 Dominion absolute; that right we hold  
 By his donation; but man over men  
 He made not lord: such title to himself  
 Reserving, human left from human free.  
 But this usurper his encroachment proud  
 Stays not on man: to God his tower intends  
 Siege and defiance; wretched man! what food  
 Will he convey up thither, to sustain  
 Himself and his rash army; where thin air  
 Above the clouds will pine his entrails gross,  
 And famish him of breath, if not of bread?"

To whom thus Michael: Justly thou abhorr'st  
 That son, who on the quiet state of men  
 Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue  
 Rational liberty; yet know withal,

Since thy original lapse, true liberty  
Is lost, which always with right reason dwells  
Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being;  
Reason in man obscured, or not obey'd,  
Immediately inordinate desires  
And upstart passions catch the government  
From reason; and to servitude reduce  
Man, till then free. Therefore, since he permits  
Within himself unworthy powers to reign  
Over free reason, God, in judgment just,  
Subjects him from without to violent lords;  
Who oft as undeservedly enthrall  
His outward freedom: tyranny must be;  
Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse.  
Yet sometimes nations will decline so low  
From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,  
But justice, and some fatal curse annex'd,  
Deprives them of their outward liberty;  
Their inward lost: witness the irreverent son  
Of him who built the ark; who, for the shame  
Done to his father, heard this heavy curse,  
*Servant of servants*, on his vicious race.  
Thus will this latter, as the former world,  
Still tend from bad to worse; till God at last  
Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw  
His presence from among them, and avert  
His holy eyes; resolving from thenceforth  
To leave them to their own polluted ways;  
And one peculiar nation to select  
From all the rest, of whom to be invoked,  
A nation, from one faithful man to spring:

Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,  
Bred up in idol-worship: O that men,  
(Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,  
While yet the patriarch lived who 'scap'd the  
As to forsake the living God, and fall [flood,  
To worship their own work in wood and stone  
For gods! Yet him God the Most High vouch-  
To call by vision, from his father's house, [safes  
His kindred, and false gods, into a land  
Which he will show him; and from him will raise  
A mighty nation, and upon him shower  
His benediction so, that in his seed  
All nations shall be bless'd: he straight obeys;  
Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes:  
I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith  
He leaves his gods, his friends, and native soil,  
Ur of Chaldea; passing now the ford  
To Haran; after him a cumbrous train  
Of herds and flocks, and numerous servitude;  
Not wandering poor, but trusting all his wealth  
With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.  
Canaan he now attains; I see his tents  
Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighb'ring plain  
Of Moreh; there by promise he receives  
Gift to his progeny of all that land,  
From Hamath northward to the desert south;  
(Things by their names I call, though yet unnam-  
From Hermon east to the great western sea; [ed;)  
Mount Hermon; yonder sea;—each place behold  
In prospect, as I point them; on the shore,  
Mount Carmel; here, the double-founted stream,

Jardan, true limit eastward; but his sons  
Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of hills.  
This ponder, that all nations of the earth  
Shall in his seed be blessed: by that seed  
Is meant thy great Deliverer, who shall bruise  
The serpent's head; whereof to thee anon  
Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This patriarch bless'd,  
Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call,  
A son, and of his son a grandchild, leaves;  
Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown:  
The grandchild, with twelve sons increased, de-  
From Canaan, to a land hereafter call'd [parts  
Egypt, divided by the river Nile;  
See where it flows, disgorging at seven mouths  
Into the sea: to sojourn in that land  
He comes, invited by a younger son  
In time of dearth; a son whose worthy deeds  
Raise him to be the second in that realm  
Of Pharaoh: there he dies, and leaves his race  
Growing into a nation; and now grown  
Suspected to a sequent king, who seeks  
To stop their overgrowth, as inmate guests [slaves  
Too numerous; whence of guests he makes them  
Inhospitably, and kills their infant males:  
Till by two brethren (these two brethren call  
Moses and Aaron) sent from God to claim  
His people from enthalment, they return,  
With glory and spoil, back to their promised land.  
But first, the lawless tyrant, who denies  
To know their God, or message to regard,  
Must be compell'd, by signs and judgments dire;

To blood unshed the rivers must be turn'd;  
Frogs, lice, and flies must all his palace fill  
With loathed intrusion, and fill all the land;  
His cattle must of rot and murrain die;  
Botches and blains must all his flesh emboss,  
And all his people; thunder mix'd with hail,  
Hail mix'd with fire, must rend the Egyptian sky,  
And wheel on earth, devouring where it rolls;  
What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,  
A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down  
Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green:  
Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,  
Palpable darkness, and blot out three days;  
Last, with one midnight stroke, all the first-born  
Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds  
The river-dragon tamed at length submits  
To let his sojourners depart, and oft  
Humbles his stubborn heart: but still, as ice  
More harden'd after thaw; till, in his rage  
Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the sea  
Swallows him with his host; but them let pass,  
As on dry land, between two crystal walls,  
Awed by the rod of Moses so to stand  
Divided till his rescued gain their shore:  
Such wondrous power God to his saint will lend,  
Though present in his angel; who shall go  
Before them in a cloud, and pillar of fire;  
By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire;  
To guide them in their journey, and remove  
Behind them, while the obdurate king pursues:  
All night he will pursue; but his approach

Darkness defends between till morning watch;  
Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud,  
God looking forth will trouble all his host,  
And craze their chariot-wheels: when by command  
Moses once more his potent rod extends  
Over the sea; the sea his rod obeys;  
On their embattled ranks the waves return,  
And overwhelm their war: The race elect  
Safe towards Canaan from the shore advance  
Through the wild desert; not the readiest way,  
Lest, entering on the Canaanite alarmed,  
War terrify them inexperienced, and fear  
Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather  
Inglorious life with servitude; for life  
To noble and ignoble is more sweet  
Untrain'd in arms, where rashness leads not on.  
This also shall they gain by their delay  
In the wide wilderness; there they shall found  
Their government, and their great senate choose  
Through the twelve tribes, to rule by laws ordain'd:  
God from the mount of Sinai, whose gray top  
Shall tremble, he descending, will himself  
In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpet's sound  
Ordain them laws; part, such as appertain  
To civil justice; part religious rites  
Of sacrifice; informing them, by types  
And shadows, of that destined Seed to bruise  
The Serpent, by what means he shall achieve  
Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God  
To mortal ear is dreadful: they beseech  
That Moses might report to them his will,



And terror cease: he grants what they besought,  
Instructed that to God is no access  
Without mediator; whose high office now  
Moses in figure bears, to introduce  
One greater, of whose day he shall foretell;  
And all the prophets in their age the times  
Of great Messiah shall sing. Thus, laws and rites  
Established, such delight hath God in men  
Obedient to his will, that he vouchsafes  
Among them to set up his tabernacle;—  
The Holy One with mortal men to dwell:  
By his prescript a sanctuary is framed  
Of cedar, overlaid with gold; therein  
An ark, and in the ark his testimony,  
The records of his covenant; over these  
A mercy-seat of gold, between the wings  
Of two bright cherubim; before him burn  
Seven lamps, as in a zodiac representing  
The heavenly fires; over the tent a cloud  
Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night;  
Save when they journey, and at length they come,  
Conducted by his angel, to the land  
Promised to Abraham and his seed. The rest  
Were long to tell; how many battles fought;  
How many kings destroyed, and kingdoms won;  
Or how the sun shall in mid heaven stand still  
A day entire, and night's due course adjourn,  
Man's voice commanding, 'Sun, in Gibeon stand,  
And thou, moon, in the vale of Ajalon,  
Till Israel overcome!'—so call the third  
From Abraham, son of Isaac; and from him

His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win.”

Here Adam interposed: “ O sent from heaven,  
 Enlightener of my darkness, gracious things  
 Thou hast reveal'd; those chiefly, which concern  
 Just Abraham and his seed: now first I find  
 Mine eyes true opening, and my heart much eased;  
 Erewhile perplex'd with thoughts, what would be  
 Of me and all mankind: but now I see [come  
 His day, in whom all nations shall be bless'd;  
 Favour unmerited by me, who sought  
 Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.  
 This yet I apprehend not; why to those,  
 Among whom God will deign to dwell on earth,  
 So many and so various laws are given:  
 So many laws argue so many sins  
 Among them: how can God with such reside?”

To whom thus Michael: “ Doubt not but that  
 Will reign among them, as of thee begot; [sin  
 And therefore was law given them, to evince  
 Their natural pravity, by stirring up  
 Sin against law to fight; that when they see  
 Law can discover sin, but not remove,  
 Save by those shadowy expectations weak,  
 The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude  
 Some blood more precious must be paid for man;  
 Just for unjust; that in such righteousness  
 To them by faith imputed, they may find  
 Justification towards God, and peace  
 Of conscience; which the law by ceremonies  
 Cannot appease; nor man the moral part  
 Perform; and, not performing, cannot live.

So law appears imperfect; and but given  
With purpose to resign them, in full time,  
Up to a better covenant; disciplined  
From shadowy types to truth; from flesh to spirit;  
From imposition of strict laws to free  
Acceptance of large grace; from servile fear  
To filial; works of law to works of faith.  
And therefore shall not Moses, though of God  
Highly beloved, being but the minister  
Of law, his people into Canaan lead;  
But Joshua, whom the Gentiles Jesus call,  
His name and office bearing, who shall quell  
The adversary-serpent, and bring back  
Through the world's wilderness long-wander'd  
Safe to eternal Paradise of rest. [man  
Meanwhile they, in their earthly Canaan placed,  
Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins  
National interrupt their public peace,  
Provoking God to raise them enemies;  
From whom as oft he saves them penitent  
By judges first, then under kings; of whom  
The second, both for piety renown'd  
And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive  
Irrevocable, that his regal throne  
For ever shall endure; the like shall sing  
All prophecy, that of the royal stock  
Of David (so I name this king) shall rise  
A son, the woman's seed to thee foretold,  
Foretold to Abraham, as in whom shall trust  
All nations; and to kings foretold, of kings  
The last; for of his reign shall be no end.

But first, a long succession must ensue;  
And his next son, for wealth and wisdom famed,  
The clouded ark of God, till then in tents  
Wandering, shall in a glorious temple enshrine.  
Such follow him as shall be register'd  
Part good, part bad; of bad the longer scroll:  
Whose foul idolatries and other faults,  
Heap'd to the popular sum, will so incense  
God, as to leave them, and expose their land,  
Their city, his temple, and his holy ark,  
With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey  
To that proud city, whose high walls thou saw'st  
Left in confusion; Babylon thence call'd.  
There in captivity he lets them dwell  
The space of seventy years; then brings them back,  
Remembering mercy, and his covenant sworn  
To David, stablish'd as the days of heaven.  
Return'd from Babylon by leave of kings  
Their lords, whom God disposed, the house of God  
They first re-edify; and for a while  
In mean estate live moderate; till, grown  
In wealth and multitude, factious they grow:  
But first among the priests dissention springs,  
Men who attend the altar, and should most  
Endeavour peace: their strife pollution brings  
Upon the temple itself: at last, they seize  
The sceptre, and regard not David's sons;  
Then lose it to a stranger, that the true  
Anointed King Messiah might be born  
Barr'd of his right; yet at his birth a star,  
Unseen before in heaven, proclaims him come;

And guides the eastern sages, who inquire  
 His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold:  
 His place of birth a solemn angel tells  
 To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night;  
 They gladly thither haste, and by a quire  
 Of squadron'd angels hear his carol sung.  
 A virgin is his mother, but his sire  
 The power of the Most High: he shall ascend  
 The throne hereditary, and bound his reign  
 With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the hea-  
 He ceased; discerning Adam with such joy [vens."  
 Surcharged, as had like grief been dew'd in tears,  
 Without the vent of words; which these he breath'd:

“ O prophet of glad tidings, finisher  
 Of utmost hope; now clear I understand  
 What oft my steadiest thoughts have search'd in  
 Why our great Expectation should be call'd [vain;  
 The seed of woman: virgin mother, hail,  
 High in the love of Heaven; yet from my loins  
 Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son  
 Of God Most High; so God with man unites.  
 Needs must the serpent now his capital bruise  
 Expect with mortal pain: say where and when  
 Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the victor's  
 heel?”

To whom thus Michael: “ Dream not of their  
 As of a duel, or the local wounds [fight,  
 Of head or heel: not therefore joins the Son  
 Manhood to Godhead, with more strength to foil  
 Thy enemy; nor so is overcome  
 Satan, whose fall from heaven, a deadlier bruise,

Disabled not to give thee thy death's-wound:  
Which he, who comes thy Saviour, shall re-cure,  
Not by destroying Satan, but his works  
In thee, and in thy seed: nor can this be,  
But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,  
Obedience to the law of God, imposed  
On penalty of death; and suffering death,  
The penalty to thy transgression due,  
And due to theirs which out of thine will grow:  
So only can high justice rest appaid.  
The law of God exact he shall fulfil  
Both by obedience and by love, though love  
Alone fulfil the law; thy punishment  
He shall endure, by coming in the flesh  
To a reproachful life and cursed death;  
Proclaiming life to all who shall believe  
In his redemption; and that this obedience,  
Imputed, becomes theirs by faith; his merits  
To save them, not their own, though legal, works.  
For this he shall live hated, be blasphemed,  
Seiz'd on by force, judged, and to death condemn'd  
A shameful and accursed, nail'd to the cross  
By his own nation; slain for bringing life:  
But to the cross he nails thy enemies,  
The law that is against thee, and the sins  
Of all mankind, with him there crucified,  
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust  
In this his satisfaction: so he dies,  
But soon revives; death over him no power  
Shall long usurp; ere the third dawning light  
Return, the stars of morn shall see him rise





THE MONUMENT TO THE FALLEN

100



Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,  
Thy ransom paid, which man from death redeems,  
His death for man, as many as offer'd life  
Neglect not, and the benefit embrace  
By faith not void of works: this God-like act  
Annuls thy doom, the death thou should'st have  
In sin for ever lost from life; this act [died,  
Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength,  
Defeating Sin and Death, his two main arms;  
And fix far deeper in his head their stings  
Than temporal death shall bruise the victor's heel,  
Or theirs whom he redeems; a death, like sleep,  
A gentle wafting to immortal life.  
Nor after resurrection shall he stay  
Longer on earth, than certain times to appear  
To his disciples, men who in his life  
Still follow'd him; to them shall leave in charge  
To teach all nations what of him they learn'd  
And his salvation: them who shall believe  
Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign  
Of washing them from guilt of sin to life  
Pure, and in mind prepared, if so befall,  
For death, like that which the Redeemer died.  
All nations they shall teach; for, from that day,  
Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins  
Salvation shall be preach'd, but to the sons  
Of Abraham's faith wherever through the world;  
So in his seed all nations shall be bless'd.  
Then to the heaven of heavens he shall ascend  
With victory, triumphing through the air  
Over his foes and thine; there shall surprise

The serpent, prince of air, and drag in chains  
 Through all his realm, and there confounded leave:  
 Then enter into glory, and resume  
 His seat at God's right hand, exalted high  
 Above all names in heaven; and thence shall come,  
 When this world's dissolution shall be ripe, [dead;  
 With glory and power to judge both quick and  
 To judge the unfaithful dead, but to reward  
 His faithful, and receive them into bliss,  
 Whether in heaven or earth; for then the earth  
 Shall all be Paradise, far happier place  
 Than this of Eden, and far happier days."

So spake the archangel Michael; then paused,  
 As at the world's great period; and our sire,  
 Replete with joy and wonder, thus replied:

"O goodness infinite, goodness immense!  
 That all this good of evil shall produce,  
 And evil turn to good; more wonderful  
 Than that, which by creation first brought forth  
 Light out of darkness! Full of doubt I stand,  
 Whether I should repent me now of sin,  
 By me done and occasion'd, or rejoice [spring,  
 Much more, that much more good thereof shall  
 To God more glory, more good-will to men  
 From God, and over wrath grace shall abound.  
 But say, if our Deliverer up to heaven  
 Must reascend, what will betide the few,  
 His faithful, left among the unfaithful herd,  
 The enemies of truth? Who then shall guide  
 His people, who defend? Will they not deal  
 Worse with his followers than with him they dealt?"

“Be sure they will, said the angel; but from  
He to his own a Comforter will send, [heaven  
The promise of the Father, who shall dwell  
His Spirit within them; and the law of faith,  
Working through love, upon their hearts shall  
To guide them in all truth; and also arm [write,  
With spiritual armour, able to resist  
Satan’s assaults, and quench his fiery darts;  
What man can do against them, not afraid,  
Though to the death: against such cruelties  
With inward consolations recompensed,  
And oft supported so as shall amaze  
Their proudest persecutors; for the Spirit,  
Pour’d first on his apostles, whom he sends  
To evangelize the nations, then on all  
Baptized, shall them with wondrous gifts endue  
To speak all tongues, and do all miracles,  
As did their Lord before them. Thus they win  
Great numbers of each nation to receive [length,  
With joy the tidings brought from heaven; at  
Their ministry perform’d, and race well run,  
Their doctrine and their story written left,  
They die; but in their room, as they forewarn,  
Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,  
Who all the sacred mysteries of Heaven  
To their own vile advantages shall turn  
Of lucre and ambition; and the truth  
With superstitions and traditions taint,  
Left only in those written records pure,  
Though not but by the Spirit understood.  
Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,

Places, and titles, and with these to join  
Secular power; though feigning still to act  
By spiritual, to themselves appropriating  
The Spirit of God; promised alike, and given  
To all believers; and, from that pretence,  
Spiritual laws by carnal power shall force  
On every conscience; laws, which none shall find  
Left them enroll'd, or what the Spirit within  
Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then  
But force the Spirit of grace itself, and bind  
His consort Liberty? what but unbuild  
His living temples, built by faith to stand,  
Their own faith, not another's? for on earth  
Who against faith and conscience can be heard  
Infallible? yet many will presume:  
Whence heavy persecution shall arise  
On all, who in the worship persevere  
Of spirit and truth; the rest, far greater part,  
Will deem in outward rites and specious forms  
Religion satisfied; truth shall retire  
Bestuck with slanderous darts, and works of faith  
Rarely be found; so shall the world go on,  
To good malignant, to bad men benign;  
Under her own weight groaning; till the day  
Appear of resperation to the just,  
And vengeance to the wicked, at return  
Of him so lately promised to thy aid,  
The woman's seed; obscurely then foretold,  
Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord:  
Last, in the clouds, from heaven to be reveal'd  
In glory of the Father, to dissolve

Satan with his perverted world; then raise  
From the conflagrant mass, purged and refined,  
New heavens, new earth, ages of endless date,  
Founded in righteousness, and peace, and love;  
To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss.”

He ended; and thus Adam last replied:  
“How soon hath thy prediction, seer blest,  
Measured this transient world, the race of time,  
Till time stand fix’d! Beyond is all abyss,  
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.  
Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,  
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill  
Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain;  
Beyond which was my folly to aspire.  
Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best,  
And love with fear the only God; to walk  
As in his presence, ever to observe  
His providence, and on him sole depend,  
Merciful over all his works, with good  
Still overcoming evil, and by small  
Accomplishing great things, by things deem’d weak  
Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise  
By simply meek: that suffering for truth’s sake  
Is fortitude to highest victory;  
And, to the faithful, death the gate of life;  
Taught this by his example, whom I now  
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.”

To whom thus also the angel last replied:  
“This having learn’d, thou hast attain’d the sum  
Of wisdom: hope no higher, though all the stars  
Thou knew’st by name, and all the ethereal powers,

All secrets of the deep, all Nature's works,  
Or works of God in heaven, air, earth, or sea,  
And all the riches of this world enjoy'dst,  
And all the rule, one empire: only add  
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable; add faith,  
Add virtue, patience, temperance; add love,  
By name to come call'd charity, the soul  
Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loath  
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess  
A paradise within thee, happier far.  
Let us descend now therefore from this top  
Of speculation; for the hour precise  
Exacts our parting hence; and, see! the guards,  
By me encamp'd on yonder hill, expect  
Their motion; at whose front a flaming sword,  
In signal of remove, waves fiercely round.  
We may no longer stay; go, waken Eve;  
Her also I with gentle dreams have calm'd,  
Portending good, and all her spirits composed  
To meek submission: thou, at season fit,  
Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard;  
Chiefly, what may concern her faith to know,  
The great deliverance by her seed to come  
(For by the woman's seed) on all mankind;  
That ye may live, which will be many days,  
Both in one faith unanimous, though sad,  
With cause, for evils past; yet much more cheer'd  
With meditation on the happy end."

He ended, and they both descend the hill:  
Descended, Adam to the bower, where Eve  
Lay sleeping, ran before; but found her waked:

And thus with words not sad she him received:

“ Whence thou return’st, and whither went’st I  
For God is also in sleep; and dreams advise, [know;  
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good  
Presaging, since with sorrow and heart’s distress  
Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;  
In me is no delay; with thee to go,  
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,  
Is to go hence unwilling: thou to me  
Art all things under heaven, all places thou,  
Who for my wilful crime art banish’d hence.  
This further consolation, yet secure,  
I carry hence; though all by me is lost,  
Such favour I unworthy am vouchsafed,  
By me the promised Seed shall all restore.”

So spake our mother Eve, and Adam heard  
Well pleased, but answered not: for now, too nigh  
The archangel stood; and from the other hill  
To their fix’d station, all in bright array  
The cherubim descended; on the ground  
Gliding meteorous, as evening mist  
Risen from a river o’er the marish glides,  
And gathers ground fast at the labourer’s heel  
Homeward returning. High in front advanced,  
The brandish’d sword of God before them blazed,  
Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,  
And vapour as the Lybian air adust,  
Began to parch that temperate clime: whereat,  
In either hand the hastening angel caught  
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate  
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast

To the subjected plain; then disappear'd.  
They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld  
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,  
Waved over by that flaming brand; the gate  
With dreadful faces throng'd, and fiery arms. [soon:  
Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wiped them  
The world was all before them, where to choose  
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.  
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and  
Through Eden took their solitary way. [slow,

THE END OF PARADISE LOST.



**PARADISE REGAINED.**

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**BOOK I.**

## THE ARGUMENT.

*The subject proposed. Invocation of the Holy Spirit. The poem opens with John baptizing at the river Jordan: Jesus, coming there, is baptized; and is attested by the descent of the Holy Ghost, and by a voice from heaven, to be the Son of God. Satan, who is present, upon this immediately flies up into the regions of the air; where, summoning his infernal council, he acquaints them with his apprehensions that Jesus is that seed of the woman, destined to destroy all their power; and points out to them the immediate necessity of bringing the matter to proof, and of attempting, by snares and fraud, to counteract and defeat the person from whom they have so much to dread: this office he offers himself to undertake; and, his offer being accepted, sets out on his enterprise. In the mean time, God, in the assembly of holy angels, declares that he has given up his Son to be tempted by Satan; but foretells that the tempter shall be completely defeated by him: upon which the angels sing a hymn of triumph. Jesus is led up by the Spirit into the wilderness, while he is meditating on the commencement of his great office of Saviour of mankind. Pursuing his meditations, he narrates, in a soliloquy, what divine and philanthropic impulses he had felt from his early youth, and how his mother, Mary, on perceiving these dispositions in him, had acquainted him with the circumstances of his birth, and informed him that he was no less a person than the Son of God; to which he adds what his own inquiries and reflections had supplied in confirmation of this great truth, and particularly dwells on the recent attestation of it at the river Jordan. Our Lord passes forty days, fasting, in the wilderness; where the wild beasts become mild and harmless in his presence. Satan now appears under the form of an old peasant; and enters into discourse with our Lord, wondering what could have brought him alone into so dangerous a place, and at the same time professing to recognise him for the person lately acknowledged by John, at the river Jordan, to be the Son of God. Jesus briefly replies. Satan rejoins with a description of the difficulty of supporting life in the wilderness; and entreats Jesus, if he be really the Son of God, to manifest his divine power, by changing some of the stones into bread. Jesus reproves him, and at the same tells him that he knows who he is. Satan instantly avows himself, and offers an artful apology for himself and his conduct. Our blessed Lord severely reprimands him, and refutes every part of his justification. Satan, with much semblance of humility, still endeavours to justify himself; and, professing his admiration of Jesus and his regard for virtue, requests to be permitted at a future time to hear more of his conversation: but is answered, that this must be as he shall find permission from above. Satan then disappears, and the book closes with a short description of night coming on in the desert.*

## PARADISE REGAINED.

### BOOK I.

I, who erewhile the happy garden sung  
By one man's disobedience lost, now sing  
Recover'd Paradise to all mankind,  
By one man's firm obedience fully tried  
Through all temptation, and the tempter foil'd  
In all his wiles, defeated and repulsed,  
And Eden raised in the waste wilderness.

Thou Spirit, who led'st this glorious Eremite  
Into the desert, his victorious field, [thence  
Against the spiritual foe, and brought'st him  
By proof the undoubted Son of God, inspire,  
As thou art wont, my prompted song, else mute;  
And bear, through height or depth of nature's  
bounds,

With prosperous wing full summ'd, to tell of deeds  
Above heroic, though in secret done,  
And unrecorded left through many an age;  
Worthy to have not remained so long unsung.

Now had the great proclaimer, with a voice  
More awful than the sound of trumpet, cried  
Repentance, and heaven's kingdom nigh at hand

To all baptized: to his great baptism flock'd  
With awe the regions round, and with them came  
From Nazareth the son of Joseph deem'd  
To the flood Jordan; came, as then obscure,  
Unmark'd, unknown; but him the Baptist soon  
Descried, divinely warn'd, and witness bore  
As to his worthier, and would have resign'd  
To him his heavenly office. Nor was long  
His witness unconfirm'd: on him baptized  
Heaven open'd, and in likeness of a dove  
The Spirit descended, while the Father's voice  
From heaven pronounced him his beloved Son.  
That heard the adversary, who, roving still  
About the world, at that assembly famed  
Would not be last; and, with the voice divine  
Nigh thunder-struck, the exalted man to whom  
Such high attest was given, a while survey'd  
With wonder; then, with envy fraught and rage,  
Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air  
To council summons all his mighty peers,  
Within thick clouds and dark tenfold involved,  
A gloomy consistory; and them amidst,  
With looks aghast and sad, he thus bespake:

“ O ancient powers of air and this wide world,  
(For much more willingly I mention air,  
This our old conquest, than remember hell,  
Our hated habitation,) well ye know,  
How many ages, as the years of men,  
This universe we have possess'd, and ruled,  
In manner at our will, the affairs of earth,  
Since Adam and his facile consort Eve

Lost Paradise, deceived by me; though since  
With dread attending when that fatal wound  
Shall be inflicted by the seed of Eve  
Upon my head. Long the decrees of Heaven  
Delay, for longest time to Him is short;  
And now, too soon for us, the circling hours  
This dreaded time have compass'd, wherein we  
Must bide the stroke of that long-threaten'd wound,  
At least, if so we can; and, by the head  
Broken, be not intended all our power  
To be infringed, our freedom and our being,  
In this fair empire won of earth and air:  
For this ill news I bring; the woman's Seed,  
Destined to this, is late of woman born:  
His birth to our just fear gave no small cause;  
But his growth now to youth's full flower, display-  
All virtue, grace, and wisdom, to achieve [ing  
Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.  
Before him a great prophet, to proclaim  
His coming, is sent harbinger, who all  
Invites, and in the consecrated stream  
Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them, so  
Purified, to receive him pure; or rather,  
To do him honour as their king: all come,  
And he himself among them was baptized;  
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive  
The testimony of Heaven, that who he is  
Thenceforth the nations may not doubt. I saw  
The prophet do him reverence; on him, rising  
Out of the water, heaven above the clouds  
Unfold her crystal doors; thence on his head

A perfect dove descend, (whate'er it meant;)
 And out of heaven the sovereign voice I heard,—
 'This is my Son beloved,—in him am pleased.'
 His mother then is mortal, but his Sire
 He who obtains the monarchy of Heaven:
 And what will he not do to advance his Son?
 His first-begot we know, and sore have felt,
 When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep.
 Who this is we must learn; for man he seems
 In all his lineaments; though in his face
 The glimpses of his Father's glory shine.
 Ye see our danger on the utmost edge
 Of hazard, which admits no long debate,
 But must with something sudden be opposed,
 (Not force, but well-couch'd fraud, well woven
 Ere in the head of nations he appear, [snares,])
 Their king, their leader, and supreme on earth.
 I, when no other durst, sole undertook
 The dismal expedition, to find out
 And ruin Adam; and the exploit perform'd
 Successfully: a calmer voyage now
 Will waft me; and the way, found prosperous once,
 Induces best to hope of like success."

He ended, and his words impression left
 Of much amazement to the infernal crew,
 Distracted and surprised with deep dismay
 At these sad tidings; but no time was then
 For long indulgence to their fears or grief:
 Unanimous they all commit the care
 And management of this main enterprise
 To him, their great dictator, whose attempt

At first against mankind so well had thrived  
In Adam's overthrow, and led their march  
From Hell's deep-vaulted den to dwell in light,  
Regents, and potentates, and kings, yea, gods,  
Of many a pleasant realm and province wide.  
So to the coast of Jordan he directs  
His easy steps, girded with snaky wiles,  
Where he might likeliest find this new-declar'd,  
This man of men, attested Son of God,  
Temptation and all guile on him to try;  
So to subvert whom he suspected raised  
To end his reign on earth, so long enjoy'd:  
But, contrary, unweeting he fulfill'd  
The purposed counsel, preordain'd and fix'd,  
Of the Most High; who, in full frequency bright  
Of angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake:

“ Gabriel, this day by proof thou shalt behold,  
Thou and all angels conversant on earth  
With man or men's affairs, how I begin  
To verify that solemn message, late  
On which I sent thee to the Virgin pure  
In Galilee, that she should bear a son,  
Great in renown, and call'd the Son of God;  
Then told'st her, doubting how these things could  
To her a virgin, that on her should come [be  
The Holy Ghost, and the power of the Highest  
O'ershadow her. This man, born and now up-  
To show him worthy of his birth divine [grown,  
And high prediction, henceforth I expose  
To Satan: let him tempt, and now assay  
His utmost subtlety; because he boasts

And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng  
Of his apostasy: he might have learn'd  
Less overweening, since he fail'd in Job,  
Whose constant perseverance overcame  
Whate'er his cruel malice could invent.  
He now shall know I can produce a man,  
Of female seed, far abler to resist  
All his solicitations, and at length  
All his vast force, and drive him back to hell;  
Winning by conquest, what the first man lost,  
By fallacy surprised. But first I mean  
To exercise him in the wilderness:  
There he shall first lay down the rudiments  
Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth  
To conquer Sin and Death, the two grand foes,  
By humiliation and strong sufferance:  
His weakness shall o'ercome Satanic strength,  
And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh;  
That all the angels and ethereal powers,  
They now, and men hereafter, may discern,  
From what consummate virtue I have chose  
This perfect man, by merit call'd my Son,  
To earn salvation for the sons of men."

So spake the Eternal Father, and all heaven  
Admiring stood a space; then into hymns  
Burst forth, and in celestial measures moved,  
Circling the throne and singing, while the hand  
Sung with the voice, and this the argument:

"Victory and triumph to the Son of God,  
Now entering his great duel, not of arms,  
But to vanquish by wisdom bellish wiles!



The Father knows the Son; therefore secure  
Ventures his filial virtue, though untried,  
Against what'eer may tempt, what'eer seduce,  
Allure, or terrify, or undermine.

Be frustrate, all ye stratagems of hell;  
And, devilish machinations, come to nought!"

So they in heaven their odes and vigils tuned:  
Meanwhile the Son of God, who yet some days  
Lodged in Bethabara, where John baptized,  
Musing, and much revolving in his breast,  
How best the mighty work he might begin  
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first  
Publish his Godlike office now mature,  
One day forth walk'd alone, the Spirit leading;  
And his deep thoughts, the better to converse  
With solitude, till, far from track of men, [on,  
Thought following thought, and step by step led  
He enter'd now the bordering desert wild,  
And, with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,  
His holy meditations thus pursued:

"O, what a multitude of thoughts at once  
Awaken'd in me swarm, while I consider  
What from within I feel myself, and hear  
What from without comes often to my ears,  
Ill sorting with my present state compared!  
When I was yet a child, no childish play  
To me was pleasing; all my mind was set  
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do,  
What might be public good; myself I thought  
Born to that end, born to promote all truth,  
All righteous things: therefore, above my years,

The law of God I read, and found it sweet,  
Made it my whole delight, and in it grew  
To such perfection, that, ere yet my age  
Had measured twice six years, at our great feast  
I went into the temple, there to hear  
The teachers of our law, and to propose  
What might improve my knowledge or their own;  
And was admired by all: yet this not all  
To which my spirit aspired; victorious deeds  
Flamed in my heart, heroic acts; one while  
To rescue Israel from Roman yoke:  
Then to subdue and quell, o'er all the earth,  
Brute violence and proud tyrannic power,  
Till truth were freed, and equity restored:  
Yet held it more humane, more heavenly, first  
By winning words to conquer willing hearts,  
And make persuasion do the work of fear;  
At least to try, and teach the erring soul,  
Not wilfully misdoing, but unaware  
Mised; the stubborn only to subdue. [ing,  
These growing thoughts my mother soon perceiv-  
By words at times cast forth, inly rejoiced,  
And said to me apart: 'High are thy thoughts,  
O Son: but nourish them, and let them soar  
To what height sacred virtue and true worth  
Can raise them, though above example high:  
By matchless deeds express thy matchless Sire.  
For know, thou art no son of mortal man,  
Though men esteem thee low of parentage;  
Thy Father is the Eternal King who rules  
All heaven and earth, angels and sons of men:

A messenger from God foretold thy birth  
Conceived in me a virgin; he foretold  
Thou shouldst be great, and sit on David's throne,  
And of thy kingdom there should be no end.  
At thy nativity, a glorious quire  
Of angels, in the field of Bethlehem, sung  
To shepherds, watching at their folds by night,  
And told the Messiah was now born,  
Where they might see him, and to thee they came,  
Directed to the manger where thou lay'st,  
For in the inn was left no better room:  
A star, not seen before, in Heaven appearing,  
Guided the wise men thither from the east,  
To honour thee with incense, myrrh, and gold;  
By whose bright course led on they found the place,  
Affirming it thy star, new graven in heaven,  
By which they knew thee King of Israel born.  
Just Simeon, and prophetic Anna, warn'd  
By vision, found thee in the temple, and spake,  
Before the altar and the vested priest,  
Like things of thee to all that present stood.—  
This having heard, straight I again revolved  
The law and prophets, searching what was writ  
Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes  
Known partly, and soon found, of whom they spake,  
I am; this chiefly, that my way must lie  
Through many a hard assay, e'en to the death,  
Ere I the promised kingdom can attain,  
Or work redemption for mankind, whose sins'  
Full weight must be transferred upon my head.  
Yet, neither thus dishearten'd nor dismay'd,

The time prefix'd I waited; when behold  
The Baptist, (of whose birth I oft had heard,  
Not knew by sight,) now come, who was to come  
Before Messiah, and his way prepare!  
I, as all others, to his baptism came,  
Which I believed was from above; but he [claim'd  
Straight knew me, and with loudest voice pro-  
Me him, (for it was shown him so from heaven,)  
Me him, whose harbinger he was; and first  
Refused on me his baptism to confer,  
As much his greater, and was hardly won:  
But, as I rose out of the laving stream,  
Heaven open'd her eternal doors, from whence  
The Spirit descended on me like a dove;  
And last, the sum of all, my Father's voice,  
Audibly heard from heaven, pronounc'd me his,  
Me his beloved Son, in whom alone  
He was well pleased: by which I knew the time  
Now full, that I no more should live obscure;  
But openly begin, as best becomes,  
The authority which I derived from Heaven.  
And now by some strong motion I am led  
Into this wilderness, to what intent  
I learn not yet; perhaps I need not know;  
For what concerns my knowledge God reveals."  
So spake our Morning-Star, then in his rise;  
And, looking round, on every side beheld  
A pathless desert, dusk with horrid shades:  
The way he came not having mark'd, return  
Was difficult, by human steps untrod;  
And he still on was led, but with such thoughts

Accompanied of things past and to come  
Lodged in his breast, as well might recommend  
Such solitude before choicest society.  
Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill  
Sometimes, anon on shady vale, each night  
Under the covert of some ancient oak  
Or cedar, to defend him from the dew,  
Or harbour'd in one cave, is not reveal'd;  
Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt,  
Till those days ended; hungered then at last  
Among wild beasts: they at his sight grew mild,  
Nor sleeping him nor waking harm'd; his walk  
The fiery serpent fled and noxious worm,  
The lion and fierce tiger glared aloof.  
But now an aged man in rural weeds,  
Following, as seem'd, the quest of some stray ewe,  
Or wither'd sticks to gather, which might serve  
Against a winter's day, when winds blow keen  
To warm him, wet return'd from field at eve,  
He saw approach, who first with curious eye  
Perused him, then with words thus utter'd spake:  
    “Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this  
So far from path or road of men, who pass [place  
In troop or caravan? for single none  
Durst ever, who return'd, and dropp'd not here  
His carcass, pined with hunger and with drought.  
I ask the rather, and the more admire,  
For that thou seem'st the man, whom late  
Our new baptizing prophet at the ford  
Of Jordan honour'd so, and call'd thee Son  
Of God: I saw and heard, for we sometimes

Who dwell this wild, constrain'd by want, come  
 To town or village nigh, (nighest is far,) [forth  
 Where aught we hear, and curious are to hear  
 What happens new; fame also finds us out." [hither

To whom the Son of God: "Who brought me  
 Will bring me hence; no other guide I seek."

"By miracle he may," replied the swain;  
 "What other way I see not; for we here  
 Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inured  
 More than the camel, and to drink go far,  
 Men to much misery and hardship born:  
 But, if thou be the Son of God, command  
 That out of these hard stones be made thee bread.  
 So shalt thou save thyself, and us relieve  
 With food, whereof we wretched seldom taste."

He ended, and the Son of God replied:  
 "Think'st thou such force in bread? Is it not writ-  
 (For I discern thee other than thou seem'st,) [ten,  
 Man lives not by bread only, but each word  
 Proceeding from the mouth of God; who fed  
 Our fathers here with manna; in the mount  
 Moses was forty dys, nor eat, nor drank;  
 And forty days Elijah, without food,  
 Wander'd this barren waste; the same I now:  
 Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust,  
 Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?"

Whom thus answer'd the arch-fiend, now undis-  
 "'Tis true I am that spirit unfortunate, [guised:  
 Who, leagued with millions more in rash revolt,  
 Kept not my happy station, but was driven  
 With them from bliss to the bottomless deep;

Yet to that hideous place not so confined  
By rigour unconniving, but that oft,  
Leaving my dolorous prison, I enjoy  
Large liberty to round this globe of earth,  
Or range in the air; nor from the heaven of heavens  
Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.  
I came among the sons of God, when he  
Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job,  
To prove him, and illustrate his high worth;  
And when to all his angels he proposed  
To draw the proud king Ahab into fraud,  
That he might fall in Ramoth, they demurring,  
I undertook that office, and the tongues  
Of all his flattering prophets glibb'd with lies,  
To his destruction, as I had in charge.  
For what he bids I do: though I have lost  
Much lustre of my native brightness, lost  
To be beloved of God; I have not lost  
To love, at least contemplate and admire  
What I see excellent in good, or fair,  
Or virtuous; I should so have lost all sense.  
What can be then less in me than desire  
To see thee, and approach thee, whom I know  
Declared the Son of God, to hear attent  
Thy wisdom, and behold thy Godlike deeds?  
Men generally think me much a foe  
To all mankind: why should I? they to me  
Never did wrong or violence; by them  
I lost not what I lost; rather, by them  
I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell  
Co-partner in these regions of the world,

If not disposer; lend them oft my aid,  
Oft my advice, by presages and signs,  
And answers, oracles, portents, and dreams,  
Whereby they may direct their future life.  
Envy they say excites me, thus to gain  
Companions of my misery and woe.  
At first it may be; but long since with woe  
Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof,  
That fellowship in pain divides not smart,  
Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load.  
Small consolation then, were man adjoin'd:  
This wounds me most, (what can it less?) that man,  
Man fallen shall be restored, I never more."

To whom our Saviour sternly thus replied:  
"Deservedly thou griev'st, composed of lies  
From the beginning, and in lies wilt end;  
Who boast'st release from hell, and leave to come  
Into the heaven of heavens: thou comest indeed  
As a poor miserable captive thrall  
Comes to the place where he before had sat  
Among the prime in splendour; now deposed,  
Ejected, emptied, gazed, unpitied, shunn'd,  
A spectacle of ruin, or of scorn,  
To all the host of heaven: the happy place  
Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy;  
Rather inflames thy torment, representing  
Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable,  
So never more in hell than when in heaven.  
But thou art serviceable to heaven's King.  
Wilt thou impute to obedience what thy fear  
Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites?"



What but thy malice moved thee to misdeem  
Of righteous Job, then cruelly to afflict him  
With all inflictions? but his patience won.  
The other service was thy chosen task,  
To be a liar in four hundred mouths;  
For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.  
Yet thou pretend'st to truth; all oracles  
By thee are given, and what confess'd more true  
Among the nations? that hath been thy craft,  
By mixing somewhat true, to vent more lies.  
But what have been thy answers? what but dark  
Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding,  
Which they who ask'd have seldom understood;  
And not well understood, as good not known?  
Who ever by consulting at thy shrine  
Return'd the wiser, or the more instruct,  
To fly or follow what concerned him most,  
And run not sooner to his fatal snare?  
For God hath justly given the nations up  
To thy delusions; justly since they fell  
Idolatrous: but, when his purpose is  
Among them to declare his Providence [truth,  
To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy  
But from him, or his angels president  
In every province, who, themselves disdain  
To approach thy temples, give thee in command  
What to the smallest tittle thou shalt say  
To thy adorers? Thou, with trembling fear,  
Or like a fawning parasite, obey'st:  
Then to thyself ascrib'st the truth foretold.  
But this thy glory shall be soon retrenched;

No more shalt thou by oracling abuse  
 The Gentiles; henceforth oracles are ceas'd,  
 And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice  
 Shalt be inquir'd at Delphos, or elsewhere;  
 At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.  
 God hath now sent his living oracle  
 Into the world to teach his final will;  
 And sends his Spirit of truth henceforth to dwell  
 In pious hearts, an inward oracle  
 To all truth requisite for men to know."

So spake our Saviour, but the subtle fiend,  
 Though inly stung with anger and disdain,  
 Dissembled, and this answer smooth return'd:  
 " Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,  
 And urg'd me hard with doings, which not will  
 But misery hath wrested from me. Where  
 Easily canst thou find one miserable,  
 And not enforced ofttimes to part from truth,  
 If it may stand him more in stead to lie,  
 Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure?  
 But thou art placed above me, thou art Lord;  
 From thee I can, and must, submit, endure  
 Check or reproof, and glad to 'scape so quit.  
 Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,  
 Smooth on the tongue discours'd, pleasing to the  
 And tuneable as sylvan pipe or song: [ear,  
 What wonder then if I delight to hear  
 Her dictates from thy mouth? Most men admire  
 Virtue, who follow not her lore: permit me  
 To hear thee when I come, (since no man comes,)  
 And talk at least, though I despair to attain.

Thy Father, who is holy, wise, and pure,  
Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest  
To tread his sacred courts, and minister  
About his altar, handling holy things,  
Praying or vowing; and vouchsaf'd his voice  
To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet  
Inspired: disdain not such access to me."

To whom our Saviour, with unalter'd brow:  
"Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,  
I bid not, or forbid; do as thou find'st  
Permission from above; thou canst not more."

He added not; and Satan, bowing low  
His gray dissimulation, disappear'd  
Into thin air diffus'd: for now began  
Night with her sullen wing to double shade  
The desert; fowls in their clay nests were couch'd;  
And now wild beasts came forth the woods to  
roam.

END OF BOOK I.



PARADISE REGAINED.

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BOOK II.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*The disciples of Jesus, uneasy at his long absence, reason amongst themselves concerning it. Mary also gives vent to her maternal anxiety, in the expression of which she recapitulates many circumstances respecting the birth and early life of her Son.—Satan again meets his infernal council, reports the bad success of his first temptation of our blessed Lord, and calls upon them for counsel and assistance. Be-lial proposes the tempting of Jesus with women. Satan rebukes him for his dissoluteness, charging on him all the profligacy of that kind ascribed by the poets to the heathen gods, and rejects his proposal as in no respect likely to succeed. Satan then suggests other modes of temptation, particularly proposing to avail himself of the circumstance of our Lord's hungering; and, taking a band of chosen spirits with him, returns to resume his enterprise.—Jesus hungers in the desert.—Night comes on; the manner in which our Saviour passes the night is described.—Morning advances.—Satan again appears to Jesus; and, after expressing wonder that he should be so entirely neglected in the wilderness, where others had been miraculously fed, tempts him with a sumptuous banquet of the most luxurious kind. This he rejects, and the banquet vanishes.—Satan, finding our Lord not to be assailed on the ground of appetite, tempts him by offering him riches, as the means of acquiring power; this Jesus also rejects, producing many instances of great actions performed by persons under virtuous poverty, and specifying the danger of riches, and the cares and pains inseparable from power and greatness.*

## PARADISE REGAINED.

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### BOOK II.

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MEANWHILE the new baptiz'd, who yet remain'd  
At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen  
Him whom they heard so late expressly call'd  
Jesus, Messiah, Son of God declar'd,  
And on that high authority had believ'd,  
And with him talk'd, and with him lodg'd; I mean  
Andrew and Simon, famous after known,  
With others though in Holy Writ not nam'd:  
Now missing him, their joy so lately found,  
(So lately found, and so abruptly gone,)  
Began to doubt, and doubted many days,  
And, as the days increas'd, increas'd their doubt.  
Sometimes they thought he might be only shown,  
And for a time caught up to God, as once  
Moses was in the mount and missing long;  
And the great Thisbite, who on fiery wheels  
Rode up to heaven, yet once again to come.  
Therefore, as those young prophets then with care  
Sought lost Elijah; so in each place these  
Nigh to Bethabara, in Jericho  
The city of palms, Ænon, and Salem old,

Machærus, and each town or city wall'd  
On this side the broad lake Gennesaret,  
Or in Peræa; but return'd in vain.  
Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek,  
Where winds with reeds and osiers whispering play,  
Plain fishermen, (no greater men them call),  
Close in a cottage low together got,  
Their unexpected loss and plaints out breathed:

“ Alas! from what high hope to what relapse  
Unlook'd for are we fall'n! our eyes beheld  
Messiah certainly now come, so long  
Expected of our fathers; we have heard  
His words, his wisdom full of grace and truth:  
Now, now, for sure, deliverance is at hand;  
The kingdom shall to Israel be restor'd:  
Thus we rejoic'd, but soon our joy is turn'd  
Into perplexity and new amaze:  
For whither is he gone? what accident  
Hath rapt him from us? will he now retire  
After appearance, and again prolong  
Our expectation? God of Israel,  
Send thy Messiah forth; the time is come!  
Behold the kings of the earth, how they oppress  
Thy chosen; to what height their power unjust  
They have exalted, and behind them cast  
All fear of thee: arise, and vindicate  
Thy glory; free thy people from their yoke!  
But let us wait; thus far he hath perform'd,  
Sent his Anointed, and to us reveal'd him,  
By his great Prophet, pointed at and shown  
In public, and with him we have convers'd:



Let us be glad of this, and all our fears  
Lay on his providence; he will not fail,  
Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall, [hence:  
Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him  
Soon we shall see our Hope, our Joy, return.”

Thus they, out of their plaints, new hope resume  
To find whom at the first they found unsought:  
But, to his mother Mary, when she saw  
Others return'd from baptism, not her Son,  
Nor left at Jordan, tidings of him none; [pure,  
Within her breast though calm, her breast though  
Motherly cares and fears got head, and rais'd  
Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus

“O what avails me now that honour high [clad:  
To have conceiv'd of God, or that salute,  
'Hail highly favour'd, among women bless'd!  
While I to sorrows am no less advanc'd,  
And fears as eminent, above the lot  
Of other women, by the birth I bore;  
In such a season born, when scarce a shed  
Could be obtained to shelter him or me  
From the bleak air; a stable was our warmth,  
A manger his; yet soon enforc'd to fly  
Thence into Egypt, till the murderous king  
Were dead, who sought his life, and missing fill'd  
With infant blood the streets of Bethlehem;  
From Egypt home return'd, in Nazareth  
Hath been our dwelling many years; his life  
Private, inactive, calm, contemplative,  
Little suspicious to any king; but now,  
Full grown to man, acknowledg'd, as I hear,

By John the Baptist, and in public shown,  
 Son own'd from heaven by his Father's voice,  
 I look'd for some great change; to honour? no;  
 But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,  
 That to the fall and rising he should be  
 Of many in Israel, and to a sign  
 Spoken against, that through my very soul  
 A sword shall pierce: this is my favour'd lot,  
 My exaltation to afflictions high:  
 Afflicted I may be, it seems, and bless'd;  
 I will not argue that, nor will repine.  
 But where delays he now? some great intent  
 Conceals him: when twelve years he scarce had  
 I lost him, but so found, as well I saw [seen  
 He could not lose himself, but went about  
 His Father's business: what he meant I mus'd,  
 Since understand; much more his absence now  
 Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.  
 But I to wait with patience am inur'd;  
 My heart hath been a store-house long of things  
 And sayings laid up, portending strange events."

Thus Mary, pondering oft, and oft to mind  
 Recalling what remarkably had pass'd  
 Since her first salutation heard, with thoughts  
 Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling:  
 The while her Son, tracing the desert wild,  
 Sole, but with holiest meditations fed,  
 Into himself descended, and at once  
 All his great work to come before him set;  
 How to begin, how to accomplish best  
 His end of being on earth, and mission high:

For Satan, with sly preface to return,  
Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone  
Up to the middle region of thick air,  
Where all his potentates in council sat;  
There, without sign of boast, or sign of joy,  
Solicitous and blank, he thus began: [thrones,  
“ Princes, Heaven’s ancient sons, ethereal  
Demonian spirits now, from the element  
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call’d  
Powers of fire, air, water, and earth beneath!  
(So we may hold our place and these mild seats  
Without new trouble!) such an enemy  
Is risen to invade us, who no less  
Threatens than our expulsion down to hell;  
I, as I undertook, and with the vote  
Consenting in full frequency was empower’d,  
Have found him, view’d him, tasted him; but find  
Far other labour to be undergone  
Than when I dealt with Adam, first of men:  
Though Adam by his wife’s allurements fell,  
However to this man inferior far;  
If he be man by mother’s side at least,  
With more than human gifts from Heaven adorn’d,  
Perfections absolute, graces divine,  
And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds.  
Therefore I am return’d, lest confidence  
Of my success with Eve in paradise  
Deceive ye to persuasion oversure  
Of like succeeding here: I summon all  
Rather to be in readiness, with hand  
Or counsel to assist; lest I, who erst

Thought none my equal, now be over-match'd."

So spake the old serpent, doubting; and from all  
With clamour was assured their utmost aid  
At his command: when from amidst them rose  
Belial, the dissolutes spirit that fell,  
The sensualist; and, after Asmodai,  
The fleshliest incubus; and thus advised:

"Set women in his eye, and in his walk,  
Among daughters of men the fairest found:  
Many are in each region passing fair  
As the noon sky; more like to goddesses  
Than mortal creatures; graceful and discreet;  
Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues  
Persuasive, virgin majesty with mild  
And sweet allay'd, yet terrible to approach;  
Skill'd to retire, and, in retiring, draw  
Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets.  
Such object hath the power to soften and tame  
Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow,  
Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,  
Draw out with credulous desire, and lead  
At will the manliest, resolute'st breast,  
As the magnetic hardest iron draws.  
Women, when nothing else, beguil'd the heart  
Of wisest Solomon, and made him build,  
And made him bow, to the gods of his wives."

To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd:  
"Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st  
All others by thyself; because of old  
Thou thyself doat'st on womankind, admiring  
Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace,

None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys.  
Before the flood thou with thy lusty crew,  
False titled sons of God, roaming the earth,  
Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men,  
And coupled with them, and begot a race.  
Have we not seen, or by relation heard,  
In courts and regal chambers how thou lurk'st,  
In wood or grove, by mossy fountain side,  
In valley or green meadow, to waylay  
Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene,  
Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,  
Or Amynone, Syrinx, many more  
Too long; then lay'st thy scapes on names ador'd,  
Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan,  
Satyr, or Faun, or Sylvan? But these haunts  
Delight not all; among the sons of men,  
How many have with a smile made small account  
Of beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd  
All her assaults, on worthier things intent!  
Remember that Pellean conqueror,  
A youth, how all the beauties of the East  
He slightly view'd, and slightly overpass'd;  
How he, surnam'd of Africa, dismiss'd,  
In his prime youth, the fair Iberian maid.  
For Solomon, he liv'd at ease, and full  
Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond  
Higher design than to enjoy his state;  
Thence to the bait of women lay expos'd:  
But he, whom we attempt, is wiser far  
Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,  
Made and set wholly on the accomplishment

Of greatest things. What woman will you find,  
Though of this age the wonder and the fame,  
On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye  
Of fond desire? Or should she, confident,  
As sitting queen ador'd on beauty's throne,  
Descend with all her winning charms begirt  
To enamour, as the zone of Venus once  
Wrought that effect on Jove, so fables tell;  
How would one look from his majestic brow,  
Seated as on the top of Virtue's hill,  
Discountenance her despis'd, and put to rout  
All her array; her female pride deject,  
Or turn to reverent awe! for beauty stands  
In the admiration only of weak minds  
Led captive; cease to admire, and all her plumes  
Fall flat, and shrink into a trivial toy,  
At every sudden slighting quite abash'd.  
Therefore with manlier objects we must try  
His constancy; with such as have more show  
Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise;  
Rocks whereon greatest men have ofttest wreck'd;  
Or that which only seems to satisfy  
Lawful desires of nature, not beyond;  
And now I know he hungers, where no food  
Is to be found, in the wide wilderness:  
The rest commit to me; I shall let pass  
No advantage, and his strength as oft assay."

He ceas'd, and heard their grant in loud acclaim;  
Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band  
Of spirits, likest to himself in guile,  
To be at hand, and at his beck appear,

If cause were to unfold some active scene  
Of various persons, each to know his part:  
Then to the desert takes with these his flight;  
Where, still from shade to shade, the Son of God  
After forty days fasting had remain'd,  
Now hungering first, and to himself thus said: [pass'd

“Where will this end? four times ten days I’ve  
Wandering this moody maze, and human food  
Nor tasted, nor had appetite; that fast  
To virtue I impute not, or count part  
Of what I suffer here; if nature need not,  
Or God support nature without repast  
Though needing, what praise is it to endure?  
But now I feel I hunger, which declares  
Nature hath need of what she asks; yet God  
Can satisfy that need some other way,  
Though hunger still remain: so it remain  
Without this body’s wasting, I content me,  
And from the sting of famine fear no harm;  
Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts, that feed  
Me hungering more to do my Father’s will.”

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son  
Commun’d in silent walk, then laid him down  
Under the hospitable covert nigh  
Of trees thick interwoven; there he slept,  
And dream’d, as appetite is wont to dream,  
Of meats and drinks, nature’s refreshment sweet:  
Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith stood,  
And saw the ravens with their horny beaks  
Food to Elijah bringing, even and morn, [brought:  
Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they

He saw the Prophet also, how he fled  
Into the desert, and how there he slept  
Under a juniper; then how, awak'd,  
He found his supper on the coals prepar'd,  
And by the angel was bid rise and eat,  
And eat the second time after repose,  
The strength whereof suffic'd him forty days:  
Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,  
Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.  
Thus wore out night; and now the herald lark  
Left his ground-nest, high towering to descry  
The morn's approach, and greet her with his song;  
As lightly from his grassy couch up rose  
Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream;  
Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting wak'd.  
Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd,  
From whose high top to ken the prospect round  
If cottage were in view, sheep-cote, or herd;  
But cottage, herd, or sheep-cote none he saw;  
Only in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,  
With chant of tuneful birds resounding loud:  
Thither he bent his way, determin'd there  
To rest at noon; and enter'd soon the shade  
High-roof'd, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,  
That open'd in the midst a woody scene;  
Nature's own work it seem'd, (Nature taught Art,)  
And, to a superstitious eye, the haunt  
Of wood-gods and wood-nymphs: he viewed it  
When suddenly a man before him stood; [round;  
Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,  
As one in city, or court, or palace bred,



And with fair speech these words to him addressed:

“With granted leave officious I return:  
But much more wonder that the Son of God  
In this wild solitude so long should bide,  
Of all things destitute; and, well I know,  
Not without hunger. Others of some note,  
As story tells, have trod this wilderness;  
The fugitive bond-woman, with her son,  
Outcast Nebaioth, yet found here relief  
By a providing angel; all the race  
Of Israel here had famish’d, had not God [bold,  
Rain’d from heaven manna; and that prophet  
Native of Thebez, wandering here was fed  
Twice by a voice inviting him to eat.  
Of thee these forty days none hath regard,  
Forty and more deserted here indeed.” [hence?

To whom thus Jesus: “What conclud’st thou  
They all had need; I, as thou seest, have none.”

“How hast thou hunger then?” Satan replied.

“Tell me, if food were now before thee set,  
Would’st thou not eat?”—“Thereafter as I like  
The giver,” answered Jesus.—“Why should that  
Cause thy refusal?” said the subtle fiend:

“Hast thou not right to all created things?

Owe not all creatures by just right to thee

Duty and service, nor to stay till bid,

But tender all their power? Nor mention I

Meats by the law unclean, or offer’d first

To idols; those young Daniel could refuse:

Nor proffer’d by an enemy; though who

Would scruple that, with want oppress’d? Behold

Nature asham'd, or, better to express,  
 Troubled, that thou shouldst hunger, hath pur-  
 From all the elements her choicest store, [vey d  
 To treat thee as beseems, and as her Lord,  
 With honour: only deign to sit and eat."

He spake no dream; for, as his words had end,  
 Our Saviour, lifting up his eyes, beheld,  
 In ample space under the broadest shade,  
 A table richly spread, in regal mode,  
 With dishes pil'd, and meats of noblest sort  
 And savour; beasts of chase, or fowl of game,  
 In pastry built, or from the spit, or boil'd,  
 Gris-amber-steam'd; all fish, from sea or shore,  
 Freshet or purling brook, of shell or fin,  
 And exquisitest name, for which was drain'd  
 Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.  
 (Alas! how simple, to these cates compar'd,  
 Was that crude apple that diverted Eve!)  
 And at a stately sideboard, by the wine,  
 That fragrant smell diffus'd, in order stood  
 Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue  
 Than Ganymede or Hylas; distant more  
 Under the trees now tripp'd, now solemn stood,  
 Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades  
 With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn,  
 And ladies of the Hesperides, that seem'd  
 Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled since  
 Of fairy damsels, met in the forest wide  
 By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,  
 Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore.  
 And all the while harmonious airs were heard

Of chiming strings, or charming pipes; and winds  
Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fann'd  
From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells.  
Such was the splendour; and the tempter now  
His invitation earnestly renewed:

“What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?  
These are not fruits forbidden; no interdict  
Defends the touching of these viands pure:  
Their taste no knowledge works, at least of evil;  
But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,  
Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.  
All these are spirits of air, and woods, and springs,  
Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay  
Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord.

What doubt'st thou, Son of God? Sit down and

To whom thus Jesus temperately replied: [eat.”  
“Said'st thou not that to all things I had right?  
And who withholds my power that right to use?  
Shall I receive by gift, what of my own,  
When and where likes me best, I can command?  
I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,  
Command a table in this wilderness,  
And call swift flights of angels ministrant  
Array'd in glory on my cup to attend:  
Why should'st thou then obtrude this diligence,  
In vain, where no acceptance it can find?  
And with my hunger what hast thou to do?  
Thy pompous delicacies I contemn,  
And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but guiles.”

To whom thus answer'd Satan malcontent:

“That I have also power to give, thou seest;

If of that power I bring thee voluntary  
What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleas'd,  
And rather opportunely in this place  
Chose to impart to thy apparent need,  
Why should'st thou not accept it? but I see  
What I can do or offer is suspect;  
Of these things others quickly will dispose,  
Whose pains have earn'd the far-fet spoil." With  
Both table and provision vanish'd quite  
With sound of harpies' wings and talons heard:  
Only the importune tempter still remain'd,  
And with these words his temptation pursued:

“By hunger, that each other creature tames,  
Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not mov'd;  
Thy temperance, invincible besides,  
For no allurements yields to appetite;  
And all thy heart is set on high designs,  
High actions: but wherewith to be achiev'd?  
Great acts require great means of enterprise:  
Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,  
A carpenter thy father known, thyself  
Bred up in poverty and straits at home;  
Lost in a desert here and hunger-bit.  
Which way, or from what hope, dost thou aspire  
To greatness? whence authority derivest?  
What followers, what retinue canst thou gain,  
Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude,  
Longer than thou can'st feed them on thy cost?  
Money brings honour, friends, conquest, and realms:  
What rais'd Antipater the Edomite,  
And his son Herod plac'd on Judah's throne,

(Thy throne,) but gold, that got him puissant friends?  
Therefore, if at great things thou would'st arrive,  
Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap,  
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me:  
Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand:  
They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain;  
While virtue, valour, wisdom, sit in want."

To whom thus Jesus patiently replied:  
" Yet wealth, without these three, is impotent  
To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd.  
Witness those ancient empires of the earth,  
In height of all their flowing wealth dissolv'd:  
But men endued with these have oft attain'd  
In lowest poverty to highest deeds;  
Gideon, and Jephthah, and the shepherd lad,  
Whose offspring on the throne of Judah sat  
So many ages, and shall yet regain  
That seat, and reign in Israel without end.  
Among the heathen, (for throughout the world  
To me is not unknown what hath been done  
Worthy of memorial,) canst thou not remember  
Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus?  
For I esteem those names of men so poor,  
Who could do mighty things, and could contemn  
Riches, though offered from the hand of kings.  
And what in me seems wanting, but that I  
May also in this poverty as soon  
Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more?  
Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,  
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare; more apt  
To slacken Virtue, and abate her edge,

Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.  
What if with like aversion I reject  
Riches and realms? yet not, for that a crown,  
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,  
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights,  
To him who wears the regal diadem,  
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies;  
For therein stands the office of a king;  
His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,  
That for the public all this weight he bears.  
Yet he, who reigns within himself, and rules  
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king;  
Which every wise and virtuous man attains;  
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule  
Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes,  
Subject himself to anarchy within,  
Or lawless passions in him, which he serves.  
But to guide nations in the way of truth  
By saving doctrine, and from error lead,  
To know, and knowing worship God aright,  
Is yet more kingly; this attracts the soul,  
Governs the inner man, the nobler part:  
The other o'er the body only reigns,  
And oft by force; which, to a generous mind,  
So reigning, can be no sincere delight.  
Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought  
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down  
Far more magnanimous, than to assume.  
Riches are needless then, both for themselves,  
And for thy reason why they should be sought,  
To gain a sceptre, ofttest better miss'd."

**PARADISE REGAINED.**

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**BOOK III.**

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Satan endeavours to awaken in Jesus a passion for glory, by particularising various instances of conquests achieved by persons at an early period of life. Our Lord replies, by showing the vanity of worldly fame, and the improper means by which it is generally attained; and contrasts with it the true glory of religious patience and virtuous wisdom, as exemplified in the character of Job. Satan justifies the love of glory from the example of God himself. Jesus detects the fallacy of this argument, by showing that, as goodness is the true ground on which glory is due to the great Creator of all things, sinful man can have no right whatever to it.—Satan then urges our Lord respecting his claim to the throne of David; he tells him that the kingdom of Judea cannot be got possession of without much exertion on his part, and presses him to lose no time in beginning to reign. Jesus refers him to the time allotted for this, as well as all other things; and, after intimating somewhat respecting his own previous sufferings, asks Satan why he should be so solicitous for the exaltation of one whose rising was destined to be his fall? Satan replies, that his own desperate state, by excluding all hope, leaves little room for fear; and that, as his own punishment was equally doomed, he is not interested in preventing the reign of one, from whose apparent benevolence he might rather hope for some interference in his favour.—Satan still pursues his former incitements; and, supposing that the seeming reluctance of Jesus to be thus advanced might arise from his being unacquainted with the world and its glories, conveys him to the summit of a high mountain, and from thence shows him most of the kingdoms of Asia, particularly pointing out to his notice some extraordinary military preparations of the Parthians to resist the incursions of the Scythians. He then informs our Lord, that he showed him this purposely, that he might see how necessary military exertions are to retain the possession of kingdoms, as well as to subdue them at first; and advises him to consider how impossible it was to maintain Judea against two such powerful neighbours as the Romans and Parthians, and how necessary it would be to form an alliance with one or other of them. At the same time he recommends, and engages to secure to him, that of the Parthians; and tells him that by this means his power will be defended from any thing that Rome or Cæsar might attempt against it, and that he will be able to extend his glory wide, and especially to accomplish, what was particularly necessary to make the throne of Judea really the throne of David, the deliverance and restoration of the ten tribes, still in a state of captivity. Jesus says, that when the time comes for ascending his allotted throne he shall not be slack: he remarks on Satan's extraordinary zeal for the deliverance of the Israelites, and declares their servitude to be the consequence of their idolatry; but adds, that at a future time it may perhaps please God to restore them to their liberty and native land.*



## PARADISE REGAINED.

### BOOK III.

So spake the Son of God; and Satan stood  
A while as mute, confounded what to say,  
What to reply, confuted, and convinced  
Of his weak arguing and fallacious drift:  
At length, collecting all his serpent wiles,  
With soothing words renew'd him thus accosts:

“I see thou know'st what is of use to know,  
What best to say, canst say, to do canst do;  
Thy actions to thy words accord; thy words  
To thy large heart give utterance due; thy heart  
Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.  
Should kings and nations from thy mouth consult,  
Thy counsel would be as the oracle  
Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems  
On Aaron's breast; or tongue of seers old,  
Infallible; or wert thou sought to deeds  
That might require the array of war, thy skill  
Of conduct would be such, that all the world  
Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist  
In battle, though against thy few in arms.  
These godlike virtues wherefore dost thou hide,

Affecting private life, or more obscure  
 In savage wilderness? Wherefore deprive  
 All earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself  
 The fame and glory; glory, the reward  
 That sole excites to high attempts, the flame  
 Of most erected spirits, most temper'd pure  
 Ethereal, who all pleasures else despise,  
 All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,  
 And dignities and powers all but the highest?  
 Thy years are ripe and over-ripe; the son  
 Of Macedonian Philip had ere these  
 Won Asia, and the throne of Cyrus held  
 At his dispose; young Scipio had brought down  
 The Carthaginian pride; young Pompey quell'd  
 The Pontic king, and in triumph had rode.  
 Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,  
 Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment.  
 Great Julius, whom now all the world admires,  
 The more he grew in years, the more inflamed  
 With glory, wept that he had lived so long  
 Inglorious: but thou yet art not too late."

To whom our Saviour calmly thus replied:  
 "Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth  
 For empire's sake, nor empire to affect  
 For glory's sake, by all thy argument.  
 For what is glory but the blaze of fame,  
 The people's praise, if always praise unmix'd?  
 And what the people but a herd confus'd,  
 A miscellaneous rable, who extol [praise?  
 Things vulgar, and, well weigh'd, scarce worth the  
 They praise, and they admire, they know not what.

And know not whom, but as one leads the other;  
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,  
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,  
Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise?  
His lot who dares to be singularly good.  
The intelligent among them and the wise  
Are few, and glory scarce of few is raised.  
This is true glory and renown; when God,  
Looking on the earth, with approbation marks  
The just man, and divulges him through heaven  
To all his angels, who with true applause  
Recount his praises: thus he did to Job, [earth,  
When, to extend his fame through heaven and  
As thou to thy reproach may'st well remember,  
He ask'd thee, 'Hast thou seen my servant Job?'  
Famous he was in heaven, on earth less known;  
Where glory is false glory, attributed  
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.  
They err, who count it glorious to subdue  
By conquest far and wide, to overrun  
Large countries, and in field great battles win,  
Great cities by assault: what do these worthies,  
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave  
Peaceable nations, neighbouring or remote,  
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more  
Than those their conquerors, who leave behind  
Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,  
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy;  
Then swell with pride, and must be titled gods,  
Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,  
Worshipp'd with temple, priest, and sacrifice?

One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other;  
Till conqueror Death discover them scarce men,  
Rolling in brutish vices, and deform'd,  
Violent or shameful death their due reward.  
But if there be in glory aught of good,  
It may by means far different be attain'd,  
Without ambition, war, or violence;  
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,  
By patience, temperance: I mention still  
Him, whom thy wrongs, with saintly patience borne,  
Made famous in a land and times obscure;  
Who names not now with honour patient Job?  
Poor Socrates, (who next more memorable?)  
By what he taught, and suffer'd for so doing,  
For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now  
Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.  
Yet if for fame and glory aught be done,  
Aught suffer'd; if young African for fame  
His wasted country freed from Punic rage;  
The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at least,  
And loses, though but verbal, his reward.  
Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek,  
Oft not deserv'd? I seek not mine, but His  
Who sent me; and thereby witness whence I am."

To whom the tempter murmuring thus replied:  
"Think not so slight of glory; therein least  
Resembling thy great Father: he seeks glory,  
And for his glory all things made, all things  
Orders and governs; not content in heaven,  
By all his angels glorified, requires  
Glory from men, from all men, good or bad,

Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption:  
Above all sacrifice or hallow'd gift,  
Glory he requires, and glory he receives,  
Promiscuous from all nations, Jew or Greek,  
Or barbarous, nor exception hath declar'd:  
From us, his foes pronounc'd, glory he exacts."

To whom our Saviour fervently replied:  
"And reason; since his word all things produc'd,  
Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,  
But to show forth his goodness, and impart  
His good communicable to every soul  
Freely; of whom what could he less expect  
Than glory and benediction, that is, thanks,  
The slightest, easiest, readiest recompense  
From them who could return him nothing else;  
And, not returning that, would likeliest render  
Contempt instead, dishonour, obloquy?  
Hard recompense, unsuitable return  
For so much good, so much beneficence!  
But why should man seek glory, who of his own  
Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs  
But condemnation, ignominy, and shame?  
Who, for so many benefits receiv'd,  
Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and false,  
And so of all true good himself despoil'd:  
Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take  
That which to God alone of right belongs:  
Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace;  
That who advance his glory, not their own,  
Them he himself to glory will advance."

So spake the Son of God; and here again

Satan had not to answer, but stood struck  
With guilt of his own sin; for he himself,  
Insatiable of glory, had lost all:  
Yet of another plea bethought him soon:  
“ Of glory, as thou wilt, said he, so deem;  
Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass.  
But to a kingdom thou art born, ordain'd  
To sit upon thy father David's throne,  
By mother's side thy father; though thy right  
Be now in powerful hands, that will not part  
Easily from possession won with arms:  
Judea now and all the Promis'd Land,  
Reduc'd a province under Roman yoke,  
Obeys Tiberius; nor is always rul'd  
With temperate sway: oft have they violated  
The temple, oft the law, with foul affronts,  
Abominations rather, as did once  
Antiochus: and think'st thou to regain  
Thy right, by sitting still, or thus retiring?  
So did not Maccabeus: he indeed  
Retir'd into the desert, but with arms:  
And o'er a mighty king so oft prevail'd,  
That by strong hand his family obtain'd, [usurp'd,  
Though priests, the crown, and David's throne  
With Modin and her suburbs once content.  
If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal  
And duty; zeal and duty are not slow,  
But on occasion's forelock watchful wait:  
They themselves rather are occasion best;  
Zeal of thy father's house, duty to free  
Thy country from her heathen servitude.

So shalt thou best fulfil, best verify  
The prophets old, who sung thy endless reign;  
The happier reign, the sooner it begins:  
Reign then; what canst thou better do the while?"

To whom our Saviour answer thus return'd:  
" All things are best fulfill'd in their due time;  
And time there is for all things, Truth hath said.  
If of my reign Prophetic Writ hath told,  
That it shall never end; so, when begin,  
The Father in his purpose hath decreed;  
He, in whose hand all times and seasons roll.  
What if he hath decreed that I shall first  
Be tried in humble state, and things adverse,  
By tribulations, injuries, insults,  
Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence  
Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting,  
Without distrust or doubt, that he may know  
What I can suffer, how obey? Who best  
Can suffer, best can do; best reign, who first  
Well hath obey'd; just trial, ere I merit  
My exaltation without change or end.  
But what concerns it thee, when I begin  
My everlasting kingdom? Why art thou  
Solicitous? What moves thy inquisition?  
Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,  
And my promotion will be thy destruction?"

To whom the Tempter, inly rack'd, replied:  
" Let that come when it comes; all hope is lost  
Of my reception into grace: what worse?  
For where no hope is left, is left no fear:  
If there be worse, the expectation more

Of worse torments me than the feeling can.  
I would be at the worst: worst is my port,  
My harbour, and my ultimate repose;  
The end I would attain, my final good.  
My error was my error, and my crime  
My crime; whatever, for itself condemn'd;  
And will alike be punish'd, whether thou  
Reign, or reign not; though that gentle brow  
Willingly could I fly, and hope thy reign,  
From that placid aspect and meek regard,  
Rather than aggravate my evil state,  
Would stand between me and thy Father's ire,  
(Whose ire I dread more than the fire of hell,)  
A shelter and a kind of shading cool  
Interposition, as a summer's cloud.  
If I then to the worst that can be haste,  
Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,  
Happiest, both to thyself and all the world, [king?  
That thou, who worthiest art, should'st be their  
Perhaps thou linger'st, in deep thoughts detain'd  
Of the enterprise so hazardous and high;  
No wonder; for though in thee be united  
What of perfection can in man be found,  
Or human nature can receive, consider,  
Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent  
At home, scarce view'd the Galilean towns,  
And once a-year Jerusalem, few days' [serve?  
Short sojourn; and what thence could'st thou ob-  
The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,  
Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts  
Best school of best experience, quickest insight



In all things that to greatest actions lead.  
 The wisest, in experienc'd, will be ever  
 Timorous and loath, with novice modesty,  
 (As he who, seeking asses, found a kingdom,)  
 Irresolute, unhardy, unadventurous:  
 But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit  
 Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes  
 The monarchies of the earth, their pomp and state:  
 Sufficient introduction to inform  
 Thee, of thyself so apt, in regal arts  
 And regal mysteries; that thou may'st know  
 How best their opposition to withstand."

With that, (such power was given him then,) he  
 The Son of God up to a mountain high. [took  
 It was a mountain at whose verdant feet  
 A spacious plain, outstretch'd in circuit wide,  
 Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flow'd,  
 The one winding, the other straight, and left be-  
 Fair champain with less rivers intervein'd, [tween  
 Then meeting join'd their tribute to the sea;  
 Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil, and wine; [hills;  
 With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the  
 Huge cities and high tower'd, that well might seem  
 The seats of mightiest monarchs; and so large  
 The prospect was, that here and there was room  
 For barren desert, fountainless and dry.  
 To this high mountain too the Tempter brought  
 Our Saviour, and new train of words began:

" Well have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale,  
 Forest and field and flood, temples and towers,  
 Cut shorter many a league; here thou behold'st,

Assyria, and her empire's ancient bounds,  
Araxes and the Caspian lake; thence on  
As far as Indus east, Euphrates west,  
And oft beyond: to south the Persian bay,  
And, inaccessible, the Arabian drouth:  
Here Nineveh, of length within her wall  
Several days' journey, built by Ninus old,  
Of that first golden monarchy the seat,  
And seat of Salmanassar, whose success  
Israel in long captivity still mourns;  
There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues  
As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice  
Judah and all thy father David's house  
Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,  
Till Cyrus set them free; Persepolis,  
His city, there thou seest, and Bactria there;  
Ecbatana her structure vast there shows,  
And Hecatomplos her hundred gates;  
There Susa by Choaspes, amber stream,  
The drink of none but kings; of later fame,  
Built by Emathian or by Parthian hands,  
The great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there  
Artaxata, Teredon, Ctesiphon,  
Turning with easy eye, thou may'st behold.  
All these the Parthian, (now some ages past,  
By great Arsaces led, who founded first  
That empire,) under his dominion holds,  
From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.  
And just in time thou com'st to have a view  
Of his great power; for now the Parthian king  
In Ctesiphon hath gather'd all his host

Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild  
Have wasted Sogdiana; to her aid  
He marches now in haste; see, though from far,  
His thousands, in what martial equipage  
They issue forth, steel bows and shafts their arms  
Of equal dread in flight or in pursuit;  
All horsemen, in which fight they most excel;  
See how in warlike muster they appear,  
In rhombs, and wedges, and half-moons and wings.

He look'd, and saw what numbers numberless  
The city gates outpour'd, light-armed troops  
In coats of mail and military pride;  
In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,  
Prancing their riders bore, the flower and choice  
Of many provinces from bound to bound;  
From Arachosia, from Candaor east,  
And Margiana to the Hyrcanian cliffs  
Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales;  
From Atropatia and the neighbouring plains  
Of Adiabene, Media, and the south  
Of Susiana, to Balsara's haven.

He saw them in their forms of battle rang'd, [shot  
How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them  
Sharp sleet of arrowy showers against the face  
Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight:  
The field all iron cast a gleaming brown:  
Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn  
Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,  
Chariots, or elephants indors'd with towers  
Of archers; nor of labouring pioneers  
A multitude, with spades and axes arm'd

To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,  
Or where plain was raise hill, or overlay  
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke:  
Mules after these, camels and dromedaries,  
And waggons, fraught with utensils of war.  
Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,  
When Agrican with all his northern powers  
Besieg'd Albracca, as romances tell,  
The city of Gallaphrone, from thence to win  
The fairest of her sex Angelica,  
His daughter, sought by many prowest knights,  
Both Paynim, and the peers of Charlemain.  
Such and so numerous was their chivalry:  
At sight whereof the fiend yet more presum'd,  
And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd:

“That thou may'st know I seek not to engage  
Thy virtue, and not every way secure  
On no slight grounds thy safety; hear and mark  
To what end I have brought thee hither, and shown  
All this fair sight: thy kingdom, though foretold  
By prophet or by angel, unless thou  
Endeavour, as thy father David did,  
Thou never shalt obtain; prediction still  
In all things, and all men, supposes means;  
Without means used, what it predicts revokes.  
But, say thou wert possess'd of David's throne,  
By free consent of all, none opposite,  
Samaritan or Jew; how could'st thou hope  
Long to enjoy it, quiet and secure,  
Between two such enclosing enemies,  
Roman and Parthian? Therefore one of these

Thou must make sure thy own; the Parthian first  
By my advice, as nearer, and of late  
Found able by invasion to annoy  
Thy country, and captive lead away her kings,  
Antionus and old Hyrcanus, bound,  
Maugre the Roman; it shall be my task  
To render thee the Parthian at dispose;  
Choose which thou wilt, by conquest or by league:  
By him thou shalt regain, without him not,  
That which alone can truly reinstall thee  
In David's royal seat, his true successor,  
Deliverance of thy brethren, those ten tribes,  
Whose offspring in his territory yet serve,  
In Habor, and among the Medes dispers'd:  
Ten sons of Jacob, two of Joseph, lost  
Thus long from Israel, serving, as of old  
Their fathers in the land of Egypt serv'd,  
This offer sets before thee to deliver.  
These if from servitude thou shalt restore  
To their inheritance; then, nor till then,  
Thou on the throne of David in full glory,  
From Egypt to Euphrates, and beyond,  
Shalt reign, and Rome or Cæsar not need fear."

To whom our Saviour answer'd thus, unmoved:  
"Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm  
And fragile arms, much instrument of war,  
Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,  
Before mine eyes thou hast set; and in my ear  
Vented much policy, and projects deep  
Of enemies, of aids, battles, and leagues,  
Plausible to the world, to me worth nought.

Means I must use, thou say'st; prediction else  
Will unpredict, and fail me of the throne.  
My time, I told thee, (and that time for thee  
Were better farthest off,) is not yet come:  
When that comes, think not thou to find me slack  
On my part aught endeavouring, or to need  
Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome  
Luggage of war there shown me, argument  
Of human weakness rather than of strength.  
My brethren, as thou call'st them, those ten tribes,  
I must deliver, if I mean to reign  
David's true heir, and his full sceptre sway  
To just extent over all Israel's sons.  
But whence to thee this zeal? Where was it then  
For Israel, or for David, or his throne,  
When thou stood'st up his tempter to the pride  
Of numbering Israel, which cost the lives  
Of threescore and ten thousand Israelites  
By three days' pestilence? Such was thy zeal  
To Israel then; the same that now to me!  
As for those captive tribes, themselves were they  
Who wrought their own captivity, fell off  
From God to worship calves, the deities  
Of Egypt, Baal next and Ashtaroth,  
And all the idolatries of heathen round,  
Besides their other worse than heathenish crimes;  
Nor in the land of their captivity  
Humbled themselves, or penitent besought  
The God of their forefathers; but so died  
Impenitent, and left a race behind  
Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce

From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain;  
And God with idols in their worship join'd.  
Should I of these the liberty regard,  
Who, freed, as to their ancient patrimony,  
Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreform'd,  
Headlong would follow; and to their gods perhaps,  
Of Bethel and of Dan? No; let them serve  
Their enemies, who serve idols with God.  
Yet he at length, (time to himself best known,)  
Remembering Abraham, by some wondrous call  
May bring them back, repentant and sincere,  
And at their passing cleave the Assyrian flood,  
While to their native land with joy they haste;  
As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,  
When to the Promis'd Land their fathers pass'd:  
To his due time and providence I leave them."

So spake Israel's true King, and to the fiend  
Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles.  
So fares it, when with truth falsehood contends.

END OF BOOK III.

The first part of the history of the  
kingdom of England is divided into  
three periods. The first period is  
the reign of the Saxon kings, the  
second is the reign of the Norman  
kings, and the third is the reign of  
the Plantagenet kings. The first  
period is the most interesting, and  
the most important. It is the period  
of the great Saxon kings, who  
were the founders of the English  
kingdom. The second period is the  
reign of the Norman kings, who  
were the conquerors of England.  
The third period is the reign of the  
Plantagenet kings, who were the  
descendants of the Norman kings.

THE REIGN OF KING JOHN

King John was the youngest son of  
King Henry II. He was crowned  
king in 1199. He was a weak and  
tyrannical ruler. He was the  
cause of the loss of the French  
territories which his father had  
conquered. He was the cause of  
the barons' revolt, which led to  
the signing of the Magna Carta in  
1215. He was the cause of the  
First Barons' War, which ended in  
1217. He was the cause of the  
Second Barons' War, which ended in  
1264. He was the cause of the  
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**PARADISE REGAINED.**

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BOOK IV.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Satan, shows our Lord imperial Rome in its greatest pomp and splendour, and tells him that he might with the greatest ease expel Tiberius, restore the Romans to their liberty, and make himself master not only of the Roman empire, but by so doing, of the whole world, and inclusively of the throne of David. Our Lord, in reply, expresses his contempt of grandeur and worldly power, and briefly refers to the greatness of his own future kingdom. Satan, now desperate, to enhance the value of his proffered gifts, professes that the only terms on which he will bestow them, are our Saviour's falling down and worshipping him. Our Lord expresses a firm but temperate indignation at such a proposition, and rebukes the tempter by the title of "Satan for ever damned." Satan, abashed, attempts to justify himself: he then assumes a new ground of temptation, and points out to Jesus the celebrated seat of ancient learning, Athens, its schools, and other various resorts of learned teachers and their disciples; accompanying the view with a highly-finished panegyric on the Grecian musicians, poets, orators, and philosophers of the different sects. Jesus replies, by showing the vanity and insufficiency of the boasted Heathen philosophy; and prefers to the music, poetry, eloquence, and didactic policy of the Greeks, those of the inspired Hebrew writers. Satan upbraids the indiscretion of our Saviour in rejecting his offers; and having foretold the sufferings that our Lord was to undergo, carries him back into the wilderness, and leaves him there. Night comes on; Satan raises a tremendous storm, and attempts further to alarm Jesus with frightful dreams, and terrific threatening spectres. A calm, bright, beautiful morning succeeds to the horrors of the night. Satan again presents himself to our blessed Lord, and takes occasion once more to insult him with an account of the sufferings which he was certainly to undergo. This only draws from our Lord a brief rebuke. Satan now at the height of his desperation, confesses that he had frequently watched Jesus from his birth, and, collecting from what passed at the river Jordan that he most probably was the true Messiah, he had from that time more assiduously followed him, in hopes of gaining some advantage over him. In this he acknowledges that he has hitherto completely failed; but still determines to make one more trial of him. Accordingly he conveys him to the temple at Jerusalem, and, placing him on a pointed eminence, requires him to prove his Divinity either by standing there, or casting himself down with safety. Our Lord reproves the tempter, and at the same time manifests his own Divinity by standing on this dangerous point. Satan, amazed and terrified, instantly falls, and repairs to his infernal compeers, to relate the bad success of his enterprise. Angels in the mean time convey our blessed Lord to a beautiful valley, and, while they minister to him a repast of celestial food, celebrate his victory in a triumphant hymn.*

## PARADISE REGAINED.

### BOOK IV.

PERPLEX'D and troubled at his bad success,  
The tempter stood, nor had what to reply,  
Discover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope  
So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric  
That sleek'd his tongue, and won so much on Eve,  
So little here, nay, lost: but Eve was Eve;  
This far his over-match, who, self-deceiv'd  
And rash, beforehand had no better weigh'd  
The strength he was to cope with, or his own;  
But as a man, who had been matchless held  
In cunning over-reached where least he thought,  
To salve his credit, and for very spite,  
Still will be tempting him who foils him still,  
And never cease, though to his shame the more;  
Or as a swarm of flies in vintage time,  
About the wine-press where sweet must is pour'd,  
Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound;  
Or surging waves against a solid rock,  
Though all to shivers dash'd, the assault renew,  
(Vain battery!) and in froth or bubbles end;  
So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse

Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,  
Yet gives not over, though desperate of success,  
And his vain importunity pursues.  
He brought our Saviour to the western side  
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold  
Another plain, long, but in breadth not wide,  
Wash'd by the southern sea, and, on the north,  
To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills [men,  
That screen'd the fruits of the earth, and seats of  
From cold Septentrion blasts; thence in the midst  
Divided by a river, of whose banks  
On each side an imperial city stood,  
With towers and temples proudly elevate  
On seven small hills, with palaces adorn'd,  
Porches, and theatres, baths, aqueducts,  
Statues, and trophies, and triumphal arcs,  
Gardens, and groves, presented to his eyes,  
Above the height of mountains interpos'd:  
(By what strange parallax, or optic skill  
Of vision, multiplied through air, or glass  
Of telescope, were curious to inquire:)  
And now the tempter thus his silence broke:  
    " The city, which thou seest, no other deem  
Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth,  
So far renown'd, and with the spoils enrich'd  
Of nations; there the Capitol thou seest,  
Above the rest lifting his stately head  
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel  
Impregnable; and there Mount Palatine,  
The imperial palace, compass huge, and high  
The structure, skill of noblest architects,

With gilded battlements conspicuous far,  
Turrets, and terraces, and glittering spires:  
Many a fair edifice besides, more like  
Houses of gods, (so well I have dispos'd  
My airy telescope,) thou may'st behold,  
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,  
Carv'd work, the hand of fam'd artificers,  
In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold.  
Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see  
What conflux issuing forth, or entering in;  
Prætors, pro-consuls to their provinces  
Hasting, or on return, in robes of state,  
Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power,  
Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings:  
Or embassies from regions far remote,  
In various habits, on the Appian road,  
Or on the Emilian: some from farthest south,  
Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,  
Meroe, Nilotic isle; and, more to west,  
The realm of Bocchus to the Black-moor sea;  
From the Asian kings, and Parthian among these:  
From India and the golden Chersonese,  
And utmost Indian isle Taprobane,  
Dusk faces with white silken turbans wreath'd;  
From Gallia, Gades, and the British west;  
Germans, and Scythians, and Sarmatians, north  
Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.  
All nations now to Rome obedience pay;  
To Rome's great emperor, whose wide domain,  
In ample territory, wealth, and power,  
Civility of manners, arts, and arms,

And long renown, thou justly may'st prefer  
Before the Parthian. These two thrones except,  
The rest are barbarous, and scarce worth the sight,  
Shared among petty kings too far remov'd.  
These having shown thee, I have shown thee all  
The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.  
This emperor hath no son, and now is old,  
Old and lascivious, and from Rome retir'd  
To Capræ, an island small, but strong,  
On the Campanian shore, with purpose there  
His horrid lusts in private to enjoy;  
Committing to a wicked favourite  
All public cares, and yet of him suspicious:  
Hated of all, and hating. With what ease,  
Endued with regal virtues, as thou art,  
Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,  
Mightst thou expel this monster from his throne,  
Now made a stye; and, in his place ascending,  
A victor people free from servile yoke!  
And with my help thou may'st; to me the power  
Is given, and by that right I give it thee.  
Aim therefore at no less than all the world;  
Aim at the highest: without the highest attain'd,  
Will be for thee no sitting, or not long,  
On David's throne, be prophesied what will."

To whom the Son of God, unmov'd, replied:  
"Nor doth this grandeur and majestic show  
Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,  
More than of arms before, allure mine eye, [tell  
Much less my mind; though thou should'st add to  
Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts

On citron tables or Atlantic stone,  
(For I have also heard, perhaps have read;) Their wines of Letia, Cales, and Falerne,  
Chios, and Crete, and how they quaff in gold,  
Crystal, and myrrhine cups, emboss'd with gems  
And studs of pearl: to me should'st tell, who thirst  
And hunger still. Then embassies thou show'st  
From nations far and nigh: what honour that,  
But tedious waste of time, to sit and hear  
So many hollow compliments and lies,  
Outlandish flatteries? Then proceed'st to talk  
Of the emperor, how easily subdued,  
How gloriously: I shall, thou say'st, expel  
A brutish monstèr; what if I withal  
Expel a devil who first made him such?  
Let his tormentor conscience find him out;  
For him I was not sent, nor yet to free  
That people, victor once, now vile and base;  
Deservedly made vassal; who, once just,  
Frugal, and mild, and temperate, conquer'd well,  
But govern ill the nations under yoke,  
Peeling their provinces, exhausted all  
By lust and rapine; first ambitious grown  
Of triumph, that insulting vanity:  
Then cruel, by their sports to blood inured  
Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts expos'd;  
Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,  
And from the daily scene effeminate.  
What wise and valiant man would seek to free  
These, thus degenerate, by themselves enslav'd?  
Or could of inward slaves make outward free?

Know, therefore, when my season comes to sit  
On David's throne, it shall be like a tree  
Spreading and overshadowing all the earth;  
Or as a stone, that shall to pieces dash  
All monarchies besides throughout the world;  
And of my kingdom there shall be no end:  
Means there shall be to this; but what the means,  
Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell."

To whom the tempter, impudent, replied:  
"I see all offers made by me how slight  
Thou valuest, because offer'd, and reject'st:  
Nothing will please the difficult and nice,  
Or nothing more than still to contradict:  
On the other side, know also thou, that I  
On what I offer set as high esteem,  
Nor what I part with mean to give for nought;  
All these, which in a moment thou behold'st,  
The kingdoms of the world, to thee I give,  
(For, given to me, I give to whom I please,)  
No trifle; yet with this reserve, not else,  
On this condition; if thou wilt fall down,  
And worship me as thy superior lord,  
(Easily done,) and hold them all of me;  
For what can less so great a gift deserve?"

Whom thus our Saviour answer'd with disdain:  
"I never lik'd thy talk, thy offers less;  
Now both abhor, since thou hast dar'd to utter  
The abominable terms, impious condition:  
But I endure the time, till which expir'd  
Thou hast permission on me. It is written, [ship  
The first of all commandments, 'Thou shalt wor-



The Lord thy God, and only him shalt serve;  
And dar'st thou to the Son of God propound  
To worship thee accurs'd? now more accurs'd  
For this attempt, bolder than that on Eve,  
And more blasphemous; which expect to rue.  
The kingdoms of the world to thee were given?  
Permitted rather, and by thee usurp'd;  
Other donation none thou canst produce.  
If given, by whom but by the King of kings,  
God over all supreme? If given to thee,  
By thee how fairly is the Giver now  
Repaid! But gratitude in thee is lost  
Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame,  
As offer them to me, the Son of God?  
To me my own, on such abhorred pact,  
That I fall down and worship thee as God?  
Get thee behind me; plain thou now appear'st  
That Evil One, Satan for ever damn'd."

To whom the fiend, with fear abash'd, replied:  
"Be not so sore offended, Son of God,  
Though sons of God both angels are and men,  
If I, to try whether in higher sort  
Than these thou bear'st that title, have propos'd  
What both from men and angels I receive,  
Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth,  
Nations besides from all the quarter'd winds,  
God of this world invok'd, and world beneath:  
Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold  
To me most fatal, me it most concerns;  
The trial hath indamag'd thee no way,  
Rather more honour left and more esteem;

Me nought advantag'd, missing what I aim'd.  
Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,  
The kingdoms of this world; I shall no more  
Advise thee; gain them as thou canst, or not.  
And thou thyself seem'st otherwise inclin'd  
Than to a worldly crown; addicted more  
To contemplation and profound dispute;  
As by that early action may be judg'd,  
When, slipping from thy mother's eye, thou went'st  
Alone into the temple; there wast found  
Among the gravest rabbis, disputant  
On points and questions fitting Moses' chair,  
Teaching, not taught. The childhood shows the  
As morning shows the day: be famous then [man,  
By wisdom; as thy empire must extend,  
So let extend thy mind o'er all the world  
In knowledge, all things in it comprehend.  
All knowledge is not couch'd in Moses' law,  
The Pentateuch, or what the Prophets wrote;  
The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach  
To admiration, led by Nature's light,  
And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,  
Ruling them by persuasion, as thou mean'st.  
Without their learning, how wilt thou with them,  
Or they with thee, hold conversation meet?  
How wilt thou reason with them, how refute  
Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes?  
Error by his own arms is best evinc'd.  
Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount,  
Westward, much nearer by southwest, behold;  
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands,

Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil;  
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts  
And eloquence, native to famous wits  
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,  
City or suburban, studious walks and shades.  
See there the olive grove of Academe,  
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird  
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;  
There flowery hill Hymettus, with the sound  
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites  
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls  
His whispering stream: within the walls then view  
The schools of ancient sages; his, who bred  
Great Alexander to subdue the world,  
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next:  
There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power  
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit  
By voice or hand; and various measur'd verse,  
Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,  
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,  
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer call'd,  
Whose poem Phœbus challeng'd for his own;  
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught  
In chorus or iambic, teachers best  
Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd  
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat  
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life,  
High actions and high passions best describing:  
Thence to the famous orators repair,  
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence  
Wielded at will that fierce democracy,

Shook the arsenal, and fulmined over Greece  
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne:  
To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,  
From heaven descended to the low-roof'd house  
Of Socrates; see there his tenement,  
Whom well inspired the oracle pronounced  
Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth  
Mellifluous streams, that water'd all the schools  
Of academics old and new, with those  
Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect  
Epicurean, and the Stoic severe.  
These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,  
Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight:  
These rules will render thee a king complete  
Within thyself, much more with empire join."

To whom our Saviour sagely thus replied:  
"Think not but that I know these things, or think  
I know them not; not therefore am I short  
Of knowing what I ought: he, who receives  
Light from above, from the fountain of light,  
No other doctrine needs, though granted true;  
But these are false, or little else but dreams,  
Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.  
The first and wisest of them all profess'd  
To know this only, that he nothing knew;  
The next to fabling fell, and smooth conceits;  
A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense;  
Others in virtue plac'd felicity,  
But virtue join'd with riches and long life:  
In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease:  
The Stoic last in philosophic pride,

By him call'd virtue; and his virtuous man,  
Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing  
Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer,  
As fearing God nor man, contemning all  
Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life,  
Which, when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can,  
For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,  
Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.  
Alas! what can they teach, and not mislead,  
Ignorant of themselves, of God much more,  
And how the world began, and how man fell  
Degraded by himself, on grace depending?  
Much of the soul they talk, but all awry,  
And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves  
All glory arrogate, to God give none;  
Rather accuse him under usual names,  
Fortune and Fate, as one regardless quite  
Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these  
True wisdom, finds her not; or, by delusion,  
Far worse, her false resemblance only meets,  
An empty cloud. However, many books,  
Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads  
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not  
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,  
(And what he brings what needs he elsewhere seek?)  
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,  
Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself,  
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys  
And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge;  
As children gathering pebbles on the shore.  
Or, if I would delight my private hours

With music or with poem; where, so soon  
As in our native language, can I find  
That solace? All our law and story strew'd  
With hymns, our psalms with artful terms inscrib-  
Our Hebrew songs and harps, in Babylon [ed,  
That pleased so well our victors' ear, declare,  
That rather Greece from us these arts deriv'd;  
Ill imitated, while they loudest sing  
The vices of their deities, and their own,  
In fable, hymn, or song, so personating  
Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.  
Remove their swelling epithets, thick laid  
As varnish on a harlot's cheek; the rest,  
Thin sown with aught of profit or delight,  
Will far be found unworthy to compare  
With Sion's songs, to all true tastes excelling,  
Where God is praised aright, and godlike men,  
The Holiest of Holies, and his saints,  
(Such are from God inspir'd, not such from thee,)  
Unless where moral virtue is express'd  
By light of Nature, not in all quite lost.  
Their orators thou then extoll'st, as those  
The top of eloquence; statists indeed,  
And lovers of their country, as may seem;  
But herein to our prophets far beneath,  
As men divinely taught, and better teaching  
The solid rules of civil government,  
In their majestic unaffected style,  
Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome.  
In them is plainest taught, and easiest learn'd,  
What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so;

What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat:  
These only with our law best form a king."

So spake the Son of God: but Satan, now  
Quite at a loss, (for all his darts were spent,)  
Thus to our Saviour with stern brow replied:

" Since neither wealth nor honour, arms nor arts,  
Kingdom nor empire pleases thee, nor aught  
By me propos'd in life contemplative  
Or active, tended on by glory or fame,  
What dost thou in this world? The wilderness  
For thee is fittest place; I found thee there,  
And thither will return thee: yet remember  
What I foretell thee: soon thou shalt have cause  
To wish thou never hadst rejected, thus  
Nicely or cautiously, my offer'd aid,  
Which would have set thee in short time with ease  
On David's throne, or throne of all the world,  
Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season,  
When prophecies of thee are best fulfill'd.  
Now contrary, if I read aught in heaven,  
Or heaven write aught of fate, by what the stars  
Voluminous, or single characters,  
In their conjunction met, give me to spell:  
Sorrows and labours, opposition, hate  
Attend thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,  
Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death:  
A kingdom they portend thee; but what kingdom,  
Real or allegoric, I discern not;  
Nor when; eternal sure, as without end,  
Without beginning; for no date prefix'd  
Directs me in the starry rubric set."

So saying, he took, (for still he knew his power  
Not yet expir'd,) and to the wilderness  
Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,  
Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,  
As day-light sank, and brought in lowering Night,  
Her shadowy offspring; unsubstantial both,  
Privation mere of light and absent day.  
Our Saviour meek, and with untroubled mind  
After his airy jaunt, though hurried sore,  
Hungry and cold, betook him to his rest,  
Wherever, under some concourse of shades, [shield  
Whose branching arms thick intertwin'd might  
From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head;  
But, shelter'd, slept in vain: for at his head  
The tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams  
Disturb'd his sleep. And either tropic now  
'Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven; the clouds,  
From many a horrid rift, abortive pour'd  
Fierce rain with lightning mix'd, water with fire  
In ruin reconcil'd: nor slept the winds  
Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad  
From the four hinges of the world, and fell  
On the vex'd wilderness, whose tallest pines,  
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks,  
Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,  
Or torn up sheer. Ill wast thou shrouded then,  
O patient Son of God, yet only stood'st  
Unshaken! Nor yet stay'd the terror there:  
Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round [shriek'd,  
Environ'd thee; some howl'd, some yell'd, some  
Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou



Sat'st unappall'd in calm and sinless peace!  
Thus passed the night so foul, till morning fair  
Came forth, with pilgrim steps, in amice grey;  
Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar  
Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds,  
And grisly spectres, which the fiend had rais'd  
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.  
But now the sun with more effectual beams  
Had cheer'd the face of earth, and dried the wet  
From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,  
Who all things now beheld more fresh and green,  
After a night of storm so ruinous,  
Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray,  
To gratulate the sweet return of morn.  
Nor yet, amidst this joy and brightest morn,  
Was absent, after all his mischief done,  
The Prince of Darkness; glad would also seem  
Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came;  
Yet with no new device (they all were spent),  
Rather by this his last affront resolv'd,  
Desperate of better course, to vent his rage  
And mad despite to be so oft repell'd.  
Him walking on a sunny hill he found,  
Back'd on the north and west by a thick wood:  
Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,  
And in a careless mood thus to him said:  
"Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God,  
After a dismal night: I heard the wrack,  
As earth and sky would mingle; but myself  
Was distant; and these flaws, though mortals fear  
As dangerous to the pillar'd frame of heaven, [them

Or to the earth's dark basis underneath,  
Are to the main as inconsiderable  
And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze  
To man's less universe, and soon are gone;  
Yet, as being oftentimes noxious where they light  
On man, beast, plant, wasteful and turbulent,  
Like turbulencies in the affairs of men,  
Over whose heads they roar, and seem to point,  
They oft fore-signify and threaten ill:  
This tempest at this desert most was bent;  
Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st.  
Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject  
The perfect season offer'd with my aid  
To win thy destin'd seat, but wilt prolong  
All to the push of fate, pursue thy way  
Of gaining David's throne, no man knows when,  
For both the when and how is nowhere told?  
Thou shalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt;  
For angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing  
The time and means. Each act is rightliest done,  
Not when it must, but when it may be best:  
If thou observe not this, be sure to find,  
What I foretold thee, many a hard assay  
Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,  
Ere thou of Israel's sceptre get fast hold;  
Whereof this ominous night, that clos'd thee round,  
So many terrors, voices, prodigies,  
May warn thee, as a sure foregoing sign."

So talk'd he, while the Son of God went on  
And stayed not, but in brief him answer'd thus:

" Me worse than wet thou find'st not; other harm

Those terrors, which thou speak'st of, did me none;  
I never fear'd they could, though noising loud  
And threatening nigh: what they can do, as sigus  
Betokening, or ill boding, I contemn  
As false portents, not sent from God, but thee;  
Who, knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,  
Obtrud'st thy offer'd aid, that I, accepting,  
At least might seem to hold all power of thee,  
Ambitious spirit! and would'st be thought my  
And storm'st refus'd, thinking to terrify [God;  
Me to thy will! desist, (thou art discern'd,  
And toil'st in vain,) nor me in vain molest."

To whom the fiend, now swoln with rage, replied:  
"Then hear, O Son of David, virgin-born,  
For Son of God to me is yet in doubt;  
Of the Messiah I have heard foretold  
By all the prophets; of thy birth at length,  
Announc'd by Gabriel, with the first I knew,  
And of the angelic song in Bethlehem field,  
On thy birth-night that sung thee Saviour born.  
From that time seldom have I ceas'd to eye  
Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,  
Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred;  
Till at the ford of Jordan, whither all  
Flock'd to the Baptist, I, among the rest,  
(Though not to be baptiz'd,) by voice from heaven  
Heard thee pronounc'd the Son of God belov'd.  
Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view  
And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn  
In what degree or meaning thou art call'd  
The Son of God; which bears no single sense.

The son of God I also am, or was;  
And if I was, I am; relation stands:  
All men are sons of God; yet thee I thought  
In some respect far higher so declar'd:  
Therefore I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour,  
And follow'd thee still on to this waste wild,  
Where, by all best conjectures, I collect  
Thou art to be my fatal enemy:  
Good reason then, if I beforehand seek  
To understand my adversary, who  
And what he is; his wisdom, power, intent;  
By parl or composition, truce or league,  
To win him, or win from him what I can:  
And opportunity I here have had  
To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee  
Proof against all temptation, as a rock  
Of adamant, and, as a centre, firm;  
To the utmost of mere man both wise and good,  
Not more; for honours, riches, kingdoms, glory,  
Have been before contemn'd, and may again.  
Therefore, to know what more thou art than man,  
Worth naming Son of God by voice from heaven,  
Another method I must now begin."

So saying, he caught him up, and without wing  
Of hippogrif, bore through the air sublime,  
Over the wilderness and o'er the plain,  
Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,  
The holy city, lifted high her towers,  
And higher yet the glorious temple rear'd  
Her pile, far off appearing like a mount  
Of alabaster, topp'd with golden spires:

There, on the highest pinnacle, he set  
The Son of God; and added thus in scorn:

“There stand, if thou wilt stand; to stand up-  
Will ask thee skill: I to thy Father’s house [right  
Have brought thee, and highest plac’d: highest is  
Now show thy progeny; if not to stand, [best:  
Cast thyself down; safely, if Son of God:  
For it is written, ‘He will give command  
Concerning thee to his angels, in their hands  
They shall uplift thee, lest at any time  
Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone.

To whom thus Jesus: “Also it is written,  
‘Tempt not the Lord thy God.’” He said, and  
But Satan, smitten with amazement, fell. [stood,  
As when earth’s son, Antæus, (to compare  
Small things with greatest,) in Irassa strove  
With Jove’s Alcides, and oft foil’d, still rose,  
Receiving from his mother Earth new strength,  
Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple join’d,  
Throttled at length in th’ air, expir’d and fell;  
So, after many a foil, the tempter proud,  
Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride,  
Fell whence he stood to see his victor fall:  
And as that Theban monster, that propos’d  
Her riddle, and him who solv’d it not devour’d,  
That once found out and solv’d, for grief and spite  
Cast herself headlong from th’ Ismenian steep;  
So, struck with dread and anguish, fell the fiend,  
And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought  
(Joyless triumphals of his hop’d success),  
Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,

Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God.  
So Satan fell: and straight a fiery globe  
Of angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,  
Who on their plummy vans receiv'd him soft  
From his uneasy station, and upbore,  
As on a floating couch, through the blithe air;  
Then, in a flowery valley, set him down  
On a green bank, and set before him spread  
A table of celestial food, divine  
Ambrosial fruits, fetch'd from the tree of life,  
And, from the fount of life, ambrosial drink,  
That soon refresh'd him wearied, and repair'd  
What hunger, if aught hunger, had impair'd,  
Or thirst; and, as he fed, angelic quires  
Sung heavenly anthems of his victory  
Over temptation and the tempter proud:

“ True image of the Father; whether thron'd  
In the bosom of bliss, and light of light  
Conceiving, or, remote from heaven, enshrin'd  
In fleshly tabernacle, and human form,  
Wandering the wilderness; whatever place,  
Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing  
The Son of God, with godlike force endued  
Against the attempter of thy Father's throne,  
And thief of Paradise! Him long of old  
Thou didst debel, and down from heaven cast  
With all his army; now thou hast aveng'd  
Supplanted Adam, and, by vanquishing  
Temptation, hast regain'd lost Paradise,  
And frustrated the conquest fraudulent.  
He never more henceforth will dare set foot

In Paradise to tempt; his snares are broke;  
For, though that seat of earthly bliss be fail'd,  
A fairer paradise is founded now  
For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou,  
A Saviour, art come down to reinstall,  
Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be,  
Of tempter and temptation without fear.  
But thou, infernal serpent! shalt not long  
Rule in the clouds; like an autumnal star,  
Or lightning, thou shalt fall from heaven, trod down  
Under his feet: for proof, ere this thou feel'st  
Thy wound, (yet not thy last and deadliest wound,)  
By this repulse receiv'd, and hold'st in hell  
No triumph: in all her gates Abaddon rues  
Thy bold attempt. Hereafter learn with awe  
To dread the Son of God: he, all unarm'd,  
Shall chase thee with the terror of his voice  
From thy demoniac holds, possession foul,  
Thee and thy legions; yelling they shall fly,  
And beg to hide them in a herd of swine,  
Lest he command them down into the deep,  
Bound, and to torment sent before their time.—  
Hail, Son of the Most High, heir of both worlds,  
Queller of Satan! on thy glorious work,  
Now enter; and begin to save mankind.”

Thus they the Son of God, our Saviour meek,  
Sung victor, and, from heavenly feast refresh'd,  
Brought on his way with joy; he, unobserv'd,  
Home to his mother's house private return'd.





**SAMSON AGONISTES:**

A DRAMATIC POEM.

## THE PERSONS.

SAMSON.	HARAPHA of Gath.
MANOAH, the Father of Samson.	Public Officer. Messenger.
DALILA, his wife.	Chorus of Danites.

*The scene before the prison in Gaza.*

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Samson, made captive, blind, and now in the prison of Gaza, there to labour as in a common workhouse, on a festival day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open air, to a place nigh, somewhat retired, there to sit awhile and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old father Manoah, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; lastly, that this feast was proclaimed by the Philistines as a day of thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoah then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistine lords for Samson's redemption; who in the mean while is visited by other persons; and lastly by a public officer, to require his coming to the feast before the lords and people, to play or show his strength in their presence; he at first refuses, dismissing the public officer with absolute denial to come; at length, persuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatenings to fetch him: the Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoah returns full of joyful hope, to procure ere long his son's deliverance: in the midst of which discourse a Hebrew comes in haste, confusedly at first, and afterwards more distinctly, relating the catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistines, and by accident to himself, wherewith the tragedy ends.*

## SAMSON AGONISTES.

---

SAMSON (*Attendant leading him*).

A LITTLE onward lend thy guiding hand  
To these dark steps, a little farther on;  
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade:  
There I am wont to sit, when any chance  
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,  
Daily in the common prison else enjoin'd me,  
Where I, a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw  
The air, imprison'd also; close and damp,  
Unwholesome draught: but here I feel amends,  
The breath of heaven fresh blowing, pure and sweet,  
With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.—  
This day a solemn feast the people hold  
To Dagon their sea-idol, and forbid  
Laborious works; unwillingly this rest  
Their superstition yields me; hence, with leave,  
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek  
This unfrequented place to find some ease;  
Ease to my body some, none to the mind  
From restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm  
Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,

But rush upon me, thronging, and present-  
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.  
O wherefore was my birth from heaven foretold  
Twice by an angel, who at last, in sight  
Of both my parents, all in flames ascended  
From off the altar, where an offering burn'd,  
As in a fiery column charioting  
His god-like presence, and from some great act  
Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race?  
Why was my breeding order'd and prescribed,  
As of a person separate to God,  
Design'd for great exploits, if I must die,  
Betray'd, captived, and both my eyes put out,  
Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze;  
To grind in brazen fetters, under task,  
With this heaven-gifted strength? O glorious  
Put to the labour of a beast, debased [strength,  
Lower than bond-slave! Promise was, that I  
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver:  
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him  
Eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves,  
Himself in bonds, under Philistian yoke:  
Yet stay; let me not rashly call in doubt  
Divine prediction: what if all foretold  
Had been fulfill'd but through mine own default,  
Whom have I to complain of but myself?  
Who this high gift of strength committed to me,  
In what part lodged, how easily bereft me,  
Under the seal of silence could not keep,  
But weakly to a woman must reveal it,  
O'ercome with importunity and tears.

O impotence of mind, in body strong!  
 But what is strength without a double share  
 Of wisdom? vast, unwieldy, burdensome,  
 Proudly secure, yet liable to fall,  
 By weakest subtleties; not made to rule,  
 But to subserve where wisdom bears command!  
 God, when he gave me strength, to show withal  
 How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.  
 But peace; I must not quarrel with the will  
 Of highest dispensation, which herein  
 Haply had ends above my reach to know:  
 Suffices that to me strength is my bane,  
 And proves the source of all my miseries;  
 So many, and so huge, that each apart  
Would ask a life to wail; but chief of all,  
 O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!  
 Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,  
 Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!  
 Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,  
 And all her various objects of delight  
 Annull'd, which might in part my grief have  
 Inferior to the vilest now become [eased,  
 Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me:  
 They creep, yet see; I, dark in light, exposed  
 To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,  
 Within doors, or without, still as a fool,  
 In power of others, never in my own;  
 Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.  
 O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of moon,  
 Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,  
 Without all hope of day!

O first created beam, and thou great Word,  
"Let there be light, and light was over all;"  
Why am I thus bereaved my prime decree?  
The sun to me is dark,  
And silent as the moon,  
When she deserts the night,  
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.  
Since light so necessary is to life,  
And almost life itself, if it be true  
That light is in the soul,  
She all in every part; why was the sight  
To such a tender ball as the eye confined,  
So obvious and so easy to be quench'd?  
And not, as feeling, through all parts diffus'd,  
That she might look at will through every pore?  
Then had I not been thus exiled from light,  
As in the land of darkness, yet in light,  
To live a life half dead, a living death,  
And buried; but, O yet more miserable!  
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave;  
Buried, yet not exempt,  
By privilege of death and burial,  
From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs;  
But made hereby obnoxious more  
To all the miseries of life,  
Life in captivity  
Among inhuman foes.  
But who are these? for with joint pace I hear  
The tread of many feet steering this way;  
Perhaps my enemies, who come to stare  
At my affliction, and perhaps to insult,

Their daily practice, to afflict me more.

*Enter* CHORUS.

*Chor.* This, this is he; softly awhile;  
 Let us not break in upon him;  
 O change beyond report, thought, or belief!  
 See how he lies at random, carelessly diffused,  
 With languish'd head unpropp'd,  
 As one past hope, abandon'd,  
 And by himself given over;  
 In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds  
 O'er-worn and soil'd;  
 Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,  
 That heroic, that renown'd,  
 Irresistible Samson? whom unarm'd [withstand;  
 No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast could  
 Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid;  
 Ran on embattled armies clad in iron;  
 And, weaponless himself,  
 Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery  
 Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer'd cuirass,  
 Chalybean temper'd steel, and frock of mail,  
 Adamantean proof?  
 But safest he who stood aloof,  
 When insupportably his foot advanced,  
 In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,  
 Spurn'd them to death by troops. The bold Ascalo-  
 Fled from his lion ramp; old warriors turn'd [nite  
 Their plated backs under his heel; [dust.  
 Or, grovelling, soil'd their crested helmets in the  
 Then, with what trivial weapon came to hand,

The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone,  
 A thousand fore-skins fell, the flower of Palestine;  
 In Ramath-lechi, famous to this day. [bore  
 Then by main force pull'd up, and on his shoulders  
 The gates of Azza, post, and massy bar,  
 Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old,  
 No journey of a Sabbath-day, and loaded so;  
 Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up heaven.  
 Which shall I first bewail,  
 Thy bondage or lost sight,  
Prison within prison  
 Inseparably dark?

(Thou art become (O worst imprisonment!)  
 The dungeon of thyself; thy soul,  
 (Which men enjoying sight oft without cause com-  
 Imprison'd now indeed, [plain,)  
 In real darkness of the body dwells,  
 Shut up from outward light  
 To incorporate with gloomy night;  
 For inward light, alas!  
 Puts forth no visual beam.  
 O mirror of our fickle state,  
 Since man on earth unparallel'd,  
 The rarer thy example stands,  
 By how much from the top of wondrous glory,  
 Strongest of mortal men,  
 To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fallen.  
 For him I reckon not in high estate,  
 Whom long descent of birth,  
 Or the sphere of fortune raises; [mate,  
 But thee, whose strength, while virtue was her



Might have subdued the earth,  
Universally crown'd with highest praises.

*Sam.* I hear the sound of words; their sense the  
Dissolves unjointed ere it reach my ear. [air

*Chor.* He speaks: let us draw nigh. Matchless  
The glory late of Israel, now the grief; [in might,  
We come, thy friends and neighbours not unknown,  
From Eshtaol and Zora's fruitful vale,  
To visit or bewail thee; or, if better,  
Counsel or consolation we may bring,  
Salve to thy sores: apt words have power to 'suage  
The tumours of a troubled mind,  
And are as balm to fester'd wounds.

*Sam.* Your coming, friends, revives me; for I  
Now of my own experience, not by talk, [learn  
How counterfeit a coin they are who friends  
Bear in their superscription: (of the most  
I would be understood:) in prosperous days  
They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head,  
Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O friends,  
How many evils have enclosed me round;  
Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,  
Blindness; for had I sight, confused with shame,  
How could I once look up, or heave the head,  
Who, like a foolish pilot, have shipwreck'd  
My vessel trusted to me from above,  
Gloriously rigg'd; and for a word, a tear,  
Fool! have divulged the secret gift of God  
To a deceitful woman? tell me, friends,  
Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool  
In every street? do they not say, how well

Are come upon him his deserts? yet why?  
 Immeasurable strength they might behold  
 In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean;  
 This with the other should, at least, have pair'd;  
 These two, proportion'd ill, drove me transverse

*Chor.* Tax not Divine disposal; wisest men  
 Have err'd, and by bad women been deceived;  
 And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.  
 Deject not then so overmuch thyself,  
 Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides:  
 Yet truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder  
 Why thou should'st wed Philistian women rather  
 Than of thine own tribe fairer, or as fair,  
 At least of thy own nation, and as noble.

*Sam.* The first I saw at Timna, and she pleased  
 Me, not my parents, that I sought to wed  
 The daughter of an infidel: they knew not  
 That what I motion'd was of God; I knew  
 From intimate impulse, and therefore urged  
 The marriage on; that by occasion hence  
 I might begin Israel's deliverance,  
 The work to which I was divinely call'd.  
 She proving false, the next I took to wife,  
 (O that I never had! fond wish too late!)  
 Was in the vale of Sorec, Dalila,  
 That specious monster, my accomplish'd snare.  
 I thought it lawful from my former act,  
 And the same end; still watching to oppress  
 Israel's oppressors: of what now I suffer,  
 She was not the prime cause, but I myself, [ness!]  
 Who, vanquish'd with a peal of words, (O weak-

Gave up my fort of silence to a woman.

*Chor.* In seeking just occasion to provoke  
The Philistine, thy country's enemy,  
Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness:  
Yet Israel still serves with all his sons.

*Sam.* That fault I take not on me, but transfer  
On Israel's governors and heads of tribes,  
Who, seeing those great acts which God had done  
Singly by me against their conquerors,  
Acknowledged not, or not at all consider'd  
Deliverance offer'd: I, on the other side,  
Used no ambition to commend my deeds; [doer;  
The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the  
But they persisted deaf, and would not seem  
To count them things worth notice, till at length  
Their lords the Philistines, with gather'd powers,  
Enter'd Judea seeking me, who then  
Safe to the rock of Etham was retired;  
Not flying, but fore-casting in what place  
To set upon them, what advantaged best:  
Meanwhile the men of Judah, to prevent  
The harass of their land, beset me round:  
I willingly on some conditions came  
Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me  
To the uncircumcised a welcome prey, [threads  
Bound with two cords; but cords to me were  
Touch'd with the flame: on their whole host I flew  
Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd  
Their choicest youth; they only lived who fled.  
Had Judah that day join'd, or one whole tribe,  
They had by this possess'd the towers of Gath,

And lorded over them whom they now serve:  
 But what more oft, in nations grown corrupt,  
 And by their vices brought to servitude,  
 Than to love bondage more than liberty,  
 Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty;  
 And to despise, or envy, or suspect  
 Whom God hath of his special favour rais'd  
 As their deliverer? if he aught begin,  
 How frequent to desert him, and at last  
 To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds?

*Chor.* Thy words to my remembrance bring  
 How Succoth and the fort of Penuel  
 Their great deliverer contemned,  
 The matchless Gideon, in pursuit  
 Of Madian and her vanquish'd kings:  
 And how ingrateful Ephraim  
 Had dealt with Jephthah, who by argument,  
 Not worse than by his shield and spear,  
 Defended Israel from the Ammonite,  
 Had not his prowess quell'd their pride  
 In that sore battle, when so many died  
 Without reprieve, adjudged to death,  
 For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth.

*Sam.* Of such examples add me to the roll;  
 Me easily indeed mine may neglect,  
 But God's proposed deliverance not so.

*Chor.* Just are the ways of God,  
 And justifiable to men;  
 Unless there be, who think not God at all:  
 If any be, they walk obscure;  
 For of such doctrine never was there school,

But the heart of the fool,  
And no man therein doctor but himself.

Yet more there be who doubt his ways not just,  
As to his own edicts found contradicting,  
Then give the reins to wandering thought,  
Regardless of his glory's diminution;  
Till, by their own perplexities involved,  
They ravel more, still less resolved,  
But never find self-satisfying solution.

As if they would confine the Interminable,  
And tie him to his own prescript,  
Who made our laws to bind us, not himself,  
And hath full right to exempt  
Whom so it pleases him by choice  
From national obstruction, without taint  
Of sin, or legal debt;  
For with his own laws he can best dispense.

He would not else, who never wanted means,  
Nor in respect of the enemy just cause,  
To set his people free,  
Have prompted this heroic Nazarite,  
Against his vow of strictest purity,  
To seek in marriage that fallacious bride,  
Unclean, unchaste.

Down, reason, then; at least, vain reasonings,  
Though reason here aver, [down;  
That moral verdict quits her of unclean:  
Unchaste was subsequent; her stain, not his.

But see, here comes thy reverend sire  
With careful step, locks white as down,  
Old Manoah: advise

Forthwith how thou ought'st to receive him.

*Sam.* Ay me! another inward grief, awaked  
With mention of that name, renews the assault.

*Enter* MANOAH.

*Man.* Brethren and men of Dan, for such ye seem,  
Though in this uncouth place; if old respect,  
As I suppose, towards your once gloried friend,  
My son, now captive, hither hath inform'd  
Your younger feet, while mine cast back with age  
Came lagging after; say, if he be here.

*Chor.* As signal now in low dejected state,  
As erst in highest, behold him where he lies.

*Man.* O miserable change! is this the man,  
That invincible Samson, far renown'd,  
The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength  
Equivalent to angels, walk'd their streets,  
None offering fight; who single combatant  
Duell'd their armies rank'd in proud array,  
Himself an army; now unequal match  
To save himself against a coward arm'd  
At one spear's length! O ever-failing trust  
In mortal strength! and O, what not in man  
Deceivable and vain? Nay, what thing good,  
Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane?  
I pray'd for children, and thought barrenness  
In wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a son,  
And such a son as all men hail'd me happy;—  
Who would be now a father in my stead?  
O wherefore did God grant me my request,  
And, as a blessing, with such pomp adorn'd?

Why are his gifts desirable to tempt  
 Our earnest prayers, then, given with solemn hand,  
 As graces draw a scorpion's tail behind?  
 For this did the angel twice descend? for this  
 Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a plant  
Select and sacred, glorious for a while,  
The miracle of men; then in an hour  
Ensnar'd, assaulted, overcome, led bound,  
 Thy foes' derision, captive, poor, and blind,  
 Into a dungeon thrust, to work with slaves?  
 Alas! methinks whom God hath chosen once  
 To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,  
 He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall  
 Subject him to so foul indignities,  
 Be it but for honour's sake of former deeds.

*Sam.* Appoint not heavenly disposition, father:  
 Nothing of all these evils hath befallen me  
 But justly; I myself have brought them on,  
 Sole author I, sole cause: if aught seem vile,  
 As vile hath been my folly, who have profaned  
 The mystery of God given me under pledge  
 Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,  
 A Canaanite, my faithless enemy.  
 This well I knew, nor was at all surpris'd,  
 But warn'd by oft experience: did not she  
 Of Timna first betray me, and reveal  
 The secret wrested from me in her height  
 Of nuptial love profess'd, carrying it straight  
 To them who had corrupted her, my spies  
 And rivals? In this other was there found  
 More faith, who also in her prime of love,

Spousal embraces, vitiated with gold,  
Though offer'd only, by the scent conceived  
Her spurious first-born, treason against me?  
Thrice she assay'd, with flattering prayers and  
And amorous reproaches, to win from me [sighs,  
My capital secret, in what part my strength  
Lay stored, in what part summ'd, that she might  
Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport [know;  
Her importunity, each time perceiving  
How openly, and with what impudence  
She purposed to betray me; and (which was worse  
Than undissembled hate) with what contempt  
She sought to make me traitor to myself:  
Yet the fourth time, when, mustering all her wiles,  
With blandish'd parlies, feminine assaults,  
Tongue-batteries, she surceased not, day nor night,  
To storm me over-watched, and wearied out,  
At times when men seek most repose and rest,  
I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,  
Who, with a grain of manhood well resolved,  
Might easily have shook off all her snares:  
But foul effeminacy held me yoked  
Her bond-slave; O indignity, O blot  
To honour and religion! servile mind,  
Rewarded well with servile punishment!  
The base degree to which I now am fallen,  
These rags, this grinding, is not yet so base  
As was my former servitude, ignoble,  
Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,  
True slavery; and that blindness worse than this,  
That saw not how degenerately I served.



*Man.* I cannot praise thy marriage-choices, son,  
Rather approved them not; but thou didst plead  
Divine impulsion prompting how thou might'st  
Find some occasion to infest our foes.  
I state not that; this I am sure, our foes  
Found soon occasion thereby to make thee  
Their captive, and their triumph; thou the sooner  
Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms,  
To violate the sacred trust of silence  
Deposited within thee; which to have kept  
Tacit, was in thy power: true, and thou bear'st  
Enough, and more, the burden of that fault;  
Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying  
That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains:  
This day the Philistines a popular feast  
Here celebrate in Gaza; and proclaim  
Great pomp, and sacrifice, and praises loud,  
To Dagon, as their god, who hath deliver'd  
Thee, Samson, bound and blind into their hands,  
Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slair.  
So Dagon shall be magnified, and God,  
Besides whom is no god, compared with idols,  
Disglorified, blasphemed, and had in scorn  
By the idolatrous rout amidst their wine:  
Which to have come to pass by means of thee,  
Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,  
Of all reproach the most with shame that ever  
Could have befallen thee and thy father's house.

*Sam.* Father, I do acknowledge and confess,  
That I this honour, I this pomp, have brought  
To Dagon, and advanced his praises high

Among the heathen round; to God have brought  
 Dishonour, obloquy, and oped the mouths  
 Of idolists and atheists; have brought scandal  
 To Israel, diffidence of God, and doubt  
 In feeble hearts, propense enough before  
 To waver, or fall off and join with idols;  
 Which is my chief affliction, shame and sorrow,  
 The anguish of my soul, that suffers not  
 Mine eye to harbour sleep or thoughts to rest.  
 This only hope relieves me, that the strife  
 With me hath end; all the contest is now  
 'Twixt God and Dagon; Dagon hath presumed,  
 Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,  
 His deity comparing and preferring  
 Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure,  
 Will not connive or linger, thus provoked;  
 But will arise, and his great name assert:  
 Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive  
 Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him  
 Of all these boasted trophies won on me,  
 And with confusion blank his worshippers.

*Man.* With cause this hope relieves thee, and  
 I as a prophecy receive; for God, [these words  
 Nothing more certain, will not long defer  
 To vindicate the glory of his name,  
 Against all competition, nor will long  
 Endure it doubtful whether God be Lord,  
 Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be done?  
 Thou must not in the meanwhile here forgot,  
 Lie in this miserable loathsome plight,  
 Neglected. I already have made way

To some Philistian lords, with whom to treat  
 About thy ransom: well they may by this  
 Have satisfied their utmost of revenge  
 By pains and slaveries, worse than death, inflicted  
 On thee, who now no more canst do them harm.

*Sam.* Spare that proposal, father; spare the  
 Of that solicitation; let me here, [trouble  
 As I deserve, pay on my punishment,  
 And expiate, if possible, my crime,  
 Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd  
 Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,  
 How heinous had the fact been, how deserving  
 Contempt, and scorn of all, to be excluded  
 All friendship, and avoided as a blab,  
 The mark of fool set on his front! But I  
 God's counsel have not kept, his holy secret  
 Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,  
 Weakly at least, and shamefully; a sin  
 That Gentiles in their parables condemn  
 To their abyss and horrid pains confined.

*Man.* Be penitent, and for thy fault contrite;  
 But act not in thy own affliction, son;  
 Repent the sin; but, if the punishment  
 Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids;  
 Or the execution leave to high disposal,  
 And let another hand, not thine, exact  
 Thy penal forfeit from thyself: perhaps  
 God will relent, and quit thee all his debt;  
 Who ever more approves, and more accepts,  
 (Best pleas'd with humble and filial submission,)  
 Him, who, imploring mercy, sues for life,

Than who, self-rigorous, chooses death as due;  
Which argues over-just, and self-displeas'd,  
For self-offence, more than for God offended.  
Reject not then what offer'd means, who knows  
But God hath set before us, to return thee  
Home to thy country, and his sacred house,  
Where thou mayst bring thy offerings, to avert  
His further ire, with prayers and vows renew'd?

*Sam.* His pardon I implore; but as for life,  
To what end should I seek it? when in strength  
All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes,  
With youthful courage, and magnanimous thoughts  
Of birth from Heaven foretold, and high exploits  
Full of divine instinct, after some proof  
Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond  
The sons of Anak, famous now and blaz'd;  
Fearless of danger, like a petty god  
I walk'd about admir'd of all, and dreaded  
On hostile ground, none daring my affront;  
Then swollen with pride, into the snare I fell  
Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,  
Soften'd with pleasure and voluptuous life;  
At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge  
Of all my strength, in the lascivious lap  
Of a deceitful concubine, who shore me,  
Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece;  
Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,  
Shaven, and disarm'd among mine enemies.

*Chor.* Desire of wine, and all delicious drinks,  
Which many a famous warrior overturns,  
Thou couldst repress; nor did the dancing ruby,

Sparkling, out-pour'd, the flavour, or the smell,  
Or taste that cheers the heart of gods and men,  
Allure thee from the cool crystalline stream.

*Sam.* Wherever fountain or fresh current flow'd  
Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure,  
With touch ethereal of Heaven's fiery rod,  
I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying  
Thirst, and refresh'd; nor envied them the grape,  
Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

*Chor.* O madness, to think use of strongest wines  
And strongest drinks our chief support of health,  
When God with these forbidden made choice to  
His mighty champion, strong above compare, [rear  
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.

*Sam.* But what avail'd this temperance, not  
Against another object more enticing? [complete  
What boots it at one gate to make defence,  
And at another to let in the foe,  
Effeminately vanquish'd? by which means,  
Now blind, dishearten'd, shamed, dishonour'd,  
To what can I be useful, wherein serve [quell'd,  
My nation, and the work from Heaven imposed,  
But to sit idle on the household hearth,  
A burdenous drone; to visitants a gaze,  
Or pitied object; these redundant locks,  
Robustious to no purpose, clustering down,  
Vain monument of strength; till length of years  
And sedentary numbness craze my limbs  
To a contemptible old age obscure?  
Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread;  
Till vermin, or the draff of servile food,

Consume me, and oft-invoked death  
Hasten the welcome end of all my pains. [that gift

*Man.* Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with  
Which was expressly given thee to annoy them?  
Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle,  
Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age outworn.  
But God, who caused a fountain at thy prayer  
From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst to allay  
After the brunt of battle, can as easy  
Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,  
Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast;  
And I persuade me so: why else this strength  
Miraculous yet remaining in those locks?  
His might continues in thee not for nought,  
Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

*Sam.* All otherwise to me my thoughts portend,  
That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light,  
Nor other light of life continue long,  
But yield to double darkness nigh at hand:  
So much I feel my genial spirits droop,  
My hopes all flat, nature within me seems  
In all her functions weary of herself;  
My race of glory run, and race of shame;  
And I shall shortly be with them that rest. [ceed

*Man.* Believe not these suggestions, which pro-  
From anguish of the mind and humours black,  
That mingle with thy fancy. I however  
Must not omit a father's timely care  
To prosecute the means of thy deliverance  
By ransom, or how else: meanwhile be calm,  
And healing words from these thy friends admit.

[*Exit.*

*Sam.* O, that torment should not be confined  
To the body's wounds and sores,  
With maladies innumerable  
In heart, head, breast, and reins;  
But must secret passage find  
To the inmost mind,  
There exercise all his fierce accidents,  
And on her purest spirits prey,  
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,  
With answerable pains, but more intense,  
Though void of corporal sense.

My griefs not only pain me  
As a lingering disease,  
But finding no redress, ferment and rage;  
Nor less than wounds immedicable  
Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,  
To black mortification.  
Thoughts, my tormentors, arm'd with deadly stings,  
Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,  
Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise  
Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb  
Or med'cinal liquor can assuage,  
Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.  
Sleep hath forsook and given me o'er  
To death's benumbing opium as my only cure:  
Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,  
And sense of Heaven's desertion.

I was his nursling once, and choice delight,  
His destined from the womb,  
Promised by heavenly message twice descending.  
Under his special eye

Abstemious I grew up and thrived amain:  
He led me on to mightiest deeds,  
Above the nerve of mortal arm,  
Against the uncircumcised, our enemies:  
But now hath cast me off as never known,  
And to those cruel enemies,  
Whom I by his appointment had provoked,  
Left me all helpless, with the irreparable loss  
Of sight, reserved alive to be repeated  
The subject of their cruelty or scorn.  
Nor am I in the list of them that hope:  
Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless:  
This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,  
No long petition; speedy death,  
The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

*Cho.* Many are the sayings of the wise,  
In ancient and in modern books enroll'd,  
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude;  
And to the bearing well of all calamities,  
All chances incident to man's frail life,  
Consolatories writ  
With studied argument, and much persuasion  
Lenient of grief and anxious thought: [sought,  
But with the afflicted in his pangs their sound  
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune  
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint;  
Unless he feel within  
Some source of consolation from above,  
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,  
And fainting spirits uphold.

God of our fathers, what is man!



That thou towards him, with hand so various,  
 Or might I say contrarious,  
 Temper'st thy providence, through his short course,  
 Not evenly, as thou rulest  
 The angelic orders, and inferior creatures mute,  
 Irrational and brute?  
 Nor do I name of men the common rout  
 That, wandering loose about,  
 Grow up and perish, as the summer fly,  
 Heads without name, no more remember'd;  
 But such as thou hast solemnly elected,  
 With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd,  
 To some great work, thy glory,  
 And people's safety, which in part they effect:  
 Yet toward these thus dignified, thou oft,  
 Amidst their height of noon,  
 Changest thy countenance, and thy hand, with no  
 Of highest favours past [regard  
 From thee on them, or them to thee of service.

Nor only dost degrade them, or remit  
 To life obscured, which were a fair dismissal;  
 But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them  
 Unseemly falls in human eye, [high;  
 Too grievous for the trespass or omission;  
 Oft leavest them to the hostile sword  
 Of heathen and profane, their carcasses  
 To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captived;  
 Or to the unjust tribunals, under change of times,  
 And condemnation of the ungrateful multitude.  
 If these they 'scape, perhaps in poverty  
 With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,

Painful diseases and deform'd,  
 In crude old age;  
 Though not disordinate, yet causeless suffering  
 The punishment of dissolute days: in fine,  
 Just or unjust alike seem miserable,  
 For oft alike both come to evil end. [pion,

So deal not with this once thy glorious cham-  
 The image of thy strength, and mighty minister.  
 What do I beg? how hast thou dealt already!  
 Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn  
 His labours, for thou canst, to peaceful end.

But who is this, what thing of sea or land?

Female of sex it seems,  
 That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,  
 Comes this way sailing  
 Like a stately ship  
 Of Tarsus, bound for the isles  
 Of Javan or Gadier  
 With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,  
 Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,  
 Courted by all the winds that hold them play,  
 An amber scent of odorous perfume  
 Her harbinger, a damsel train behind:  
 Some rich Philistian matron she may seem;  
 And now, at nearer view, no other certain  
 Than Dalila thy wife. [near me.

*Sam.* My wife! my traitress: let her not come

*Chor.* Yet on she moves, now stands, and eyes  
 thee fixed,

About to have spoke; but now, with head declined,  
 Like a fair flower surcharged with dew, she weeps,

And words addressed seem into tears dissolved,  
 Wetting the borders of her silken veil:  
 But now again she makes address to speak.

*Enter DALILA.*

*Dal.* With doubtful feet and wavering resolution  
 I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson;  
 Which to have merited, without excuse,  
 I cannot but acknowledge; yet, if tears  
 May expiate (though the fact more evil drew  
 In the perverse event than I foresaw,)  
 My penance hath not slacken'd, though my pardon  
 No way assured. But conjugal affection,  
 Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt,  
 Hath led me on, desirous to behold  
 Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,  
 If aught in my ability thee may serve,  
 To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease  
 Thy mind with what amends is in my power,  
 Though late, yet in some part to recompense  
 My rash but more unfortunate misdeed.

*Sam.* Out, out, hyæna! these are thy wonted arts,  
 And arts of every woman false like thee,  
 To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,  
 Then as repentant to submit, beseech,  
 And reconciliation move with feign'd remorse,  
 Confess, and promise wonders in her change;  
 Not truly penitent, but chief to try  
 Her husband, how far urged his patience bears,  
 His virtue or weakness which way to assail:  
 Then with more cautious and instructed skill

Again transgresses, and again submits;  
 That wisest and best men, full oft beguiled,  
 With goodness principled not to reject  
 The penitent, but ever to forgive,  
 Are drawn to wear out miserable days,  
 Entangled with a poisonous bosom snake,  
 If not by quick destruction soon cut off,  
 As I by thee, to ages an example.

*Dal.* Yet hear me, Samson; not that I endea-  
 To lessen or extenuate my offence; [your  
 But that, on the other side, if it be weigh'd  
 By itself, with aggravation not surcharged,  
 Or else with just allowance counterpoised,  
 I may, if possible, thy pardon find  
 The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.  
 First granting, as I do, it was a weakness  
 In me, but incident to all our sex,  
 Curiosity, inquisitive, importune  
 Of secrets, then with like infirmity  
 To publish them, both common female faults;  
 Was it not weakness also to make known  
 For importunity, that is, for naught,  
 Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety?  
 To what I did thou show'dst me first the way.  
 But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not:  
 Nor should'st thou have trusted that to woman's  
 Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel. [frailty:  
 Let weakness then with weakness come to parl,  
 So near related, or the same of kind,  
 Thine forgive mine; that men may censure thine  
 The gentler, if severely thou exact not

More strength from me than in thyself was found.  
And what if love, which thou interpret'st hate,  
The jealousy of love, powerful of sway  
In human hearts, nor less in mine towards thee  
Caused what I did? I saw thee mutable  
Of fancy, fear'd lest one day thou wouldst leave me  
As her at Timna, sought by all means therefore  
How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest:  
No better way I saw than by importuning  
To learn thy secrets, get into my power  
Thy key of strength and safety: thou wilt say,  
Why then reveal'd? I was assured by those  
Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd  
Against thee but safe custody, and hold:  
That made for me; I knew that liberty  
Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,  
While I at home sat full of cares and fears,  
Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed:  
Here I should still enjoy thee, day and night,  
~~Mine and love's~~ prisoner, not the Philistines';  
Whole to myself, unhazarded abroad,  
Fearless at home of partners in my love.  
These reasons in love's law have pass'd for good,  
Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps;  
And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much  
Yet always pity or pardon hath obtain'd. [woe,  
Be not unlike all others, not austere  
As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.  
If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,  
In uncompassionate anger do not so.

*Sam.* How cunningly the sorceress displays

Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine!  
 That malice, not repentance, brought thee hither,  
 By this appears: I gave, thou say'st, the example;  
 I led the way: bitter reproach, but true:  
 I to myself was false ere thou to me;  
 Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,  
 Take to thy wicked deed; which when thou seest  
 Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,  
 Then wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather  
 Confess it feign'd. Weakness is thy excuse,  
 And I believe it; weakness to resist  
 Philistian gold: if weakness may excuse,  
 What murderer, what traitor, parricide,  
 Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it?  
 All wickedness is weakness: that plea therefore  
 With God or man will gain thee no remission.  
 But love constrain'd thee; call it furious rage  
 To satisfy thy lust: love seeks to have love;  
 My love how couldst thou hope, who took'st the  
 To raise in me inexpiable hate, [way  
 Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd?  
 In vain thou strivest to cover shame with shame,  
 Or by evasions thy crime uncover'st more.

*Dal.* Since thou determinest weakness for no plea  
 In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,  
 Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides,  
 What sieges girt me round, ere I consented;  
 Which might have awed the best-resolved of men,  
 The constantest, to have yielded without blame.  
 It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st, [trates  
 That wrought with me: thou know'st the magis-

And princes of my country came in person,  
 Solicited, commanded, threaten'd, urged,  
 Adjured by all the bonds of civil duty  
 And of religion, press'd how just it was,  
 How honourable, how glorious, to entrap  
 A common enemy, who had destroy'd  
 Such numbers of our nation: and the priest  
 Was not behind, but ever at my ear,  
 Preaching how meritorious with the gods  
 It would be to ensnare an irreligious  
 Dishonourer of Dagon. What had I  
 To oppose against such powerful arguments?  
 Only my love of thee held long debate,  
 And combated in silence all these reasons  
 With hard contest: at length, that grounded  
 So rife and celebrated in the mouths [maxim,  
 Of wisest men, that—To the public good  
 Private respects must yield—with grave authority  
 Took full possession of me, and prevailed:  
 Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty, so enjoining.

*Sam.* I thought where all thy circling wiles  
 In feign'd religion, smooth hypocrisy! [would end;  
 But had thy love, still odiously pretended,  
 Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee  
 Far other reasons, brought forth other deeds.  
 I, before all the daughters of my tribe  
 And of my nation, chose thee from among  
 My enemies, loved thee, as too well thou knew'st;  
 Too well; unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,  
 Not out of levity, but overpower'd  
 By thy request, who could deny thee nothing;

Yet now am judged an enemy. Why then  
 Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband,  
 Then, as since then, thy country's foe profess'd?  
 Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave  
 Parents and country; nor was I their subject,  
 Nor under their protection, but my own;  
 Thou mine, not theirs: if aught against my life  
 Thy country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,  
 Against the law of nature, law of nations;  
 No more thy country, but an impious crew  
 Of men conspiring to uphold their state  
 By worse than hostile deeds; violating the ends  
 For which our country is a name so dear;  
 Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal moved thee;  
 To please thy gods thou didst it: gods unable  
 To acquit themselves and prosecute their foes  
 But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction  
 Of their own deity, gods cannot be;  
 Less therefore to be pleased, obey'd, or fear'd.  
 These false pretexts and varnish'd colours failing,  
 Bare in thy guilt, how foul must thou appear!

*Dal.* In argument with men a woman ever  
 Goes by the worse, whatever be the cause. [breath:

*Sam.* For want of words no doubt, or lack of  
 Witness when I was worried with thy peals.

*Dal.* I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken  
 In what I thought would have succeeded best.  
 Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson;  
 Afford me place to show what recompense  
 Towards thee I intend for what I have misdone,  
 Misguided; only what remains past cure



Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist  
 To afflict thyself in vain: though sight be lost,  
 Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd  
 Where other senses want not their delights  
 At home in leisure and domestic ease,  
 Exempt from many a care and chance, to which  
 Eye-sight exposes daily men abroad.  
 I to the lords will intercede, not doubting  
 Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee  
 Forth from this loathsome prison-house, to abide  
 With me, where my redoubled love and care  
 With nursing diligence, to me glad office,  
 May ever tend about thee to old age  
 With all things grateful cheer'd, and so supplied,  
 That, what by me thou hast lost, thou least shalt  
 miss.

*Sam.* No, no; of my condition take no care;  
 It fits not; thou and I long since are twain:  
 Nor think me so unwary or accursed,  
 To bring my feet again into the snare  
 Where once I have been caught: I know thy trains,  
 Though dearly to my cost, thy gins, and toils:  
 Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms,  
 No more on me have power; their force is null'd;  
 So much of adder's wisdom I have learn'd,  
 To fence my ear against thy sorceries. [men  
 If in my flower of youth and strength, when all  
 Loved, honour'd, fear'd me, thou alone couldst  
 hate me  
 Thy husband, slight me, sell me, and forego me;  
 How wouldst thou use me now, blind, and thereby

Deceivable, in most things as a child  
 Helpless, thence easily contemn'd, and scorn'd,  
 And last neglected! How wouldst thou insult,  
 When I must live uxorious to thy will  
 In perfect thralldom; how again betray me,  
 Bearing my words and doings to the lords  
 To gloss upon, and, censuring, frown or smile!  
 This jail I count the house of liberty  
 To thine, whose doors my feet shall never enter.

*Dal.* Let me approach at least and touch thy  
 hand.

*Sam.* Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance  
 My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint. [wake  
 At distance I forgive thee; go with that:  
 Bewail thy falsehood, and the pious works  
 It hath brought forth to make thee memorable  
 Among illustrious women, faithful wives!  
 Cherish thy hasten'd widowhood with the gold  
 Of matrimonial treason! so farewell.

*Dal.* I see thou art implacable, more deaf  
 To prayers than winds and seas; yet winds to seas  
 Are reconciled at length, and sea to shore:  
 Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages,  
 Eternal tempest, never to be calm'd.  
 Why do I humble thus myself, and, suing  
 For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate;  
 Bid go with evil omen, and the brand  
 Of infamy upon my name denounced?  
 To mix with thy concernments I desist  
 Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own.  
 Fame, if not double-faced, is double-mouth'd,

And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds;  
On both his wings, one black, the other white,  
Bears greatest names in his wild airy flight.  
My name perhaps among the circumcised  
In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,  
To all posterity may stand defamed,  
With malediction mention'd, and the blot  
Of falsehood most unconjugal traduced:  
But in my country, where I most desire,  
In Ecron, Gaza, Asdod, and in Gath,  
I shall be named among the famoussest  
Of women, sung at solemn festivals,  
Living and dead recorded, who, to save  
Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose  
Above the faith of wedlock-bands; my tomb  
With odours visited and annual flowers;  
Not less renown'd than in Mount Ephraim  
Jael, who with inhospitable guile  
Smote Sisera sleeping, through the temples nail'd.  
Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy  
The public marks of honour and reward,  
Conferr'd upon me for the piety  
Which to my country I was judg'd to have shown.  
At this whoever envies or repines,  
I leave him to his lot, and like my own. [Exit.

*Cho.* She's gone, a manifest serpent by her sting,  
Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.

*Sam.* So let her go; God sent her to debase me,  
And aggravate my folly, who committed  
To such a viper his most sacred trust  
Of secrecy, my safety and my life.

*Cho.* Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange  
 After offence returning, to regain [power,  
 Love once possess'd, nor can be easily  
 Repulsed, without much inward passion felt,  
 And secret sting of amorous remorse.

*Sam.* Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,  
 Not wedlock treachery endangering life.

*Cho.* It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,  
 Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,  
 That woman's love can win or long inherit;  
 But what it is, hard is to say,  
 Harder to hit,  
 Which way soever men refer it;  
 Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day  
 Or seven, though one should musing sit.

If any of these, or all, the Timnian bride  
 Had not so soon prefer'd  
 Thy paranymp, worthless to thee compared,  
 Successor in thy bed,  
 Nor both so loosely disallied  
 Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously  
 Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head.  
 Is it for that such outward ornament  
 Was lavish'd on their sex, that inward gifts  
 Were left for haste unfinish'd, judgment scant,  
 Capacity not raised to apprehend  
 Or value what is best  
 In choice, but ofttest to affect the wrong?  
 Or was too much of self-love mix'd,  
 Of constancy no root infix'd,  
 That either they love nothing, or not long?

Whate'er it be to wisest men and best  
 Seeming at first all heavenly under virgin veil,  
 Soft, modest, meek, demure,  
 Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn-  
 Intestine, far within defensive arms  
 A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue  
 Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms  
 Draws him awry enslaved  
 With dotage, and his sense depraved  
 To folly and shameful deeds, which ruin ends.  
 What pilot so expert but needs must wreck,  
 Embark'd with such a steers-mate at the helm

Favour'd of Heaven, who finds  
 One virtuous, rarely found,  
 That in domestic good combines;  
 Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth:  
 But virtue, which breaks through all opposition,  
 And all temptation can remove,  
 Most shines, and most is acceptable above.

Therefore God's universal law  
 Gave to the man despotic power  
 Over his female in due awe,  
 Nor from that right to part an hour,  
 Smile she or lour:  
 So shall he least confusion draw  
 On his whole life, not sway'd  
 By female usurpation, nor dismay'd.

But had we best retire? I see a storm. [rain.

*Sam.* Fair days have oft contracted wind and

*Cho.* But this another kind of tempest brings.

*Sam.* Be less abstruse; my riddling days are past.

*Cho.* Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear  
 The bait of honeyed words; a rougher tongue  
 Draws hitherward; I know him by his stride,  
 The giant Harapha of Gath, his look  
 Haughty, as in his pile high-built and proud.  
 Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him  
 I less conjecture than when first I saw [hither  
 The sumptuous Dalila floating this way:  
 His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

*Sam.* Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.

*Cho.* His fraught we soon shall know: he now  
 arrives.

*Enter HARAPHA.*

*Har.* I come not, Samson, to condole thy chance,  
 As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,  
 Though for no friendly intent. I am of Gath;  
 Men call me Harapha, of stock renown'd  
 As Og, or Anak, and the Emims old  
 That Kiriathaim held: thou know'st me now,  
 If thou at all are known. Much I have heard  
 Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd,  
 Incredible to me, in this displeas'd,  
 That I was never present on the place  
 Of those encounters, where we might have tried  
 Each other's force in camp or listed field;  
 And now am come to see of whom such noise  
 Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,  
 If thy appearance answer loud report. [taste.

*Sam.* The way to know were not to see, but

*Har.* Dost thou already single me? I thought

Gyves and the mill had tamed thee. O, that fortune  
Had brought me to the field, where thou art famed  
To have wrought such wonders with an ass's jaw!  
I should have forced thee soon wish other arms,  
Or left thy carcass where the ass lay thrown:  
So had the glory of prowess been recover'd  
To Palestine, won by a Philistine  
From the unforeskinn'd race, of whom thou bear'st  
The highest name for valiant acts: that honour  
Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,  
I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out. [but do

*Sam.* Boast not of what thou would'st have done,  
What then thou wouldst; thou seest it in thy hand.

*Har.* To combat with a blind man I disdain;  
And thou hast need much washing to be touch'd.

*Sam.* Such usage as your honourable lords  
Afford me, assassinated and betray'd,  
Who durst not with their whole united powers  
In fight withstand me single and unarm'd,  
Nor in the house with chamber-ambushes  
Close-banded durst attack me, no, not sleeping,  
Till they had hired a woman with their gold,  
Breaking her marriage faith, to circumvent me.  
Therefore, without feign'd shifts, let be assign'd  
Some narrow place enclosed, where sight may give  
Or rather flight, no great advantage on me; [thee,  
Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet  
And brigandine of brass, thy broad habergeon,  
Vant-brace, and greves, and gauntlet; add thy  
spear,  
A weaver's beam, and seven-times-folded shield:

I only with an oaken staff will meet thee,  
 And raise such outcries on thy clatter'd iron,  
 Which long shall not withhold me from thy head,  
 That in a little time, while breath remains thee,  
 Thou oft shalt wish thyself at Gath, to boast  
 Again in safety what thou wouldst have done  
 To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.

*Har.* Thou durst not thus disparage glorious  
 Which greatest heroes have in battle worn [arms,  
 Their ornament and safety, had not spells  
 And black enchantments, some magician's art,  
 Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong, which thou  
 from Heaven

Feign'dst at thy birth was given thee in thy hair,  
 Where strength can least abide, though all thy hairs  
 Were bristles ranged like those that ridge the back  
 Of chafed wild boars, or ruffled porcupines.

*Sam.* I know no spells, use no forbidden arts:  
 My trust is in the Living God, who gave me  
 At my nativity this strength, diffused  
 No less through all my sinews, joints, and bones,  
 Than thine, while I preserved these locks unshorn,  
 The pledge of my unviolated vow.  
 For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy god,  
 Go to his temple, invoke his aid  
 With solemnest devotion, spread before him  
 How highly it concerns his glory now  
 To frustrate and dissolve these magic spells,  
 Which I to be the power of Israel's God  
 Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test,  
 Offering to combat thee his champion bold,



With utmost of his godhead seconded:  
Then thou shalt see, or rather, to thy sorrow,  
Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.

*Har.* Presume not on thy God, whate'er he be;  
Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off  
Quite from his people, and deliver'd up  
Into thy enemies' hand, permitted them  
To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee  
Into the common prison, there to grind  
Among the slaves and asses, thy comrades,  
As good for nothing else; no better service  
With those thy boisterous locks, no worthy match  
For valour to assail, nor by the sword  
Of noble warrior, so to stain his honour,  
But by the barber's razor best subdued.

*Sam.* All these indignities, for such they are  
From thine, these evils I deserve, and more,  
Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me  
Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon,  
Whose ear is ever open, and his eye  
Gracious to re-admit the suppliant:  
In confidence whereof I once again  
Defy thee to the trial of mortal fight,  
By combat to decide whose god is God,  
Thine, or whom I with Israel's sons adore.

*Har.* Fair honour that thou dost thy God, in  
He will accept thee to defend his cause, [trusting  
A murderer, a revolter, and a robber!

*Sam.* Tongue-doughty giant, how dost thou  
prove me these?

*Har.* Is not thy nation subject to our lords?

Their magistrates confess'd it, when they took thee  
 As a league-breaker, and deliver'd bound  
 Into our hands: for hadst thou not committed  
 Notorious murder on those thirty men  
 At Ascalon, who never did thee harm,  
 Then like a robber stripp'dst them of their robes?  
 The Philistines, when thou hadst broke the league,  
 Went up with armed powers thee only seeking,  
 To others did no violence nor spoil.

*Sam.* Among the daughters of the Philistines  
 I chose a wife, which argued me no foe;  
 And in our city held my nuptial feast:  
 But your ill-meaning politician lords,  
 Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,  
 Appointed to await me thirty spies, [bride  
 Who, threatening cruel death, constrain'd the  
 To wring from me, and tell to them, my secret,  
 That solved the riddle which I had proposed.  
 When I perceived all set on enmity,  
 As on my enemies, wherever chanced,  
 I used hostility, and took their spoil,  
 To pay my underminers in their coin.  
 My nation was subjected to your lords;  
 It was the force of conquest: force with force  
 Is well ejected when the conquer'd can.  
 But I, a private person, whom my country  
 As a league-breaker gave up bound, presumed  
 Single rebellion, and did hostile acts.  
 I was no private, but a person raised [Heaven.  
 With strength sufficient, and command from  
 To free my country: if their servile minds

Me, their deliverer sent, would not receive,  
 But to their masters gave me up for naught,  
 The unworthier they; whence to this day they  
 I was to do my part from Heaven assign'd, [serve.  
 And had perform'd it, if my known offence  
 Had not disabled me, not all your force:  
 These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant,  
 Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,  
 Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,  
 As a petty enterprise of small enforce.

*Har.* With thee? a man condemn'd, a slave in-  
 Due by the law to capital punishment? [roll'd,  
 To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

*Sam.* Camest thou for this, vain boaster, to sur-  
 vey me,  
 To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict?  
 Come nearer; part not hence so slight inform'd,  
 But take good heed my hand survey not thee.

*Har.* O Baal-zebub! can my ears unused  
 Hear these dishonours, and not render death?

*Sam.* No man withholds thee, nothing from thy  
 Fear I incurable; bring up thy van: [hand  
 My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free.

*Har.* This insolence other kind of answer fits.

*Sam.* Go, baffled coward! lest I run upon thee,  
 Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,  
 And with one buffet lay thy structure low,  
 Or swing thee in the air, then dash thee down  
 To the hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.

*Har.* By Astaroth, ere long thou shalt lament  
 These braveries, in irons laden on thee. [Exit.

*Cho.* His giantship is gone somewhat crestfallen,  
Stalking with less unconscionable strides,  
And lower looks, but in a sultry chafe.

*Sam.* I dread him not, nor all his giant brood,  
Though fame divulge him father of five sons,  
All of gigantic size, Goliath chief.

*Cho.* He will directly to the lords, I fear,  
And with malicious counsel stir them up  
Some way or other yet farther to afflict thee.

*Sam.* He must allege some cause, and offer'd  
Will not dare mention, lest a question rise [fight  
Whether he durst accept the offer or not;  
And, that he durst not, plain enough appear'd.  
Much more affliction than already felt  
They cannot well impose, nor I sustain;  
If they intend advantage of my labours,  
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping  
With no small profit daily to my owners.  
But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove  
My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence;  
The worst that he can give, to me the best.  
Yet so it may fall out, because their end  
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine  
Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

*Cho.* O, how comely it is, and how reviving  
To the spirits of just men long oppress'd,  
When God into the hands of their deliverer  
Puts invincible might  
To quell the mighty of the earth, the oppressor,  
The brute and boisterous force of violent men,  
Hardy and industrious to support

Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue  
The righteous, and all such as honour truth!  
He all their ammunition  
And feats of war defeats,  
With plain heroic magnitude of mind  
And celestial vigour arm'd;  
Their armouries and magazines contemns,  
Renders them useless; while  
With winged expedition,  
Swift as the lightning glance, he executes  
His errand on the wicked, who, surprised,  
Lose their defence, distracted and amazed.

But patience is more oft the exercise  
Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,  
Making them each his own deliverer,  
And victor over all  
That tyranny or fortune can inflict.  
Either of these is in thy lot,  
Samson, with might endued  
Above the sons of men; but sight bereaved  
May chance to number thee with those  
Whom patience finally must crown.

This idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest,  
Labouring thy mind  
More than the working day thy hands.  
And yet perhaps more trouble is behind,  
For I descry this way  
Some other tending; in his hand  
A sceptre or quaint staff he bears,  
Comes on amain, speed in his look.  
By his habit I discern him now

A public officer, and now at hand:  
His message will be short and voluble.

*Enter OFFICER.*

*Off.* Hebrews, the prisoner Samson here I seek.

*Cho.* His manacles remark him; there he sits.

*Off.* Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say:  
This day to Dagon is a solemn feast,  
With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games:  
Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,  
And now some public proof thereof require  
To honour this great feast and great assembly:  
Rise therefore with all speed, and come along,  
Where I will see thee hearten'd, and fresh clad,  
To appear, as fits, before the illustrious lords.

*Sam.* Thou know'st I am a Hebrew, therefore  
Our law forbids at their religious rites [tell them,  
My presence; for that cause I cannot come.

*Off.* This answer, be assured, will not content  
them.

*Sam.* Have they not sword-players, and every  
Of gymnastic artists, wrestlers, riders, runners, [sort  
Jugglers, and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics,  
But they must pick me out, with shackles tired,  
And over-labour'd at their public mill,  
To make them sport with blind activity?  
Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels  
On my refusal to distress me more,  
Or make a game of my calamities?  
Return the way thou camest; I will not come.

*Off.* Regard thyself; this will offend them highly.

*Sam.* Myself? my conscience, and internal peace.  
 Can they think me so broken, so debased  
 With corporal servitude, that my mind ever  
 Will condescend to such absurd commands?  
 Although their drudge, to be their fool or jester,  
 And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief  
 To show them feats, and play before their god,  
 The worst of all indignities, yet on me  
 Join'd with extreme contempt? I will not come.

*Off.* My message was imposed on me with speed,  
 Brooks no delay: is this thy resolution? [needs.

*Sam.* So take it with what speed thy message

*Off.* I am sorry what this stoutness will produce. [Exit.

*Sam.* Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed.

*Cho.* Consider, Samson; matters now are strain'd  
 Up to the height, whether to hold or break:  
 He's gone, and who knows how he may report  
 Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?  
 Expect another message more imperious,  
 More lordly thundering than thou well wilt bear.

*Sam.* Shall I abuse this consecrated gift  
 Of strength, again returning with my hair  
 After my great transgression; so requite  
 Favour renew'd, and add a greater sin  
 By prostituting holy things to idols?  
 A Nazarite in place abominable  
 Vaunting my strength in honour to their Dagon!  
 Besides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous!  
 What act more execrably unclean, profane?

*Cho.* Yet with this strength thou serv'st the  
Idolatrous, uncircumcised, unclean. [Philistines,

*Sam.* Not in their idol-worship, but by labour  
Honest and lawful to deserve my food  
Of those, who have me in their civil power.

*Cho.* Where the heart joins not, outward acts  
defile not. [tence holds.

*Sam.* Where outward force constrains, the sen-  
But who constrains me to the temple of Dagon,  
Not dragging? the Philistian lords command.  
Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,  
I do it freely, venturing to displease  
God for the fear of man, and man prefer,  
Set God behind: which in his jealousy  
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.  
Yet that he may dispense with me, or thee,  
Present in temples at idolatrous rites  
For some important cause, thou need'st not doubt.

*Cho.* How thou wilt here come off surmounts  
my reach.

*Sam.* Be of good courage; I begin to feel  
Some rousing motions in me, which dispose  
To something extraordinary my thoughts.  
I with this messenger will go along,  
Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour  
Our law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.  
If there be aught of presage in the mind,  
This day will be remarkable in my life  
By some great act, or of my days the last. [turns.

*Cho.* In time thou hast resolved; the man re-  
*Off.* Samson, this second message from our lords



To thee I am bid say. Art thou our slave,  
 Our captive, at the public mill our drudge,  
 And darest thou at our sending and command  
 Dispute thy coming? come without delay;  
 Or we shall find such engines to assail  
 And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,  
 Though thou wert firmlier fasten'd than a rock.

*Sam.* I could be well content to try their art,  
 Which to no few of them would prove pernicious:  
 Yet, knowing their advantages too many,  
 Because they shall not trail me through their streets  
 Like a wild beast, I am content to go.

Masters' commands come with a power resistless  
 To such as owe them absolute subjection;  
 And for a life who will not change his purpose?  
 (So mutable are all the ways of men!)  
 Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply  
 Scandalous or forbidden in our law.

*Off.* I praise thy resolution: doff these links:  
 By this compliance thou wilt win the lords  
 To favour, and perhaps to set thee free.

*Sam.* Brethren, farewell; your company along  
 I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them  
 To see me girt with friends; and how the sight  
 Of me as of a common enemy,  
 So dreaded once, may now exasperate them,  
 I know not: lords are lordliest in their wine:  
 And the well-feasted priest then soonest fired  
 With zeal, if aught religion seem concern'd;  
 No less the people, on their holy-days,  
 Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable:

Happen what may, of me expect to hear  
 Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy  
 Our God, our law, my nation, or myself,  
 The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

[*Exit with the Officer.*]

*Cho.* Go, and the Holy One  
 Of Israel be thy guide  
 To what may serve his glory best, and spread his  
 Great among the heathen round; [name  
 Send thee the angel of thy birth, to stand  
 Fast by thy side, who from thy father's field  
 Rode up in flames after his message told  
 Of thy conception, and be now a shield  
 Of fire; that spirit, that first rush'd on thee  
 In the camp of Dan,  
 Be efficacious in thee now at need!  
 For never was from heaven imparted  
 Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,  
 As in thy wondrous actions hath been seen.  
 But wherefore comes old Manoah in such haste  
 With youthful steps? much livelier than erewhile  
 He seems; supposing here to find his son,  
 Or of him bringing to us some glad news?

*Enter MANOAH.*

*Man.* Peace with you, brethren; my inducement  
 Was not at present here to find my son, [hither  
 By order of the lords new parted hence  
 To come and play before them at their feast.  
 I heard all as I came; the city rings,  
 And numbers thither flock: I had no will.

Lest I should see him forced to things unseemly.  
 But that which moved my coming now, was chiefly  
 To give ye part with me what hope I have  
 With good success to work his liberty. [take

*Cho.* That hope would much rejoice us to par-  
 With thee; say, reverend sire; we thirst to hear.

*Man.* I have attempted one by one the lords  
 Either at home, or through the high street passing,  
 With supplication prone and father's tears,  
 To accept of ransom for my son their prisoner.  
 Some much averse I found and wondrous harsh,  
 Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite;  
 That part most revered Dagon and his priests:  
 Others more moderate seeming, but their aim  
 Private reward, for which both God and state  
 They easily would set to sale: a third  
 More generous far and civil, who confess'd  
 They had enough revenged; having reduced  
 Their foe to misery beneath their fears,  
 The rest was magnanimity to remit,  
 If some convenient ransom were proposed.  
 What noise or shout was that? it tore the sky.

*Cho.* Doubtless, the people shouting to behold  
 Their once great dread, captive and blind before  
 them,

Or at some proof of strength before them shown.

*Man.* His ransom, if my whole inheritance  
 May compass it, shall willingly be paid  
 And number'd down: much rather I shall choose  
 To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest,  
 And he in that calamitous prison left.

No, I am fix'd, not to part hence without him.  
 For his redemption all my patrimony,  
 If need be, I am ready to forego  
 And quit: not wanting him, I shall want nothing.

*Cho.* Fathers are wont to lay up for their sons,  
 Thou for thy son art bent to lay out all:  
 Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age,  
 Thou in old age carest how to nurse thy son,  
 Made older than thy age through eye-sight lost.

*Man.* It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,  
 And view him sitting in the house ennobled  
 With all those high exploits by him achieved,  
 And on his shoulders waving down those locks,  
 That of a nation arm'd the strength contain'd;  
 And I persuade me, God had not permitted  
 His strength again to grow up with his hair,  
 Garrison'd round about him like a camp  
 Of faithful soldiery, were not his purpose  
 To use him farther yet in some great service;  
 Not to sit idle with so great a gift  
 Useless, and thence ridiculous, about him.  
 And since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,  
 God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

*Cho.* Thy hopes are not ill founded, nor seem  
 Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon [vain  
 Conceived, agreeably to a father's love,  
 In both which we, as next, participate. [noise!

*Man.* I know your friendly minds, and—O, what  
 Mercy of Heaven! what hideous noise was that?  
 Horribly loud, unlike the former shout.

*Cho.* Noise call you it, or universal groan,

As if the whole inhabitation perish'd!  
 Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noise,  
 Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.

*Man.* Of ruin indeed methought I heard the  
 O! it continues: they have slain my son. [noise:

*Cho.* Thy son is rather slaying them; that out-  
 From slaughter of one foe could not ascend. [cry

*Man.* Some dismal accident it needs must be:  
 What shall we do; stay here, or run and see?

*Cho.* Best keep together here, lest, running  
 We unawares run into danger's mouth. [thither,  
 This evil on the Philistines is fallen;  
 From whom could else a general cry be heard?  
 The sufferers then will scarce molest us here;  
 From other hands we need not much to fear.  
 What if, his eye-sight (for to Israel's God  
 Nothing is hard) by miracle restored,  
 He now be dealing dole among his foes,  
 And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way?

*Man.* That were a joy presumptuous to be  
 thought.

*Cho.* Yet God hath wrought things as incredible  
 For his people of old; what hinders now? [will;

*Man.* He can, I know, but doubt to think he  
 Yet hope would fain subscribe, and tempts belief.  
 A little stay will bring some notice hither.

*Cho.* Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner;  
 For evil news rides post, while good news baits:  
 And to our wish I see one hither speeding;  
 A Hebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe.

*Enter* MESSENGER.

*Mes.* O, whither shall I run, or which way fly,  
The sight of this so horrid spectacle,  
Which erst mine eyes beheld, and yet behold?  
For dire imagination still pursues me.  
But providence or instinct of nature seems,  
Or reason, though disturb'd, and scarce consulted,  
To have guided me aright, I know not how,  
To thee first, reverend Manoah, and to these  
My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,  
As at some distance from the place of horror,  
So in the sad event too much concern'd. [thee

*Man.* The accident was loud, and here before  
With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not:  
No preface needs; thou seest we long to know.

*Mes.* It would burst forth, but I recover breath  
And sense distract, to know well what I utter.

*Man.* Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

*Mes.* Gaza yet stands, but all her sons are fallen.  
All in a moment overwhelm'd and fallen.

*Man.* Sad, but thou know'st to Israelites not  
The desolation of a hostile city. [saddest

*Mes.* Feed on that first: there may in grief be

*Man.* Relate by whom. [surfeit.

*Mes.* By Samson.

*Man.* That still lessens  
The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

*Mes.* Ah! Manoah, I refrain too suddenly  
To utter what will come at last too soon;  
Lest evil tidings, with too rude irruption  
Hitting thy aged ear, should pierce too deep.

*Man.* Suspense in news is torture; speak them out.

*Mes.* Take then the worst in brief, Samson is dead. [feated

*Man.* The worst indeed! O, all my hope's de-  
To free him hence! but death, who sets all free,  
Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.  
What windy joy this day had I conceived  
Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves  
Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring,  
Nipped with the lagging rear of winter's frost!  
Yet ere I give the reins to grief, say first,  
How died he; death to life is crown or shame  
All by him fell, thou say'st; by whom fell he?  
What glorious hand gave Samson his death's

*Mes.* Unwounded of his enemies he fell. [wound?

*Man.* Wearied with slaughter then, or how?

*Mes.* By his own hands. [explain.

*Man.* Self-violence? what cause  
Brought him so soon at variance with himself  
Among his foes?

*Mes.* Inevitable cause,  
At once both to destroy, and be destroy'd.  
The edifice, where all were met to see him,  
Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.

*Man.* O, lastly over-strong against thyself!  
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.  
More than enough we know; but while things yet  
Are in confusion, give us, if thou can'st,  
Eye-witness of what first or last was done,  
Relation more particular and distinct.

*Mes.* Occasions drew me early to this city;  
And as the gates I enter'd with sunrise,  
The morning trumpets festival proclaim'd  
Through each high street: little I had despatch'd,  
When all abroad was rumour'd that this day  
Samson should be brought forth to show the people  
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games:  
I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded  
Not to be absent at that spectacle.  
The building was a spacious theatre  
Half-round, on two main pillars vaulted high,  
With seats, where all the lords, and each degree  
Of sort, might sit in order to behold;  
The other side was open, where the throng  
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand,  
I among those aloof obscurely stood.  
The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice  
Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer,  
and wine,  
When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately  
Was Samson as a public servant brought,  
In their state livery clad; before him pipes  
And timbrels, on each side went armed guards,  
Both horse and foot, before him and behind,  
Archers and slingers, cataphracts and spears.  
At sight of him, the people with a shout  
Rifted the air, clamouring their god with praise,  
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.  
He, patient, but undaunted, where they led him,  
Came to the place; and what was set before him,  
Which without help of eye might be assay'd,



To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd  
All with incredible, stupendous force;  
None daring to appear antagonist.  
At length for intermission sake they led him  
Between the pillars; he his guide requested  
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard)  
As over-tired to let him lean awhile  
With both his arms on those two massy pillars,  
That to the arched roof gave main support.  
He, unsuspecting, led him; which when Samson  
Felt in his arms, with head awhile inclined,  
And eyes fast fixed he stood, as one who pray'd,  
Or some great matter in his mind revolved:  
At last with head erect thus cried aloud:—  
“Hitherto, lords, what your commands imposed  
I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,  
Not without wonder or delight beheld;  
Now of my own accord such other trial  
I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater,  
As with amaze shall strike all who behold.”  
This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd:  
As with the force of winds and waters pent,  
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars  
With horrible convulsion to and fro  
He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came, and drew  
The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder,  
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,  
Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,  
Their choice nobility and flower, not only  
Of this, but each Philistian city round,  
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.

Samson, with these immix'd, inevitably  
 Pull'd down the same destruction on himself;  
 The vulgar only 'scaped who stood without.

*Cho.* O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious!  
 Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd  
 The work for which thou wast foretold  
 To Israel, and now liest victorious  
 Among thy slain, self-kill'd,  
 Not willingly, but tangled in the fold  
 Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd  
 Thee with thy slaughtered foes in number more  
 Than all thy life had slain before.

1 *Semi.* While their hearts were jocund and  
 Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine, [sublime,  
 And fat regorged of bulls and goats,  
 Chanting their idol, and preferring  
 Before our Living Dread who dwells  
 In Silo, his bright sanctuary;  
 Among them he a spirit of phrenzy sent,  
 Who hurt their minds,  
 And urged them on with mad desire,  
 To call in haste for their destroyer:  
 They, only set on sport and play,  
 Unweetingly importuned  
 Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.  
 So fond are mortal men,  
 Fallen into wrath divine,  
 As their own ruin on themselves to invite,  
 Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,  
 And with blindness internal struck.

2 *Semi.* But he though blind of sight,

Despised, and thought extinguish'd quite,  
 With inward eyes illuminated,  
 His fiery virtue roused  
 From under ashes into sudden flame,  
 And as an evening dragon came,  
 Assailant on the perched roosts  
 And nests in order ranged  
 Of tame villatic fowl: but as an eagle  
 His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.  
 So Virtue, given for lost,  
 Depress'd and overthrown, as seem'd,  
 Like that self-begotten bird  
 In the Arabian woods embost,  
 That no second knows nor third,  
 And lay erewhile a holocaust,  
 From out her ashy womb now teem'd,  
 Revives, reffourishes, then vigorous most  
 When most inactive deem'd;  
 And, though her body die, her fame survives  
 A secular bird ages of lives. [now,

*Man.* Come, come; no time for lamentation  
 Nor much more cause; Samson hath quit himself  
 Like Samson, and heroically hath finish'd  
 A life heroic; on his enemies  
 Fully revenged, hath left them years of mourning,  
 And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor  
 Through all Philistian bounds; to Israel  
 Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them  
 Find courage to lay hold on this occasion:  
 To himself and father's house eternal fame;  
 And, which is best and happiest yet, all this

With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,  
But favouring and assisting to the end.  
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail  
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,  
Dispraise, or blame; nothing but well and fair.  
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.  
Let us go find the body where it lies  
Soak'd in his enemies' blood; and from the stream,  
With lavers pure and cleansing herbs, wash off  
The clotted gore. I, with what speed the while,  
(Gaza is not in plight to say us nay)  
Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,  
To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend  
With solemn obsequy, and funeral train,  
Home to his father's house; there I will build him  
A monument, and plant it round with shade  
Of laurel ever green, and branching palm,  
With all his trophies hung, and acts inroll'd  
In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.  
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,  
And from his memory inflame their breasts  
To matchless valour, and adventures high:  
The virgins also shall, on feastful days,  
Visit his tomb with flowers; only bewailing  
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,  
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

*Cho.* All is best, though we oft doubt  
What the unsearchable dispose  
Of Highest Wisdom brings about,  
And ever best found in the close.  
Oft he seems to hide his face,

But unexpectedly returns,  
And to his faithful champion hath in place  
Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns,  
And all that band them to resist  
His uncontrollable intent:  
His servants he, with new acquit  
Of true experience, from this great event,  
With peace and consolation hath dismiss'd,  
And calm of mind, all passion spent.

END OF SAMSON AGONISTES.



**COMUS;**

A MASK

PRESENTED AT LUDLOW CASTLE, 1634.

BEFORE

JOHN EARL OF BRIDGEWATER,

THEN PRESIDENT OF WALES.

## THE PERSONS.

THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT, *afterwards in the habit of*  
THYRSIS.

COMUS, *with his crew.*

THE LADY.

FIRST BROTHER.

SECOND BROTHER.

SABRINA, *the Nymph.*

*The chief Persons who presented, were*

The Lord Brackley.

Mr Thomas Egerton, his brother.

The Lady Alice Egerton.



## COMUS.

The first Scene discovers a wild Wood.

*The ATTENDANT SPIRIT descends or enters.*

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court  
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes  
Of bright aërial spirits live insphered  
In regions mild of calm and serene air,  
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,  
Which men call earth; and, with low-thoughted  
Confined, and pester'd in this pinfold here, [care  
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,  
Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives,  
After this mortal change, to her true servants,  
Amongst the enthroned gods on sainted seats.  
Yet some there be, that by due steps aspire  
To lay their just hands on that golden key,  
That opes the palace of Eternity:  
To such my errand is; and, but for such,  
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds  
With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.

But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway  
Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream,  
Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove

*a passage of 16  
is here left out  
by the editor  
found  
recovered  
the leaf*

Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,  
That, like to rich and various gems, inlay  
The unadorned bosom of the deep:  
Which he, to grace his tributary gods,  
By course commits to several governments,  
And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,  
And wield their little tridents: but this isle,  
The greatest and the best of all the main,  
He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities;  
And all this tract that fronts the falling sun  
A noble peer of mickle trust and power  
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide  
An old and haughty nation, proud in arms:  
Where his fair offspring, nursed in princely lore,  
Are coming to attend their father's state,  
And new-entrusted sceptre: but their way  
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,  
The nodding horror of whose shady brows  
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger;  
And here their tender age might suffer peril,  
But that by quick command from sovereign Jove  
I was dispatch'd for their defence and guard:  
And listen why; for I will tell you now  
What never yet was heard in tale or song,  
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape  
Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine,  
After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,  
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,  
On Circe's island fell: (who knows not Circe,  
The daughter of the Sun, whose charmed cup

Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,  
And downward fell into a grovelling swine?)  
This nymph, that gazed upon his clustering locks  
With ivy berries wreathed, and his blithe youth,  
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son  
Much like his father, but his mother more,  
Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus named:  
Whom ripe and frolic of his full grown age,  
Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,  
At last betakes him to his ominous wood;  
And, in thick shelter of black shades imbower'd,  
Excels his mother at her mighty art,  
Offering to every weary traveller  
His orient liquor in a crystal glass, [taste,  
To quench the drouth of Phœbus; which as they  
(For most do taste through fond intemperatethirst),  
Soon as the potion works, their human countenance,  
The express resemblance of the gods, is changed  
Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear;  
Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,  
All other parts remaining as they were;  
And they, so perfect in their misery,  
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,  
But boast themselves more comely than before;  
And all their friends and native home forget,  
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.  
Therefore, when any, favour'd of high Jove,  
Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,  
Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star  
I shoot from heaven, to give him safe convoy,  
As now I do: but first I must put off

These my sky-ropes spun out of Iris' woof,  
 And take the weeds and likeness of a swain  
 That to the service of this house belongs,  
 Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,  
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,  
 And hush the waving woods; nor of less faith,  
 And in this office of his mountain watch  
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid  
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread  
 Of hateful steps; I must be viewless now.

COMUS enters with a charming rod in one hand, his glass in the other; with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glistening: they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.

*Com.* The star, that bids the shepherd fold,  
 Now the top of heaven doth hold;  
 And the gilded car of day  
 His glowing axle doth allay  
 In the steep Atlantic stream;  
 And the slope sun his upward beam  
 Shoots against the dusky pole,  
 Pacing toward the other goal  
 Of his chamber in the East.  
 Meanwhile welcome joy, and feast,  
 Midnight shout, and revelry,  
 Tipsy dance, and jollity.  
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,  
 Dropping odours, dropping wine.  
 Rigour now is gone to bed,  
 And Advice with scrupulous head:

Strict age, and sour Severity,  
With their grave saws, in slumber lie.  
We, that are of purer fire,  
Imitate the starry quire,  
Who, in their nightly watchful spheres,  
Lead in swift round the months and years.  
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,  
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;  
And, on the tawny sands and shelves,  
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.  
By dimpled brook and fountain-brim,  
The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,  
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:  
What hath night to do with sleep?  
Night hath better sweets to prove;  
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.  
Come, let us our rites begin;  
'Tis only day-light that makes sin,  
Which these dun shades will ne'er report.—  
Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,  
Dark-veil'd Cotytto! to whom the secret flame  
Of midnight torches burns; mysterious dame,  
That ne'er art call'd but when the dragon womb  
Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom,  
And makes one blot of all the air;  
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,  
Wherein thou ridest with Hecate, and befriend  
Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end  
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out;  
Ere the blabbing eastern scout,  
The nice morn, on the Indian steep

From her cabin'd loop-hole peep,  
And to the tell-tale sun descry  
Our conceal'd solemnity.—  
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground,  
In a light fantastic round.

## THE MEASURE.

Break off, break off; I feel the different pace  
Of some chaste footing near about this ground.  
Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees;  
Our number may affright: some virgin sure  
(For so I can distinguish by mine art)  
Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,  
And to my wily trains: I shall ere long  
Be well stock'd with as fair a herd as grazed  
About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl  
My dazzling spells into the spongy air,  
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,  
And give it false presentments, lest the place  
And my quaint habits breed astonishment,  
And put the damsel to suspicious flight;  
Which must not be, for that's against my course.  
I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,  
And well-placed words of glozing courtesy  
Baited with reasons not unplausible,  
Wind me into the easy-hearted man,  
And hug him into snares. When once her eye  
Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,  
I shall appear some harmless villager,  
Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.  
But here she comes: I fairly step aside,

And hearken, if I may, her business here.

*The LADY enters.*

*Lady.* This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,

My best guide now: methought it was the sound  
Of riot and ill-managed merriment,  
Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe,  
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,  
When for their teeming flocks and granges full,  
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,  
And thank the gods amiss. I should be loath  
To meet the rudeness and swill'd insolence  
Of such late wassailers; yet, O! where else  
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet  
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?  
My brothers, when they saw me wearied out  
With this long way, resolving here to lodge  
Under the spreading favour of these pines,  
Stepp'd, as they said, to the next thicket-side,  
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit  
As the kind hospitable woods provide.  
They left me then, when the gray-hooded Even,  
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,  
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.  
But where they are, and why they came not back,  
Is now the labour of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest  
They had engaged their wandering steps too far;  
And envious darkness, ere they could return,  
Had stole them from me: else, O thievish Night,  
Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,

In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,  
That Nature hung in heaven, and fill'd their lamps  
With everlasting oil, to give due light  
To the misled and lonely traveller?  
This is the place, as well as I may guess,  
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth  
Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear;  
Yet naught but single darkness do I find.  
What might this be? A thousand fantasies  
Begin to throng into my memory,  
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,  
And airy tongues that syllable men's names  
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.  
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound  
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended  
By a strong-siding champion, Conscience.—  
O, welcome, pure-eyed Faith; white-handed Hope,  
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings;  
And thou, unblemish'd form of Chastity!  
I see ye visibly, and now believe  
That he, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill  
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,  
Would send a glistening guardian, if need were,  
To keep my life and honour unassail'd.  
Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud  
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?  
I did not err; there does a sable cloud  
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,  
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove:  
I cannot halloo to my brothers, but  
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest,



I'll venture; for my new enliven'd spirits  
 Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

## SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that livest unseen  
 Within thy airy shell,  
 By slow Meander's margent green,  
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,  
 Where the love-lorn nightingale  
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;  
 Can'st thou not tell me of a gentle pair  
 That likest thy Narcissus are?  
 O, if thou have  
 Hid them in some flowery cave,  
 Tell me but where,  
 Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere!  
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,  
 And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies.

*Enter COMUS.*

*Com.* Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould  
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?  
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,  
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air  
 To testify his hidden residence.  
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings  
 Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,  
 At every fall smoothing the raven-down  
 Of darkness, till it smiled! I have oft heard  
 My mother Circe with the sirens three,

Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,  
 Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs;  
 Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,  
 And lap it in Elysium: Scylla wept,  
 And chid her barking waves into attention,  
 And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:  
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,  
 And in sweet sadness robb'd it of itself;  
 But such a sacred and home-felt delight,  
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss,  
 I never heard till now.—I'll speak to her, [der!  
 And she shall be my queen.—Hail foreign won-  
 Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,  
 Unless the goddess that in rural shrine  
 Dwell'st here with Pan or Sylvan; by bless'd song  
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog  
 To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.

*Lady.* Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that  
 That is address'd to unattending ears; [praise,  
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift  
 How to regain my sever'd company,  
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo  
 To give me answer from her mossy couch. [thus?

*Com.* What chance, good lady, hath bereft you

*Lady.* Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

*Com.* Could that divide you from near-ushering  
 guides?

*Lady.* They left me weary on a grassy turf.

*Com.* By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

*Lady.* To seek in the valley some cool friendly  
 spring.

*Com.* And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?

*Lady.* They were but twain, and purposed  
quick return.

*Com.* Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

*Lady.* How easy my misfortune is to hit!

*Com.* Imports their loss, beside the present need?

*Lady.* No less than if I should my brothers lose.

*Com.* Were they of manly prime, or youthful  
bloom?

*Lady.* As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

*Com.* Two such I saw, what time the labour'd  
In his loose traces from the furrow came, [ox

And the swink'd hedger at his supper sat;

I saw them under a green mantling vine,

That crawls along the side of yon small hill,

Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots:

Their port was more than human, as they stood:

I took it for a fairy vision

Of some gay creatures of the element,

That in the colours of the rainbow live, [struck,

And play in the plighted clouds. I was awe-

And, as I pass'd, I worshipp'd; if those you seek,

It were a journey like the path to heaven,

To help you find them.

*Lady.* You: old: Gentle villager,

What readiest way would bring me to that place?

*Com.* Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

*Lady.* To find out that, good shepherd, I sup-  
In such a scant allowance of star-light, [pose,

Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,

Without the sure guess of well-practised feet.

*Com.* I know each lane, and every alley green,  
 Dingle or bushy dell of this wild wood,  
 And every bosky bourn from side to side,  
 My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;  
 And if your stray attendance be yet lodged,  
 Or shroud within these limits, I shall know  
 Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark  
 From her thatch'd pallet rouse; if otherwise,  
 I can conduct you, lady, to a low  
 But loyal cottage, where you may be safe  
 Till further quest.

*Lady.* Shepherd, I take thy word,  
 And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,  
 Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds  
 With smoky rafters, than in tapestry halls  
 And courts of princes, where it first was named,  
 And yet is most pretended: in a place  
 Less warranted than this, or less secure,  
 I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.—  
 Eye me, bless'd Providence, and square my trial  
 To my proportion'd strength!—Shepherd, lead on.  
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter the TWO BROTHERS.*

*El. Br.* Unmuffle, ye faint stars; and thou, fair  
 That wont'st to love the traveller's benison, [moon,  
 Stoop thy fair visage through an amber cloud,  
 And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here  
 In double night of darkness and of shades;  
 Or, if your influence be quite damm'd up  
 With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,

Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole  
 Of some clay habitation, visit us  
 With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light;  
 And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,  
 Or Tyrian cynosure.

*Sec. Br.* Or, if our eyes  
 Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear  
 The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,  
 Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,  
 Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock  
 Count the night watches to his feathery dames,  
 'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering,  
 In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.  
 But, O, that hapless virgin, our lost sister!  
 Where may she wander now, whither betake her  
 From the chill dew, among rude burs and thistles?  
 Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,  
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm  
 Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears.  
 What, if in wild amazement and affright;  
 Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp  
 Of savage hunter, or of savage heat!

*El. Br.* Peace, brother; be not over exquisite  
 To cast the fashion of uncertain evils:  
 For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,  
 What need a man forestall his date of grief,  
 And run to meet what he would most avoid?  
 Or if they be but false alarms of fear,  
 How bitter is such self-delusion!  
 I do not think my sister so to seek,  
 Or so unprincipled in Virtue's book

And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,  
 As that the single want of light and noise  
 (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)  
 Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,  
 And put them into misbecoming plight.  
 Virtue could see to do what Virtue would  
 By her own radiant light, though sun and moon  
 Were in the flat sea sunk; and Wisdom's self  
 Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude;  
 Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,  
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,  
 That in the various bustle of resort  
 Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.  
 He, that has light within his own clear breast,  
 May sit in the centre, and enjoy bright day:  
 But he, that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,  
 Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;  
 Himself is his own dungeon.

*Sec. Br.* 'Tis most true,  
 That musing Meditation most affects  
 The pensive secrecy of desert cell,  
 Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,  
 And sits as safe as in a senate-house;  
 For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,  
 His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,  
 Or do his gray hairs any violence?  
 But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree  
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard  
 Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye,  
 To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit,  
 From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.

You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps  
 Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,  
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope  
 Danger will wink on opportunity,  
 And let a single helpless maiden pass  
 Uninjured in this wild surrounding waste.  
 Of night or loneliness, it recks me not;  
 I fear the dread events that dog them both,  
 Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person  
 Of our unowned sister.

*El. Br.* I do not, brother,  
 Infer as if I thought my sister's state  
 Secure, without all doubt or controversy;  
 Yet, where an equal poise of hope and fear  
 Does arbitrate the event, my nature is  
 That I incline to hope, rather than fear,  
 And gladly banish squint suspicion.  
 My sister is not so defenceless left  
 As you imagine; she has a hidden strength,  
 Which you remember not.

*Sec. Br.* What hidden strength,  
 Unless the strength of Heaven, if you mean that?

*El. Br.* I mean that too, but yet a hidden  
 strength,

Which, if Heaven gave it, may be term'd her own:  
 'Tis Chastity, my brother, Chastity:  
 She that has that is clad in complete steel;  
 And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen,  
 May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,  
 Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds;  
 Where through the sacred rays of Chastity,

No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer,  
Will dare to soil her virgin purity:  
Yea, there, where very desolation dwells,  
By grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,  
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,  
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.  
Some say, no evil thing that walks by night  
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,  
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost  
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,  
No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,  
Hath hurtful power o'er true Virginitie.  
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call  
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece  
To testify the arms of Chastity?  
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,  
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,  
Wherewith she tamed the brinded lioness  
And spotted mountain-pard, but set at naught  
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men  
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen of the  
woods.

What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,  
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,  
Wherewith she freezed her foes to congeal'd stone,  
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,  
And noble grace that dash'd brute violence  
With sudden adoration and blank awe?  
So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,  
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,  
A thousand liveried angels lacquey her,



Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt;  
 And in clear dream and solemn vision,  
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear;  
 Till oft converse with heavenly habitants  
 Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,  
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,  
 And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,  
 Till all be made immortal: but when lust,  
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,  
 But most by lewd and lavish acts of sin,  
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,  
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,  
 Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose  
 The divine property of her first being.  
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp,  
 Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres  
 Lingerin', and sitting by a new-made grave,  
 As loath to leave the body that it loved,  
 And link'd itself by carnal sensuality  
 To a degenerate and degraded state.

*Sec. Br.* How charming is divine philosophy!  
 Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose;  
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,  
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,  
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.

*El. Br.* List, list; I hear  
 Some far off halloo break the silent air.

*Sec. Br.* Methought so too; what should it be?

*El. Br.* For certain  
 Either some one like us night-founder'd here,  
 Or else some neighbour woodman, or at worst,

Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

*Sec. Br.* Heaven keep my sister! Again, again,  
Best draw, and stand upon our guard. [and near!

*El. Br.* I'll halloo:  
If he be friendly, he comes well; if not,  
Defence is a good cause, and Heaven be for us.

*Enter the ATTENDANT SPIRIT, habited like a  
Shepherd.*

That halloo I should know; what are you? speak;  
Come not too near; you fall on iron stakes else.

*Spir.* What voice is that? my young lord? speak  
again. [sure.

*Sec. Br.* O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd,

*El. Br.* Thyrsis? whose artful strains have oft  
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal, [delay'd  
And sweeten'd every musk-rose of the dale?

How camest thou here, good swain? hath any ram  
Slipp'd from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,  
Or straggl'ing wether the pent flock forsook?  
How could'st thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

*Spir.* O my loved master's heir, and his next  
I came not here on such a trivial toy [joy,  
As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth  
Of pilfering wolf: not all the fleecy wealth,  
That doth enrich these downs, is worth a thought  
To this my errand, and the care it brought.

But, O my virgin lady, where is she?

How chance she is not in your company? [blame,

*El. Br.* To tell thee sadly, shepherd, without  
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.

*Spir.* Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.

*El. Br.* What fears, good Thyrsis? Pr'ythee  
briefly show.

*Spir.* I'll tell ye; 'tis not vain or fabulous,  
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance,)  
What the sage poets, taught by the heavenly  
Storied of old, in high immortal verse, [Muse,  
Of dire chimeras, and enchanted isles,  
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to hell;  
For such there be; but unbelief is blind.

Within the navel of this hideous wood,  
Immured in cypress shades, a sorcerer dwells,  
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,  
Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries;  
And here to every thirsty wanderer  
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,  
With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison  
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,  
And the inglorious likeness of a beast  
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage  
Character'd in the face: this have I learn'd,  
Tending my flocks hard by in the hilly crofts,  
That brow this bottom-glade; whence night by  
night  
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl,  
Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,  
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate  
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.  
Yet have they many baits and guileful spells,  
To inveigle and invite the unwary sense  
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.

This evening late, by then the chewing flocks  
Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb  
Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,  
I sat me down to watch upon a bank  
With ivy canopied, and interwove  
With flaunting honeysuckle; and began,  
Wrapp'd in a pleasing fit of melancholy,  
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,  
Till fancy had her fill; but, ere a close,  
The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,  
And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance;  
At which I ceased, and listen'd them a while,  
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence  
Gave respite to the drowsy frightened steeds,  
That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleep:  
At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound  
Rose like a stream of rich distill'd perfumes,  
And stole upon the air, that even silence  
Was took ere she was 'ware, and wish'd she might  
Deny her nature, and be never more,  
Still to be so displaced. I was all ear,  
And took in strains that might create a soul  
Under the ribs of death: but, O! ere long,  
Too well I did perceive it was the voice  
Of my most honour'd lady, your dear sister.  
Amazed I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,  
And, O poor hapless nightingale, thought I,  
How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!  
Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,  
Through paths and turnings often trod by day;  
Till, guided by mine ear, I found the place,

Where that damn'd wizard, hid in sly disguise,  
 (For so by certain signs I knew,) had met  
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent,  
 The aidless innocent lady, his wish'd prey;  
 Who gently asked if he had seen such two,  
 Supposing him some neighbour villager.  
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd  
 Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung  
 Into swift flight, till I had found you here;  
 But farther know I not.

*Sec. Br.*

O night and shades!

How are ye join'd with hell in triple knot  
 Against the unarm'd weakness of one virgin,  
 Alone and helpless! Is this the confidence  
 You gave me, brother?

*El. Br.*

Yes, and keep it still;

Lean on it safely; not a period  
 Shall be unsaid for me: against the threats  
 Of malice, or of sorcery, or that power  
 Which erring men call chance, this I hold firm;—  
 Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt;  
 Surprised by unjust force, but not enthrall'd;  
 Yea, even that, which mischief meant most harm,  
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory:  
 But evil on itself shall back recoil,  
 And mix no more with goodness; when at last,  
 Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,  
 It shall be in eternal restless change  
 Self-fed and self-consumed: if this fail,  
 The pillar'd firmament is rottenness, [let 's on.  
 And earth's base built on stubble.—But come;

Against the opposing will and arm of Heaven  
May never this just sword be lifted up!  
But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt  
With all the grisly legions that troop  
Under the sooty flag of Acheron,  
Harpies and hydras, or all the monstrous forms  
'Twi't Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,  
And force him to return his purchase back,  
Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,  
Cursed as his life.

*Spir.* Alas! good venturous youth,  
I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise;  
But here thy sword can do thee little stead;  
Far other arms and other weapons must  
Be those, that quell the might of hellish charms:  
He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,  
And crumble all thy sinews.

*El. Br.* Why, pr'ythee, shepherd,  
How durst thou then thyself approach so near,  
As to make this relation?

*Spir.* Care, and utmost shifts,  
How to secure the lady from surprisal,  
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,  
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd  
In every virtuous plant, and healing herb,  
That spreads her verdant leaf to the morning ray:  
He loved me well, and oft would beg me sing;  
Which when I did, he on the tender grass  
Would sit, and hearken ev'n to ecstasy;  
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,  
And show me simples of a thousand names,

Telling their strange and vigorous faculties:  
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,  
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;  
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,  
But in another country, as he said,  
Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil:  
Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain  
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon:  
And yet more med'cinal is it than that moly,  
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave:  
He call'd it hæmony, and gave it me,  
And bade me keep it as of sovereign use  
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew blast, or damp,  
Or ghastly furies' apparition.  
I pursed it up, but little reckoning made,  
Till now that this extremity compell'd:  
But now I find it true; for by this means  
I knew the foul enchanter though disguised,  
Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,  
And yet came off: if you have this about you,  
(As I will give you when we go,) you may  
Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;  
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,  
And brandish'd blade, rush on him; break his glass,  
And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,  
But seize his wand; though he and his cursed crew  
Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,  
Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke,  
Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.  
*El. Br.* Thyrsis, lead on apace; I'll follow thee;  
And some good angel bear a shield before us!

The scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness: soft music: tables spread with all dainties. COMUS appears with his rabble, and the LADY set in an enchanted chair, to whom he offers his glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.

*Com.* Nay, lady, sit; if I but wave this wand,  
Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster,  
And you a statue, or, as Daphne was,  
Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

*Lady.* Fool, do not boast;  
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind  
With all thy charms, although this corporal rind  
Thou hast immanacled, while Heaven sees good.

*Com.* Why are you vex'd, lady? Why do you  
frown?

Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from these gates  
Sorrow flies far: see, here be all the pleasures,  
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,  
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns  
Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season.  
And first, behold this cordial julep here,  
That flames and dances in his crystal bonds,  
With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mix'd:  
Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone  
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,  
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,  
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.  
Why should you be so cruel to yourself,  
And to those dainty limbs, which nature lent  
For gentle usage and soft delicacy?  
But you invert the covenants of her trust,  
And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,



With that which you received on other terms;  
 Scorning the unexempt condition,  
 By which all mortal frailty must subsist,  
 Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,  
 That have been tried all day without repast,  
 And timely rest have wanted; but, fair virgin,  
 This will restore all soon.

*Lady.* 'Twill not, false traitor!  
 'Twill not restore the truth and honesty,  
 That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies.  
 Was this the cottage, and the safe abode,  
 Thou toldst me of? What grim aspects are these,  
 These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me!  
 Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver!  
 Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence  
 With visor'd falsehood and base forgery;  
 And wouldst thou seek again to trap me here  
 With lickerish baits, fit to ensnare a brute?  
 Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,  
 I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none,  
 But such as are good men, can give good things;  
 And that which is not good, is not delicious  
 To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

*Com.* O foolishness of men! that lend their ears  
 To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,  
 And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,  
 Praising the lean and sallow abstinence!  
 Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth  
 With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,  
 Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,  
 Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable

But all to please and sate the curious taste?  
And set to work millions of spinning worms,  
That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd  
To deck her sons; and, that no corner might [silk,  
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins  
She hutch'd the all-worshipp'd ore, and precious  
To store her children with: if all the world [gems,  
Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse,  
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,  
The All-giver would be unthank'd, would be un-  
praised,

Not half his riches known, and yet despised:  
And we should serve him as a grudging master,  
As a penurious niggard of his wealth;  
And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,  
Who would be quite surcharged with her own weight,  
And strangled with her waste fertility; [plumes,  
The earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark'd with  
The herds would over-multitude their lords,  
The sea o'erfraught would swell, and the unsought  
diamonds

Would so imblaze the forehead of the deep,  
And so bestud with stars, that they below  
Would grow inured to light, and come at last  
To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.  
List, lady; be not coy, and be not cozen'd  
With that same vaunted name, virginity.  
Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,  
But must be current; and the good thereof  
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,  
Unsavoury in the enjoyment of itself:

If you let slip time, like a neglected rose,  
It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.  
Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown  
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,  
Where most may wonder at the workmanship:  
It is for homely features to keep home,  
They had their name thence; coarse complexions,  
And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply  
The sampler, and to tease the housewife's wool.  
What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that,  
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?  
There was another meaning in these gifts; [yet.  
Think what, and be advised: you are but young

*Lady.* I had not thought to have unlock'd my  
In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler [lips  
Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,  
Obtruding false rules prank'd in reason's garb.  
I hate when Vice can bolt her arguments,  
And Virtue has no tongue to check her pride.  
Imposter! do not charge most innocent Nature,  
As if she would her children should be riotous  
With her abundance; she, good cateress,  
Means her provision only to the good,  
That live according to her sober laws,  
And holy dictate of spare temperance:  
If every just man, that now pines with want,  
Had but a moderate and beseeming share  
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd luxury  
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,  
Nature's full blessings would be well dispensed  
In unsuperfluous even proportion,

And she no whit encumber'd with her store;  
And then the Giver would be better thank'd,  
His praise due paid: for swinish gluttony  
Ne'er looks to Heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,  
But with besotted base ingratitude  
Crams, and blasphemes his Feeder. Shall I go on,  
Or have I said enow? To him that dares  
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words  
Against the sun-clad power of chastity,  
Fain would I something say;—yet to what end?  
Thou hast nor ear, nor soul, to apprehend  
The sublime notion, and high mystery,  
That must be utter'd to unfold the sage  
And serious doctrine of virginity;  
And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know  
More happiness than this thy present lot.  
Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,  
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence;  
Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced:  
Yet, should I try, the uncontrolled worth  
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits  
To such a flame of sacred vehemence,  
That dumb things would be moved to sympathize,  
And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and  
Till all thy magic structures, rear'd so high, [shake,  
Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

*Com.* She fables not; I feel that I do fear  
Her words set off by some superior power;  
And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddering dew  
Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove  
Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus,

To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,  
 And try her yet more strongly. Come, no more;  
 This is mere moral babble, and direct  
 Against the canon-laws of our foundation;  
 I must not suffer this; yet 'tis but the lees  
 And settlings of a melancholy blood:  
 But this will cure all straight; one sip of this  
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,  
 Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.

The BROTHERS rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground; his rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven in. The ATTENDANT SPIRIT comes in.

*Spir.* What, have you let the false enchanter  
 'scape?

O, ye mistook; ye should have snatch'd his wand,  
 And bound him fast: without his rod reversed,  
 And backward mutters of dissevering power,  
 We cannot free the lady that sits here  
 In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless:  
 Yet stay; be not disturb'd; now I bethink me,  
 Some other means I have which may be used,  
 Which once of Melibœus old I learn'd,  
 The smoothest shepherd that e'er piped on plains.

There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,  
 That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn  
 Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure; [stream,  
 Whilom she was the daughter of Locrine,  
 That had the sceptre from his father Brute.  
 She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit  
 Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen,

Commended her fair innocence to the flood,  
That staid her flight with his cross-flowing course.  
The water-nymphs, that in the bottom play'd,  
Held up their pearled wrists, and took her in,  
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall;  
Who, piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,  
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe  
In nectar'd lavers, strew'd with asphodel;  
And through the porch and inlet of each sense  
Dropp'd in ambrosial oils, till she revived,  
And underwent a quick immortal change,  
Made goddess of the river: still she retains  
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve  
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,  
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs  
That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make;  
Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals:  
For which the shepherds at their festivals  
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,  
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream  
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils:  
And, as the old swain said, she can unlock  
The clasping charm, and thaw the numming spell,  
If she be right invoked in warbled song:  
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift  
To aid a virgin, such as was herself,  
In hard-besetting need: this will I try,  
And add the power of some adjuring verse.

## SONG.

Sabrina fair,

Listen where thou art sitting  
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,  
In twisted braids of lilies knitting  
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair:  
Listen for dear honour's sake,  
Goddess of the silver lake;

Listen, and save!

Listen, and appear to us,  
In name of great Oceanus;  
By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,  
And Tethy's grave majestic pace;  
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,  
And the Carpathian wizard's hook;  
By scaly Triton's winding shell,  
And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell;  
By Leucothea's lovely hands,  
And her son that rules the strands;  
By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet,  
And the songs of sirens sweet;  
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,  
And fair Ligea's golden comb,  
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,  
Sleeking her soft alluring locks;  
By all the nymphs that nightly dance  
Upon thy streams with wily glance;  
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head,  
From thy coral-paven bed,  
And bridle in thy headlong wave,  
Till thou our summons answer'd have.

Listen, and save!

SABRINA rises, attended by Water-Nymphs, and sings.

By the rushy-fringed bank,  
 Where grows the willow, and the osier dank,  
 My sliding chariot stays,  
 Thick set with agate, and the azure sheen  
 Of turkis blue, and emerald green,  
 That in the channel strays;  
 Whilst from off the waters fleet  
 Thus I set my printless feet  
 O'er the cowslip's velvet head,  
 That bends not as I tread:  
 Gentle swain, at thy request,  
 I am here.

*Spir.* Goddess dear,  
 We implore thy powerful hand  
 To undo the charmed band  
 Of true virgin here distress'd,  
 Through the force, and through the wile,  
 Of unblest'd enchanter vile.

*Sab.* Shepherd, 'tis my office best  
 To help ensnared chastity:  
 Brightest lady, look on me.  
 Thus I sprinkle on thy breast  
 Drops, that from my fountain pure  
 I have kept, of precious cure;  
 Thrice upon thy finger's tip,  
 Thrice upon thy rubied lip:  
 Next this marble venom'd seat  
 Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,



I touch with chaste palms moist and cold:—  
Now the spell hath lost his hold;  
And I must haste, ere morning hour,  
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

*SABRINA descends, and the LADY rises out of her seat.*

*Spir.* Virgin, daughter of Loctrine,  
Sprung of old Anchises' line,  
May thy brimmed waves for this  
Their full tribute never miss  
From a thousand petty rills,  
That tumble down the snowy hills:  
Summer drouth, or singed air  
Never scorch thy tresses fair,  
No wet October's torrent flood  
Thy molten crystal fill with mud;  
May thy billows roll ashore  
The beryl and the golden ore;  
May thy lofty head be crown'd  
With many a tower and terrace round,  
And here and there thy banks upon  
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon!

Come, lady, while Heaven lends us grace,  
Let us fly this cursed place,  
Lest the sorcerer us entice  
With some other new device.  
Not a waste or needless sound,  
Till we come to holier ground;  
I shall be your faithful guide  
Through this gloomy covert wide;

And not many furlongs thence  
 Is your father's residence,  
 Where this night are met in state  
 Many a friend to gratulate  
 His wish'd presence; and beside  
 All the swains, that there abide,  
 With jigs and rural dance resort:  
 We shall catch them at their sport;  
 And our sudden coming there  
 Will double all their mirth and cheer.  
 Come, let us haste; the stars grow high;  
 But night sits monarch yet in the mild sky.

The scene changes, presenting Ludlow town and the President's castle: then come in Country Dancers; after them the ATTENDANT SPIRIT, with the TWO BROTHERS. and the LADY.

## SONG.

*Spir.* Back shepherds, back; enough your play,  
 Till next sun-shine holiday:  
 Here be, without duck or nod,  
 Other trippings to be trod  
 Of lighter toes, and such court guise  
 As Mercury did first devise,  
 With the mincing Dryades,  
 On the lawns, and on the leas.

This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother.

Noble lord, and lady bright,  
 I have brought ye new delight;  
 Here behold so goodly grown  
 Three fair branches of your own:

Heaven hath timely tried their youth,  
 Their faith, their patience, and their truth;  
 And sent them here through hard assays  
 With a crown of deathless praise,  
 To triumph in victorious dance  
 O'er sensual folly and intemperance.

*The Dances ended, the SPIRIT epiloguizes.*

*Spir.* To the Ocean now I fly,  
 And those happy climes that lie  
 Where day never shuts his eye,  
 Up in the broad fields of the sky:  
 There I suck the liquid air  
 All amidst the gardens fair  
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three  
 That sing about the golden tree:  
 Along the crisped shades and bowers  
 Revels the spruce and jocund Spring;  
 The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,  
 Thither all their bounties bring;  
 There eternal Summer dwells,  
 And west winds with musky wing,  
 About the cedar'd alleys fling  
 Nard and cassia's balmy smells.  
 Iris there with humid bow  
 Waters the odorous banks, that blow  
 Flowers of more mingled hue  
 Than her purpled scarf can show;  
 And drenches with Elysian dew  
 (List, mortals, if your ears be true)  
 Beds of hyacinth and roses,

Where young Adonis oft reposes,  
Waxing well of his deep wound  
In slumber soft, and on the ground  
Sadly sits the Assyrian queen:  
But far above in spangled sheen  
Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,  
Holds this dear Psyche sweet entranced,  
After her wandering labours long,  
Till free consent the gods among  
Make her his eternal bride,  
And from her fair unspotted side  
Two blissful twins are to be born,  
Youth and joy; so Jove hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done,  
I can fly, or I can run,  
Quickly to the green earth's end,  
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend;  
And from thence can soar as soon  
To the corners of the moon.

Mortals, that would follow me,  
Love virtue; she alone is free:  
She can teach ye how to climb  
Higher than the sphery clime;  
Or, if Virtue feeble were.  
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

END OF COMUS.

## ARCADES:

PART OF A MASK OR ENTERTAINMENT,

Presented to the Countess-Dowager of Derby at Harefield,  
by some noble persons of her family; who appear on the  
scene in pastoral habit, moving toward the seat of state,  
with this song:

### I. SONG.

Look, nymphs and shepherds, look,  
What sudden blaze of majesty  
Is that which we from hence descry,  
Too divine to be mistook:

    This, this is she  
To whom our vows and wishes bend;  
Here our solemn search hath end.  
Fame, that, her high worth to raise,  
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,  
We may justly now accuse  
Of detraction from her praise:

    Less than half we find express'd;  
    Envy bid conceal the rest.  
Mark, what radiant state she spreads,  
In circle round her shining throne,  
Shooting her beams like silver threads;  
This, this is she alone,  
    Sitting like a goddess bright,  
    In the centre of her light.

Might she the wise Latona be,  
Or the tower'd Cybele,  
Mother of a hundred gods?  
Juno dares not give her odds.

Who had thought this clime had held  
A deity so unparallel'd?

As they come forward, the Genius of the wood appears, and,  
turning toward them, speaks:—

*Gen.* Stay, gentle swains; for, though in this  
disguise,

I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes:  
Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung  
Of that renowned flood, so often sung,  
Divine Alpheus, who by secret sluice  
Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse;  
And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,  
Fair silver-buskin'd nymphs, as great and good;  
I know, this quest of yours, and free intent,  
Was all in honour and devotion meant  
To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,  
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine;  
And, with all helpful service, will comply  
To further this night's glad solemnity;  
And lead ye, where ye may more near behold  
What shallow-searching Fame hath left untold;  
Which I full oft, amidst these shades alone,  
Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon:  
For know, by lot from Jove I am the power  
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,  
To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove  
With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove:

And all my plants I save from nightly ill  
Of noisome winds, and blasting vapours chill:  
And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,  
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,  
Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,  
Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.  
When evening grey doth rise, I fetch my round  
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground;  
And early, ere the odorous breath of morn  
Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tassel'd horn  
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,  
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout  
With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless.  
But else, in deep of night, when drowsiness  
Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I  
To the celestial sirens' harmony,  
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,  
And sing to those that hold the vital sheers,  
And turn the adamantine spindle round,  
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.  
Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,  
To lull the daughters of Necessity,  
And keep unsteady Nature to her law,  
And the low world in measured motion draw  
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear  
Of human mould, with gross unpurged ear;  
And yet such music worthiest were to blaze  
The peerless height of her immortal praise,  
Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,  
If my inferior hand or voice could hit  
Inimitable sounds: yet, as we go,

Whate'er the skill of lesser gods can show,  
 I will assay her worth to celebrate,  
 And so attend ye toward her glittering state;  
 Where ye may all, that are of noble stem,  
 Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's hem

## II. SONG.

O'er the smooth enamell'd green  
 Where no print of step hath been,  
     Follow me, as I sing,  
     And touch the warbled string,  
 Under the shady roof  
 Of branching elm star-proof.  
     Follow me;  
 I will bring you where she sits,  
 Clad in splendour as befits  
     Her deity.  
 Such a rural queen  
 All Arcadia hath not seen.

## III. SONG.

Nymphs and shepherds, dance no more  
 By sandy Ladon's liliated banks;  
 On old Lycæus, or Cyllene hoar,  
     Trip no more in twilight ranks;  
 Though Erymanth your loss deplore,  
     A better soil shall give ye thanks.  
 From the stony Mænalus  
 Bring your flocks, and live with us;  
 Here ye shall have greater grace,  
 To serve the Lady of this place.



Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,  
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.

Such a rural queen  
All Arcadia hath not seen.

END OF ARCADES.

## LYCIDAS.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more  
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,  
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude;  
And, with forced fingers rude,  
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year:  
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,  
Compels me to disturb your season due:  
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.  
Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew  
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.  
He must not float upon his watery bier  
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,  
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;  
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.  
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse:  
So may some gentle Muse  
With lucky words favour my destined urn;  
And as he passes, turn,  
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.  
For we were nursed upon the self-same hill;

Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill,  
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd  
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,  
We drove afield; and both together heard  
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,  
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,  
Oft till the star, that rose at evening bright,  
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering  
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute, [wheel  
Temper'd to the oaten flute;  
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel  
From the glad sound would not be absent long;  
And old Damoetas loved to hear our song.

But, O, the heavy change, now thou art gone,  
Now thou art gone, and never must return!  
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves,  
With wild thyme and gadding vine o'er-grown,  
And all their echoes, mourn:  
The willows, and the hazel copses green,  
Shall now no more be seen  
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.  
As killing as the canker to the rose,  
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,  
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,  
When first the white-thorn blows;—  
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless  
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas? [deep  
For neither were ye playing on the steep,  
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie;  
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high;

Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.  
Ay me! I fondly dream! [done?  
Had ye been there—for what could that have  
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,  
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,  
Whom universal Nature did lament,  
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,  
His gory visage down the stream was sent,  
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care  
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,  
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?  
Were it not better done, as others use,  
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?  
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,  
(That last infirmity of noble mind,)  
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;  
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,  
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred sheers,  
And slits the thin-spun life.—But not the praise,  
Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears:  
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
Nor in the glistering foil  
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies;  
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,  
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove:  
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.  
O, fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood,

Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds!  
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:  
But now my oat proceeds,  
And listens to the herald of the sea  
That came in Neptune's plea:  
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,  
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?  
And question'd every gust of rugged wings  
That blows from off each beaked promontory:  
They knew not of his story;  
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,  
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd;  
The air was calm, and on the level brine  
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.  
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,  
Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,  
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,  
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,  
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge  
Like to that sanguine flower, inscribed with woe.  
Ah! who hath reft, quoth he, my dearest pledge?  
Last came, and last did go,  
The Pilot of the Galilean lake:  
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain;  
The golden opes, the iron shuts amain:  
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:  
How well could I have spared for thee, young  
Enow of such, as for their bellies' sake [swain,  
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!  
Of other care they little reckoning made,

Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,  
And shove away the worthy bidden guest! [to hold  
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how  
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least  
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs! [sped;  
What reck's it them? What need they? They are  
And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs  
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw:  
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed;  
But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,  
Wrought inwardly, and foul contagion spread:  
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw  
Daily devours apace, and nothing fed:  
But that two-handed engine at the door  
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return, Alpheus; the dread voice is past,  
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,  
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast  
Their bells, and flowerets of a thousand hues.  
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use  
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,  
On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparely looks;  
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,  
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,  
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.  
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,  
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,  
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,  
The glowing violet,  
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,  
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,

And every flower that sad embroidery wears :  
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,  
To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.  
For, so to interpose a little ease,  
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.  
Ay me! Whilst thee the shores and sounding seas  
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd;  
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,  
Where thou, perhaps, under the whelming tide,  
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;  
Or whither thou, to our moist vows denied,  
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,  
Where the great vision of the guarded mount  
Looks tow'rd Namancos and Bayona's hold;  
Look homeward, angel, now, and melt with truth:  
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.  
Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more;  
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,  
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor:  
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,  
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore  
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:  
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high, [waves;  
Through the dear might of Him that walk'd the  
Where, other groves and other streams along,  
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,  
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,  
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.  
There entertain him all the saints above,

In solemn troops, and sweet societies,  
That sing, and, singing, in their glory move,  
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.  
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more:  
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,  
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good  
To all that wander in that perilous flood.  
Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,  
While the still morn went out with sandals grey;  
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,  
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:  
And now the sun hath stretch'd out all the hills,  
And now was dropt into the western bay:  
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:  
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

END OF LYCIDAS.



THE  
UNIVERSITY OF  
TORONTO



Painted by G. F. Kneller, R. A.

Engraved by W. B. Woodcut.

## L'ALLEGRO.

---

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,  
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,  
In Stygian cave forlorn,  
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights  
Find out some uncouth cell, [unholy!  
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous  
And the night raven sings: [wings,  
There, under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,  
As ragged as thy locks,  
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.  
But come, thou goddess fair and free,  
In Heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,  
And by men, heart-easing Mirth;  
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,  
With two sister Graces more,  
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;  
Or whether, as some sager sing,  
The frolic wind, that breathes the spring,  
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,  
As he met her once a-Maying;  
There on beds of violets blue,

And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,  
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,  
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest, and youthful jollity,  
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,  
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
And love to live in dimple sleek;  
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
And Laughter holding both his sides.  
Come, and trip it, as you go,  
On the light fantastic toe;  
And in thy right hand lead with thee  
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;  
And, if I give thee honour due,  
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,  
To live with her, and live with thee,  
In unreproved pleasures free;  
To hear the lark begin his flight,  
And singing, startle the dull night,  
From his watch-tower in the skies,  
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;  
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,  
And at my window bid good morrow,  
Through the sweetbrier, or the vine,  
Or the twisted eglantine:  
While the cock, with lively din,  
Scatters the rear of Darkness thin;  
And to the stack, or the barn-door,  
Stoutly struts his dames before:

Oft listening how the hounds and horn  
 Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,  
 From the side of some hoar hill,  
 Through the high wood echoing shrill:  
 Sometime walking, not unseen,  
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,  
 Right against the eastern gate,  
 Where the great sun begins his state,  
 Robed in flames, and amber light,  
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight:  
 While the ploughman near at hand,  
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,  
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
 And the mower whets his scythe,  
 And every shepherd tells his tale  
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,  
 Whilst the landskip round it measures;  
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,  
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray;  
 Mountains, on whose barren breast  
 The labouring clouds do often rest;  
 Meadows trim with daisies pied,  
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:  
 Towers and battlements it sees  
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,  
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
 The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.  
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes  
 From betwixt two aged oaks,  
 Where Croydon and Thyrsis, met,

Are at their savoury dinner set  
Of herbs and other country messes,  
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;  
And then in haste her dower she leaves,  
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;  
Or, if the earlier season lead,  
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.  
Sometimes with secure delight  
The upland hamlets will invite,  
When the merry bells ring round,  
And the jocund rebecks sound  
To many a youth, and many a maid,  
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;  
And young and old come forth to play  
On a sunshine holiday,  
Till the livelong daylight fail:  
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,  
With stories told of many a feat,  
How fairy Mab the junkets eat:  
She was pinch'd and pull'd, she said;  
And he, by friar's lantern led,  
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat,  
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
His shadowy flail hath thrash'd the corn,  
That ten day-labourers could not end:  
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,  
And stretched out all the chimney's length,  
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;  
And crop-full out of doors he flings,  
Ere the first cock his matin rings.

Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,  
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.  
Tower'd cities please us then,  
And the busy hum of men,  
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,  
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,  
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
Rain influence, and judge the prize  
Of wit or arms, while both contend  
To win her grace, whom all commend.  
There let Hymen oft appear  
In saffron robe, with taper clear,  
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
With mask, and antique pageantry;  
Such sights as youthful poets dream  
On summer eaves by haunted stream.  
Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
If Johnson's learned sock be on;  
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,  
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever, against eating cares,  
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
Married to immortal verse;  
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,  
In notes, with many a winding bout  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,  
With wanton heed and giddy cunning;  
The melting voice through mazes running,  
Untwisting all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony;  
That Orpheus' self may heave his head

From golden slumber on a bed  
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear  
Such strains as would have won the ear  
Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
His half-regain'd Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,  
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

END OF L'ALLEGRO.



## IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding Joys,  
The brood of Folly without father bred!  
How little you bested,  
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!  
Dwell in some idle brain,  
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,  
As thick and numberless  
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams;  
Or likest hovering dreams,  
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.  
But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy,  
Hail, divinest Melancholy!  
Whose saintly visage is too bright  
To hit the sense of human sight,  
And therefore to our weaker view  
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;  
Black, but such as in esteem  
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem.  
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove  
To set her beauty's praise above  
The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended;  
Yet thou art higher far descended:  
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore,

To solitary Saturn bore;  
His daughter she; in Saturn's reign,  
Such mixture was not held a stain:  
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades  
He met her, and in secret shades  
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.

Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,  
Sober, steadfast, and demure,  
All in a robe of darkest grain,  
Flowing with majestic train,  
And sable stole of cypress lawn,  
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.  
Come, but keep thy wonted state,  
With even step, and musing gait;  
And looks commercing with the skies,  
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:  
Forget thyself to marble, till  
With a sad leaden downward cast  
Thou fix them on the earth as fast:  
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,  
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,  
And hears the Muses in a ring  
Aye round about Jove's altar sing.  
And add to these retired Leisure,  
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure:  
But first and chiefest with thee bring,  
Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,  
The cherub Contemplation;  
And the mute Silence hist along,

'Less Philomel will deign a song,  
In her sweetest, saddest plight,  
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,  
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,  
Gently o'er the accustomed oak:  
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,  
Most musical, most melancholy!  
Thee, chauntress, oft, the woods among,  
I woo, to hear thy even-song;  
And, missing thee, I walk unseen  
On the dry smooth-shaven green,  
To behold the wandering moon  
Riding near her highest noon,  
Like one that had been led astray  
Through the heaven's wide pathless way;  
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,  
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.  
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,  
I hear the far-off curfew sound,  
Over some wide-water'd shore,  
Swinging slow with sullen roar:  
Or, if the air will not permit,  
Some still removed place will fit,  
Where glowing embers through the room  
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;  
Far from all resort of mirth,  
Save the cricket on the hearth,  
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,  
To bless the doors from nightly harm.  
Or let my lamp at midnight hour,  
Be seen in some high lonely tower,

Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,  
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere  
The spirit of Plato, to unfold  
What worlds or what vast regions hold  
The immortal mind, that hath forsook  
Her mansion in her fleshly nook:  
And of those demons that are found  
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,  
Whose power hath a true consent  
With planet, or with element.  
Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy  
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,  
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,  
Or the tale of Troy divine ;  
Or what, though rare, of later age  
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.

But, O, sad Virgin, that thy power  
Might raise Musæus from his bower !  
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
Such notes, as, warbled to the string,  
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,  
And made Hell grant what love did seek !  
Or call up him that left half-told  
The story of Cambuscan bold,  
Of Camball and of Algarsife,  
And who had Cenace to wife,  
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass ;  
And of the wondrous horse of brass,  
On which the Tartar king did ride :  
And if aught else great bards beside  
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,

Of tourneys, and of trophies hung;  
Of forests and enchantments drear,  
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,  
Till civil-suited Morn appear,  
Not trick'd and frownc'd as she was wont  
With the Attic boy to hunt,  
But kercheft in a comely cloud,  
While rocking winds are piping loud,  
Or usher'd with a shower still,  
When the gust hath blown his fill,  
Ending on the rustling leaves,  
With minute drops from off the eaves.  
And, when the sun begins to fling  
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring  
To arched walks of twilight groves,  
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,  
Of pine, or monumental oak,  
Where the rude axe, with heaved stroke,  
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,  
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.  
There in close covert by some brook,  
Where no profaner eye may look,  
Hide me from day's garish eye,  
While the bee with honeyed thigh,  
That at her flowery work doth sing,  
And the waters murmuring,  
With such consort as they keep,  
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;  
And let some strange mysterious Dream  
Wave at his wings in airy stream

Of lively portraiture display'd,  
Softly on my eyelids laid:  
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe  
Above, about, or underneath,  
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,  
Or the unseen genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail  
To walk the studious cloisters pale,  
And love the high-embowed roof,  
With antic pillars massy proof,  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light:  
There let the pealing organ blow,  
To the full-voiced quire below,  
In service high, and anthems clear,  
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,  
Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age  
Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
Where I may sit and rightly spell  
Of every star that heaven doth show  
And every herb that sips the dew;  
Till old experience do attain  
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,  
And I with thee will choose to live.

## SONNETS.

### I.—TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray — a  
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still; b  
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill, b  
While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May. a  
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day, — a  
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill, b  
Portend success in love. O, if Jove's will a  
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay, r  
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate — c  
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh; d  
As thou from year to year hast sung too late — c  
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why: d  
Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate, c  
Both them I serve, and of their train am I. d

### II.—ON HIS BEING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth, — a  
Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year! b  
My hasting days fly on with full career b  
But my late spring no bud or blossom show'th. a

Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,  
 That I to manhood am arrived so near;  
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,  
 That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th.  
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,  
 It shall be still in strictest measure even  
 To that same lot, however mean or high,  
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of  
 All is, if I have grace to use it so, <sup>c</sup> [Heaven;  
 As ever in my great Task-Master's eye. <sup>e</sup>

III.—WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE  
 CITY.

CAPTAIN, or colonel, or knight in arms, [seize,  
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may  
 If deed of honour did thee ever please, [harms.  
 Guard them, and him within protect from  
 He can requite thee; for he knows the charms  
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these,  
 And he can spread thy name o'er land and seas,  
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.  
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:  
 The great Emathian conqueror bid spare  
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower  
 Went to the ground: and the repeated air  
 Of sad Electra's poet had the power  
 To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

IV.—TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.

LADY, that in the prime of earliest youth [green,  
 Wisely hast shunn'd the broad way and the



And with those few art eminently seen,  
 That labour up the hill of heavenly truth;  
 The better part with Mary and with Ruth  
 Chosen thou hast; and they that overween,  
 And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,  
 No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.  
 Thy care is fix'd, and zealously attends  
 To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,  
 And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be  
 sure,  
 Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful  
 Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night, [friends  
 Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

V.—TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.

DAUGHTER to that good earl, once president  
 Of England's council and her treasury,  
 Who lived in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,  
 And left them both, more in himself content,  
 Till sad the breaking of that parliament  
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory  
 At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,  
 Kill'd with report that old man eloquent.  
 Though later born than to have known the days  
 Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you,  
 Madam, methinks I see him living yet;  
 So well your words his noble virtues praise,  
 That all both judge you to relate them true,  
 And to possess them, honour'd Margaret.

VI.—ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON  
MY WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES.

A BOOK was writ of late, call'd "Tetrachordon,"  
And woven close, both matter, form, and style;  
The subject new: it walk'd the town awhile,  
Numbering good intellects; nowseldom pored on.  
Cries the stall-reader, Bless us! what a word on  
A title page is this! and some in file [Mile-  
Stand spelling false, while one might walk to  
End green. Why is it harder, sirs, than Gordon,  
Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp? [sleek,  
Those rugged names to our like mouths grow  
That would have made Quintillian stare and  
gasp.

Thy age, like ours, O soul of Sir John Cheek,  
Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,  
When thou taught'st Cambridge, and King  
Edward, Greek.

VII.—ON THE SAME.

I DID but prompt the age to quit their clogs  
By the known rules of ancient liberty,  
When straight a barbarous noise environs me  
Of owls, and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs:  
As when those hinds that were transform'd to frogs  
Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny,  
Which after held the sun and moon in fee.  
But this is got by casting pearl to hogs;  
That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,  
And still revolt when truth would set them free.

License they mean when they cry liberty;  
 For who loves that, must first be wise and good;  
 But from that mark how far they rove we see,  
 For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

VIII.—TO MR H. LAWES, ON THE PUBLISHING  
 HIS AIRS.

HARRY, whose tuneful and well-measuring song  
 First taught our English music how to span  
 Words with just note and accent, not to scan  
 With Midas ears, committing short and long;  
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,  
 With praise enough for Envy to look wan:  
 To after age thou shalt be writ the man,  
 That with smooth air couldst humour best our  
 tongue. [wing  
 Thou honour'st verse, and verse must lend her  
 To honour thee, the priest of Phœbus' quire,  
 That tunest their happiest lines in hymn or story.  
 Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher  
 Than his Casella, whom he woo'd to sing  
 Met in the milder shades of purgatory.

IX.—ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS CATHERINE  
 THOMSON, MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND, DECEASED DEC.  
 16, 1646.

WHEN Faith and Love, which parted from thee  
 never,  
 Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,  
 Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load [sever.  
 Of death, call'd life; which us from life doth

Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavour,  
 Stay'd not behind, nor in the grave were trod;  
 But, as Faith pointed with her golden rod,  
 Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.  
 Love led them on; and Faith, who knew them best  
 Thy handmaids, clad them o'er with purple  
 beams,  
 And azure wings, that up they flew so drest  
 And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes  
 Before the Judge; who thenceforth bid thee rest,  
 And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

X.—TO THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX.

FAIRFAX, whose name in arms through Europe  
 rings,  
 Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,  
 And all her jealous monarchs with amaze  
 And rumours loud, that daunt remotest kings;  
 Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings  
 Victory home, though new rebellions raise  
 Their hydra heads, and the false North displays  
 Her broken league to imp their servant wings.  
 O, yet a nobler task awaits thy hand,  
 (For what can war but endless war still breed?)  
 Till truth and right from violence be freed,  
 And Public faith clear'd from the shameful brand  
 Of public fraud. In vain doth Valour bleed,  
 While Avarice and Rapine share the land.

XI.—TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud

Not of war only, but detractions rude,<sup>b</sup>  
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,<sup>b</sup>  
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,<sup>c</sup>  
 And on the neck of crowned Fortune proua [ed;<sup>a</sup>  
 Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursu-<sup>t</sup>  
 While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots im-<sup>b</sup>  
 bued,  
 And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,<sup>a</sup>  
 And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains<sup>c</sup>  
 To conquer still; Peace hath her victories<sup>d</sup>  
 No less renown'd than War: new foes arise<sup>d</sup>  
 Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.<sup>c</sup>  
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw<sup>e</sup>  
 Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.<sup>e</sup>

XII.—TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER.

VANE, young in years, but in sage counsel old,  
 Than whom a better senator ne'er held  
 The helm of Rome, when gowns, not arms, re-  
 The fierce Epirot and the African bold; [pell'd  
 Whether to settle peace, or to unfold  
 The drift of hollow states hard to be spell'd;  
 Then to advise how War may, best upheld,  
 Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,  
 In all her equipage: besides to know  
 Both spiritual power and civil, what each means,  
 What severs each, thou hast learn'd, which few  
 have done:  
 The bounds of either sword to thee we owe:  
 Therefore on thy firm hand religion leans  
 In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

## XIII.—ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones  
 Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;  
 Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,  
 When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones,  
 Forget not: in thy book record their groans  
 Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold  
 Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that roll'd  
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans  
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they  
 To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow  
 O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway  
 The triple tyrant; that from these may grow  
 A hundred fold, who, having learn'd thy way,  
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

## XIV.—ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent  
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
 And that one talent which is death to hide,  
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more  
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present [bent  
 My true account, lest He, returning, chide;  
 Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?  
 I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent  
 That murmur, soon replies;—God doth not need  
 Either man's work or his own gifts; who best  
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his  
 Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed, [state  
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest:  
 They also serve who only stand and wait.

## XV.—TO MR LAWRENCE.

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,  
 Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,  
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire  
 Help waste a sullen day, what may be won  
 From the hard season gaining? Time will run  
 On smoother, till Favonius reinspire  
 The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire  
 The lily and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.  
 What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,  
 Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise  
 To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice  
 Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?  
 He who of those delights can judge, and spare  
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

## XVI.—TO CYRIACK SKINNER.

CYRIACK, whose grandsire on the royal bench  
 Of British Themis, with no mean applause  
 Pronounced, and in his volumes taught, our laws,  
 Which others at their bar so often wrench;  
 To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench  
 In mirth, that, after, no repenting draws;  
 Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,  
 And what the Swede intends, and what the French.  
 To measure life learn thou betimes, and know  
 Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;  
 For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,  
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show,  
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,  
 And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

## XVII.—TO THE SAME.

CYRIACK, this three years day these eyes, though  
 To outward view, of blemish or of spot, [clear,  
 Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;  
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear  
 Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,  
 Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not  
 Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot  
 Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer  
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?  
 The conscience, friend, to have lost them over  
 In liberty's defence, my noble task, [plied  
 Of which all Europe rings from side to side.  
 This thought might lead me through the  
 world's vain mask  
 Content though blind, had I no better guide.

## XVIII.—ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint  
 Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave,  
 Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband  
 gave,  
 Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.  
 Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed  
 Purification in the old Law did save, [taint  
 And such, as yet once more I trust to have  
 Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint;—  
 Came, vested all in white, pure as her mind:  
 Her face was veil'd; yet to my fancied sight  
 Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined



So clear, as in no face with more delight.

But, O, as to embrace me she inclined, [night.

I waked; she fled; and day brought back my

END OF SONNETS.

## ODES.

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### ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn, o  
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King, v  
Of wedded Maid and Virgin Mother born, a  
Our great redemption from above did bring; s  
For so the holy sages once did sing, s  
That he our deadly forfeit should release, c  
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace. c

That glorious form, that light insufferable,  
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,  
Wherewith he went at heaven's high council-table  
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,  
He laid aside; and here with us to be,  
Forsook the courts of everlasting day, [clay.  
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein  
Afford a present to the Infant God?  
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,  
To welcome him to this his new abode,  
Now, while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,

Hath took no print of the approaching light,  
 And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

See, how from far, upon the eastern road,  
 The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet:  
 O, run, prevent them with thy humble ode,  
 And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;  
 Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,  
 And join thy voice unto the angel quire, [fire.  
 From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd

---

THE HYMN.

It was the winter wild, a  
 While the heaven-born child a  
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies; b  
 Nature, in awe to him, c  
 Had doff'd her gaudy trim, c  
 With her great Master so to sympathize: b  
 It was no season then for her d  
 To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour. d

Only with speeches fair  
 She woos the gentle air  
 To hide her guilty front with innocent snow;  
 And on her naked shame,  
 Pollute with sinful blame,  
 The saintly veil of maiden white to throw;  
 Confounded, that her Maker's eyes  
 Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But he, her fears to cease,  
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace:

She, crown'd with olive green, came softly slid-  
Down through the turning sphere, [ing  
His ready harbinger,

With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;  
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,  
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound,  
Was heard the world around;

The idle spear and shield were high up hung;  
The hooked chariot stood  
Unstain'd with hostile blood;

The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;  
And kings sat still with awful eye, [by.  
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was

But peaceful was the night,  
Wherein the Prince of light

His reign of peace upon the earth began:  
The winds, with wonder whist,  
Smoothly the waters kiss'd,

Whispering new joys to the wild ocean,  
Who now hath quite forgot to rave, [wave.  
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed

The stars, with deep amaze,  
Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,

Bending one way their precious influence:  
And will not take their flight,

For all the morning light,  
 Or Lucifer, that often warn'd them thence;  
 But in their glimmering orbs did glow,  
 Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And, though the shady gloom  
 Had given day her room,  
 The sun himself withheld his wonted speed;  
 And hid his head for shame,  
 As his inferior flame  
 The new-enlighten'd world no more should need:  
 He saw a greater sun appear [bear.  
 Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could

The shepherds on the lawn,  
 Or e'er the point of dawn,  
 Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;  
 Full little thought they than,  
 That the mighty Pan  
 Was kindly come to live with them below:  
 Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,  
 Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep:

When such music sweet  
 Their hearts and ears did greet,  
 As never was by mortal finger strook;  
 Divinely-warbled voice  
 Answered the stringed noise,  
 As all their souls in blissful rapture took:  
 The air, such pleasure loath to lose, [close.  
 With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly

Nature that heard such sound,  
Beneath the hollow round  
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,  
Now was almost won  
To think her part was gone,  
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling:  
She knew such harmony alone  
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight  
A globe of circular light,  
That with long beams the shamefaced night  
The helmed cherubim, [array'd;  
And sworded seraphim,  
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,  
Harping in loud and solemn quire, [Heir.  
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born

Such music, as 'tis said,  
Before was never made,  
But when of old the sons of morning sung,  
While the Creator great  
His constellations set,  
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung;  
And cast the dark foundations deep, [keep.  
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel

Ring out, ye crystal spheres;  
Once bless our human ears,  
If ye have power to touch our senses so  
And let your silver chime

Move in melodious time;  
And let the bass of Heaven's deep organ blow;  
And with your ninefold harmony,  
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For, if such holy song  
Enwrap our fancy long,  
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold;  
And speckled Vanity  
Will sicken soon and die,  
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;  
And Hell itself will pass away, [day.  
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering

Yea, Truth and Justice then  
Will down return to men,  
Orb'd in a rainbow: and, like glories wearing,  
Mercy will sit between,  
Throned in celestial sheen,  
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steer-  
And Heaven, as at some festival, [ing;  
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But wisest Fate says No,  
This must not yet be so;  
The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy,  
That on the bitter cross  
Must redeem our loss;  
So both himself and us to glorify;  
Yet first, to those enchain'd in sleep, [the deep;  
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through

With such a horrid clang  
As on Mount Sinai rang,

While the red fire and smouldering clouds out  
The aged earth aghast, [brake:  
With terror of that blast,

Shall from the surface to the centre shake;  
When at the world's last session, [throne.  
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his

And then at last our bliss  
Full and perfect is,

But now begins; for, from this happy day,  
The old dragon, under ground  
In straiter limits bound,

Not half so far casts his usurped sway;  
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,  
Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb;  
No voice or hideous hum

Runs through the arched roof in words deceiv-  
Apollo from his shrine [ing.  
Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.  
No nightly trance, or breathed spell, [cell.  
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic

The lonely mountains o'er,  
And the resounding shore,

A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;  
From haunted spring and dale,



Edged with poplar pale,  
The parting Genius is with sighing sent:  
With flower-inwoven tresses torn, [mourn.  
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets

In consecrated earth,  
And on the holy hearth,  
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight  
In urns, and altars round, [plaint:  
A drear and dying sound  
Affrights the flamens at their service quaint;  
And the chill marble seems to sweat,  
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baälim  
Forsake their temples dim,  
With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine;  
And mooned Ashtaroth,  
Heaven's queen and mother both,  
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine:  
The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn; [mourn:  
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz

And sullen Moloch, fled,  
Hath left in shadows dread  
His burning idol all of blackest hue:  
In vain with cymbals' ring  
They call the grisly king,  
In dismal dance about the furnace blue:  
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,  
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste:

Nor is Osiris seen  
 In Memphian grove or green,  
     Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings  
 Nor can he be at rest [loud:  
 Within his sacred chest  
 Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud:  
 In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark  
 The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipp'd ark.

He feels from Juda's land  
 The dreaded Infant's hand;  
     The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn:  
 Nor all the gods beside  
 Longer dare abide;  
     Not Typhon huge, ending in snaky twine;  
 Our Babe, to show his Godship true, [crew.  
 Can in his swaddling bands control the damned

So, when the sun in bed,  
 Curtain'd with cloudy red,  
     Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,  
 The flocking shadows pale  
 Troop to the infernal jail;  
     Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave;  
 And the yellow-skirted faves [ed maze.  
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-lov-

But see, the Virgin blest  
 Hath laid her Babe to rest:  
     Time is, our tedious song should here have end-  
 Heaven's youngest-teemed star [ing:  
 Hath fix'd her polish'd car,

Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attend-  
 And all about the courtly stable [ing:  
 Bright-harness'd angels sit in order serviceable.

---

THE PASSION.

EREWILE of music, and ethereal mirth,  
 Wherewith the stage of air and earth did ring,  
 And joyous news of heavenly Infant's birth,  
 My Muse with angels did divide to sing;  
 But headlong joy is ever on the wing;

In wintry solstice, like the shorten'd light, [night.  
 Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,  
 And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,  
 Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long,  
 Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than  
 Which he for us did freely undergo: [so,

Most perfect Hero, tried in heaviest plight [wight!  
 Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human

He, sovereign Priest, stooping his regal head,  
 That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,  
 Poor fleshly tabernacle entered,  
 His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies:  
 O, what a mask was there, what a disguise!

Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide:  
 Then lies him meekly down fast by his brethren's  
 side.

These latest scenes confine my roving verse;  
To this horizon is my Phœbus bound:  
His Godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,  
And former sufferings, other where are found;  
Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump doth sound:  
    Me softer airs befit, and softer strings  
Of lute, or viol still, more apt for mournful things.

Befriend me, Night, best patroness of grief:  
Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw,  
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,  
That heaven and earth are colour'd with my woe;  
My sorrows are too dark for day to know:  
The leaves should all be black whereon I write;  
And letters, where my tears have wash'd, a  
    wannish white.

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels,  
That whirl'd the prophet up at Chebar flood;  
My spirit some transporting cherub feels,  
To bear me where the towers of Salem stood,  
Once glorious towers, now sunk in guiltless blood:  
    There doth my soul in holy vision sit,  
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock  
That was the casket of Heaven's richest store;  
And here, though grief my feeble hands up lock,  
Yet on the soften'd quarry would I score  
My plaining verse as lively as before;  
    For sure so well instructed are my tears,

That they would fitly fall in order'd characters.

Or should I thence, hurried on viewless wing,  
 Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,  
 The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring  
 Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild;  
 And I (for grief is easily beguiled)

Might think the infection of my sorrows loud  
 Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant  
 cloud.

This subject the author finding to be above the years he had,  
 when he wrote it, and nothing satisfied with what was  
 begun, left it unfinished.

---

UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

YE flaming powers, and winged warriors bright,  
 That erst with music, and triumphant song,  
 First heard by happy watchful shepherds' ear,  
 So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along  
 Through the soft silence of the listening night;  
 Now mourn; and, if sad share with us to bear  
 Your fiery essence can distil no tear,  
 Burn in your sighs, and borrow  
 Seas wept from our deep sorrow:  
 He, who with all Heaven's heraldry whilere  
 Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease:  
 Alas, how soon our sin  
 Sore doth begin  
 His infancy to seize!  
 O more exceeding love, or law more just!

Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!  
 For we, by rightful doom remediless,  
 Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above  
 High throned in secret bliss, for us frail dust  
 Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakedness;  
 And that great covenant which we still transgress  
 Entirely satisfied;  
 And the full wrath beside  
 Of vengeful justice bore for our excess;  
 And seals obedience first, with wounding smart,  
 This day; but, O! ere long,  
 Huge pangs and strong  
     Will pierce more near his heart.

---

ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT, DYING  
 OF A COUGH.

O FAIREST flower, no sooner blown but blasted,  
 Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,  
 Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst out-lasting  
 Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry;  
 For he, being amorous on that lovely dye  
     That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,  
 But kill'd, alas! and then bewail'd his fatal bliss.

For since grim Aquilo, his charioteer,  
 By boisterous rape the Athenian damsel got,  
 He thought it touch'd his deity full near,  
 If likewise he some fair one wedded not,  
 Thereby to wipe away the infamous blot,  
     Of long-uncoupled bed and childless eld,

Which 'mongst the wanton gods, a foul reproach  
was held.

So, mounting up in icy-pearled car,  
Through middle empire of the freezing air  
He wander'd long, till thee he spied from far;  
There ended was his quest, there ceased his care.  
Down he descended from his snow-soft chair;

But, all unawares, with his cold-kind embrace  
Unhoused thy virgin soul from her fair bidding-  
place.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;  
For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,  
Whilom did slay his dearly-loved mate,  
Young Hyacinth, born on Eurotas' strand,  
Young Hyacinth, the pride of Spartan land;

But then transform'd him to a purple flower:  
Alack, that so to change thee Winter had no  
power!

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,  
Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb,  
Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,  
Hid from the world in a low-delved tomb.  
Could Heaven for pity thee so strictly doom?

O, no! for something in thy face did shine  
Above mortality, that show'd thou wast divine.

Resolve me then, O soul most surely blest,  
(If so it be that thou these complaints dost hear,)

Tell me, bright spirit, where'er thou hoverest;  
 Whether above that high first moving sphere,  
 Or in the Elysian fields, (if such there were;)

O, say me true if thou wert mortal wight,  
 And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy  
 flight?

Wert thou some star, which from the ruin'd roof  
 Of shaked Olympus by mischance didst fall;  
 Which careful Jove in nature's true behoof  
 Took up, and in fit place did reinstall?  
 Or did of late Earth's sons besiege the wall

Of sheeny Heaven, and thou, some goddess fled,  
 Amongst here below to hide thy nectar'd head?

Or wert thou that just maid, who once before  
 Forsook the hated earth, O, tell me sooth,  
 And camest again to visit us once more?  
 Or wert thou that sweet smiling youth?  
 Or that crown'd matron sage, white-robed Truth?  
 Or any other of that heavenly brood, [good?  
 Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some

Or wert thou of the golden-winged host,  
 Who, having clad thyself in human weed,  
 To earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,  
 And after short abode fly back with speed,  
 As if to show what creatures heaven doth breed:

Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire  
 To scorn the sordid world, and unto heaven aspire?



But, O! why didst thou not stay here below  
To bless us with thy Heaven-loved innocence,  
To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,  
To turn swift-rushing black Perdition hence,  
Or drive away the slaughtering Pestilence,

To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart? [art.  
But thou canst best perform that office where thou

Then thou, the mother of so sweet a child,  
Her false imagined loss cease to lament,  
And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild:  
Think what a present thou to God hast sent,  
And render him with patience what he lent.

This, if thou do, he will an offspring give,  
That, till the world's last end, shall make thy  
name to live.

---

ON TIME.

FLY, envious Time, till thou run out thy race;  
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,  
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;  
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,  
Which is no more than what is false and vain,  
And merely mortal dross;  
So little is our loss,  
So little is thy gain!  
For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,  
And last of all thy greedy self consumed,  
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss  
With an individual kiss;

And Joy shall overtake us as a flood;  
 When every thing that is sincerely good  
 And perfectly divine,  
 With Truth, and Peace, and love, shall ever shine  
 About the supreme throne  
 Of him, to whose happy-making sight alone  
 When once our heavenly-guided soul shall climb;  
 Then, all this earthy grossness quit,  
 Attired with stars, we shall for ever sit, [O Time.  
 Triumphing over death, and Chance, and thee,

---

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy;  
 Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse;  
 Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd power employ  
 Dead things with imbreathed sense able to pierce;  
 And to our high-raised phantasy present  
 That undisturbed song of pure concert,  
 Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne  
 To him that sits thereon,  
 With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee;  
 Where the bright seraphim, in burning row,  
 Their loud uplifted angel trumpets blow;  
 And the cherubic host, in thousand quires,  
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,  
 With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,  
 Hymns devout and holy psalms  
 Singing everlastingly:  
 That we on earth, with undiscording voice,  
 May rightly answer that melodious noise;

As once we did, till disproportion'd sin  
 Jarr'd against Nature's chime, and with harsh din  
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made  
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion  
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood [swing'd  
 In first obedience, and their state of good.  
 O, may we soon again renew that song,  
 And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long  
 To his celestial concert us unite,  
 To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light!

AN EPITAPH ON THE MARCHIONESS OF  
 WINCHESTER.

THIS rich marble doth inter  
 The honour'd wife of Winchester,  
 A viscount's daughter, an earl's heir,  
 Besides what her virtues fair  
 Added to her noble birth,  
 More than she could own from earth.  
 Summers three times eight save one  
 She had told; alas! too soon,  
 After so short time of breath,  
 To house with darkness and with death.  
 Yet had the number of her days  
 Been as complete as was her praise,  
 Nature and Fate had had no strife  
 In giving limit to her life.  
 Her high birth, and her graces sweet,  
 Quickly found a lover meet;  
 The virgin quire for her request

The god that sits at marriage feast :  
He at their invoking came,  
But with a scarce well-lighted flame ;  
And in his garland, as he stood,  
Ye might discern a cypress bud.  
Once had the early matrons run  
To greet her of a lovely son ;  
And now with second hope she goes,  
And calls Lucina to her throes :  
But, whether by mischance or blame,  
Atropos for Lucina came ;  
And with remorseless cruelty  
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree :  
The hapless babe, before his birth,  
Had burial, yet not laid in earth ;  
And the languish'd mother's womb  
Was not long a living tomb.

So have I seen some tender slip,  
Saved with care from winter's nip,  
The pride of her carnation train,  
Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,  
Who only thought to crop the flower  
New shot up from vernal shower ;  
But the fair blossom hangs the head  
Sideways, as on a dying bed ;  
And those pearls of dew she wears  
Prove to be presaging tears,  
Which the sad morn had let fall  
On her hastening funeral.

Gentle lady, may thy grave  
Peace and quiet ever have ;

After this thy travel sore  
Sweet rest seize thee evermore,  
That, to give the world increase,  
Shorten'd hast thy own life's lease.  
Here, besides the sorrowing  
That thy noble house doth bring,  
Here be tears of perfect moan  
Wept for thee in Helicon;  
And some flowers, and some bays,  
For thy hearse, to strew the ways,  
Sent thee from the banks of Came,  
Devoted to thy virtuous name;  
Whilst thou, bright saint, high sitt'st in glory,  
Next her, much like to thee in story,  
That fair Syrian shepherdess,  
Who, after years of barrenness,  
The highly-favour'd Joseph bore  
To him that served for her before;  
And at her next birth, much like thee,  
Through pangs fled to felicity,  
Far within the bosom bright  
Of blazing Majesty and Light:  
There with thee, new welcome saint,  
Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,  
With thee there clad in radiant sheen,  
No marchioness, but now a queen.

---

SONG ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,  
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her

The flowery May, who from her green lap throws  
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire  
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;  
Woods and groves are of thy dressing;  
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing!

Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

END OF ODES.

## MISCELLANIES.

### ANNO ÆTATIS XIX.

At a Vacation Exercise in the College, part Latin, part English. The Latin speeches ended, the English thus began:—

HAIL, native Language, that by sinews weak  
Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak;  
And madest imperfect words with childish trips,  
Half unpronounced, slide through my infant lips;  
Driving dumb Silence from the portal door,  
Where he had mutely sat two years before!  
Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,  
That now I use thee in my latter task:  
Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee;  
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee:  
Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first;  
Believe me, I have thither pack'd the worst:  
And, if it happen as I did forecast,  
The daintiest dishes shall be served up last.  
I pray thee, then, deny me not thy aid  
For this same small neglect that I have made:  
But haste thee straight to do me once a pleasure,  
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure;

Not those new-fangled toys, and trimming slight,  
Which takes our late fantastics with delight;  
But cull those richest robes, and gayest attire,  
Which deepest spirits and choicest wits desire.  
I have some naked thoughts that rove about,  
And loudly knock to have their passage out;  
And, weary of their place, do only stay,  
Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array;  
That so they may, without suspect or fears,  
Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears:  
Yet I had rather, if I were to choose,  
Thy service in some graver subject use,  
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,  
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound:  
Such where the deep transported mind may soar  
Above the wheeling poles, and at heaven's door  
Look in, and see each blissful deity,  
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,  
Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings  
To the touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings  
Immortal nectar to her kingly sire;  
Then passing through the sphere of watchful fire,  
And misty regions of wide air next under,  
And hills of snow, and lofts of piled thunder,  
May tell at length how green-eyed Neptune raves,  
In heaven's defiance mustering all his waves;  
Then sing of secret things that came to pass  
When beldame Nature in her cradle was;  
And last of kings, and queens, and heroes old.  
Such as the wise Demodocus once told  
In solemn songs at king Alcinous' feast,



While sad Ulysses' soul, and all the rest,  
 Are held, with his melodious harmony,  
 In willing chains and sweet captivity.  
 But fie, my wandering Muse, how thou dost stray!  
 Expectance calls thee now another way:  
 Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent  
 To keep in compass of thy predicament:  
 Then quick about thy purposed business come,  
 That to the next I may resign my room.

Then ENS is represented as father of the Predicaments, his ten sons, whereof the eldest stood for Substance with his canons, which ENS, thus speaking, explains:—

Good luck befriend thee, son; for, at thy birth,  
 The fairy ladies danced upon the hearth;  
 Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spy  
 Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie;  
 And, sweetly singing round about thy bed,  
 Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping head.  
 She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst  
 From eyes of mortals walk invisible: [still  
 Yet there is something that doth force my fear;  
 For once it was my dismal hap to hear  
 A sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,  
 That far events full wisely could presage,  
 And in time's long and dark prospective glass  
 Foresaw what future days should bring to pass;  
 Your son, said she, nor can you it prevent,  
 Shall subject be to many an accident:  
 O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king,  
 Yet every one shall make him underling;  
 And those, that cannot live from him asunder,

Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under:  
 In worth and excellence he shall outgo them;  
 Yet, being above them, he shall be below them;  
 From others he shall stand in need of nothing,  
 Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing:  
 To find a foe it shall not be his hap,  
 And Peace shall lull him in her flowery lap;  
 Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door  
 Devouring War shall never cease to roar;  
 Yea, it shall be his natural property  
 To harbour those that are at enmity.  
 What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not  
 Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot?

The next, QUANTITY and QUALITY, spake in prose; then  
 RELATION was called by his name.

Rivers, arise; whether thou be the son  
 Of utmost Tweed, or Oose, or gulfy Dun,  
 Or Trent, who, like some Earth-born giant, spreads  
 His thirty arms along the indented meads;  
 Or sullen Mole, that runneth underneath;  
 Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death;  
 Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lee,  
 Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallow'd Dee;  
 Or Humber loud, that keeps the Scythian's name;  
 Or Medway smooth, or royal-tower'd Thame.

[The rest was prose.]

## AN EPITAPH

ON THE ADMIRABLE DRAMATIC POET WILLIAM  
SHAKSPEARE.

WHAT needs my Shakspeare, for his honour'd bones,  
The labour of an age in piled stones?  
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid  
Under a starry-pointing pyramid?  
Dear son of Memory, great heir of Fame,  
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?  
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,  
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.  
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,  
Thy easy numbers flow; and that each heart  
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,  
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took;  
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,  
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;  
And, so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,  
That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die.

## ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER,

Who sickened in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go  
to London by reason of the plague.

HERE lies old Hobson; Death hath broke his girt,  
And here, alas! hath laid him in the dirt;  
Or else, the ways being foul, twenty to one,  
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.  
'Twas such a shifter, that, if truth were known,  
Death was half glad when he had got him down:

For he had, any time this ten years full,  
 Dodged with him betwixt Cambridge and the Bull:  
 And surely Death could never have prevail'd,  
 Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd  
 But lately finding him so long at home,  
 And thinking now his journey's end was come,  
 And that he had ta'en up his latest inn;  
 In the kind office of a chamberlain [night,  
 Show'd him his room where he must lodge that  
 Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light;  
 If any ask for him, it shall be said,  
 Hobson has supp'd, and's newly gone to bed.

---

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

HERE lieth one, who did most truly prove  
 That he could never die while he could move;  
 So hung his destiny, never to rot  
 While he might still jog on and keep his trot,  
 Made of sphere-metal, never to decay  
 Until his revolution was at stay.  
 Time numbers motion; yet, without a crime  
 'Gainst old truth, motion number'd out his time;  
 And, like an engine moved with wheel and weight,  
 His principles being ceased, he ended straight.  
 Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,  
 And too much breathing put him out of breath;  
 Nor were it contradiction to affirm,  
 Too long vacation hasten'd on his term.  
 Merely to drive the time away he sicken'd, [en'd;  
 Fainted, and diéd, nor would with ale be quick-

Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed outstretch'd,  
 If I may n't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd, [ers,  
 But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hear-  
 For one carrier put down to make six bearers.  
 Ease was his chief disease; and, to judge right,  
 He died for heaviness that his cart went light:  
 His leisure told him that his time was come,  
 And lack of load made his life burdensome,  
 That ev'n to his last breath, there be that say 't,  
 As he were press'd to death, he cried, More weight:  
 But, had his doings lasted as they were,  
 He had been an immortal carrier.  
 Obedient to the moon, he spent his date  
 In course reciprocal, and had his fate  
 Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas;  
 Yet strange to think, his wain was his increase:  
 His letters are deliver'd all and gone;  
 Only remains this superscription.

ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE,  
 UNDER THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

BECAUSE you have thrown off your prelate lord,  
 And with stiff vows renounced his liturgy,  
 To seize the widow'd whore Plurality  
 From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorr'd;  
 Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword  
 To force our consciences that Christ set free,  
 And ride us with a classic hierarchy  
 Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rotherford?  
 Men, whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent  
 Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,

Must now be named and printed heretics  
By shallow Edwards and Scotch what d' ye call:  
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,  
Your plots and packing, worse than those of  
Trent;

That so the parliament  
May, with their wholesome and preventive shears,  
Clip your phylacteries, though balk your ears,  
And succour our just fears,  
When they shall read this clearly in your charge,  
New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large.

END OF MISCELLANIES.

## TRANSLATIONS.

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### THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE, LIB. I.

WHAT slender youth, bedew'd with liquid odours,  
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,  
    Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou  
    In wreaths thy golden hair,  
Plain in thy neatness? O, how oft shall he  
On faith and changed gods complain, and seas  
    Rough with black winds, and storms  
    Unwonted shall admire!  
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,  
Who always vacant, always amiable  
    Hopes thee, of flattering gales  
    Unmindful. Hapless they, [vow'd  
To whom thou untried seem'st fair! Me, in my  
Picture, the sacred wall declares to have hung  
    My dank and dropping weeds  
    To the stern god of sea.

### FROM GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH.

BRUTUS thus addresses DIANA in the country of Leogecia:  
GODDESS of shades, and huntress, who at will [deep;  
Walk'st on the rowling spheres, and through the

On thy third reign, the earth, look now, and tell  
 What land, what seat of rest, thou bidd'st me seek,  
 What certain seat, where I may worship thee  
 For aye, with temples vow'd and virgin quires.

To whom, sleeping before the altar, DIANA answers in a  
 vision the same night:

Brutus, far to the west, in the ocean wide,  
 Beyond the realm of Gaul, a land there lies,  
 Sea-girt it lies, where giants dwelt of old;  
 Now void, it fits thy people: thither bend  
 Thy course; there shalt thou find a lasting seat;  
 There to thy sons another Troy shall rise,  
 And kings be born of thee, whose dreadful might  
 Shall awe the world, and conquer nations bold.

FROM DANTE.

AH, Constantine! of how much ill was cause,  
 Not thy conversion, but those rich domains  
 That the first wealthy pope received of thee!

FROM DANTE.

FOUNDED in chaste and humble poverty, [horn,  
 'Gainst them that rais'd thee dost thou lift thy  
 Impudent whore? where hast thou placed thy  
 In thy adulterers, or thy ill-got wealth? [hope?  
 Another Constantine comes not in haste.

FROM ARIOSTO.

THEN pass'd he to a flowery mountain green,  
 Which once smelt sweet, now stinks as odiously:



This was the gift, if you the truth will have,  
That Constantine to good Sylvester gave.

## FROM HORACE.

WHOM do we count a good man? Whom but he  
Who keeps the laws and statutes of the senate,  
Who judges in great suits and controversies,  
Whose witness and opinion wins the cause?  
But his own house, and the whole neighbourhood,  
Sees his foul inside through his whited skin.

## FROM EURIPIDES.

THIS is true liberty, when freeborn men,  
Having to advise the public, may speak free;  
Which he who can, and will, deserves high praise:  
Who neither can, nor will, may hold his peace:  
What can be juster in a state than this?

## FROM HORACE.

LAUGHING, to teach the truth,  
What hinders? As some teachers give to boys  
Junkets and knacks, that they may learn apace.

## FROM HORACE.

JOKING decides great things,  
Stronger and better oft than earnest can.

## FROM SOPHOCLES.

'Tis you that say it, not I. You do the deeds,  
And your ungodly deeds find me the words.

## FROM SENECA.

THERE can be slain  
 No sacrifice to God more acceptable,  
 Than an unjust and wicked king.

## PSALM I.

Done into verse, 1653.

BLESS'D is the man who hath not walk'd astray  
 In counsel of the wicked, and in the way  
 Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat  
 Of scorners hath not sat. But in the great  
 Jehovah's law is ever his delight,  
 And in his law he studies day and night.  
 He shall be as a tree, which planted grows  
 By watery streams, and in his season knows  
 To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall;  
 And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.  
 Not so the wicked; but as chaff which fann'd  
 The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand  
 In judgment, or abide their trial then,  
 Nor sinners in the assembly of just men.  
 For the Lord knows the upright way of the just,  
 And the way of bad men to ruin must.

## PSALM II.

Done August 8, 1653. Terzette.

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations  
 Muse a vain thing, the kings of the earth upstand  
 With power, and princes in their congregations  
 Lay deep their plots together through each land

Against the Lord and his Messiah dear?  
 Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand  
 Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,  
 Their twisted cords: He, who in heaven doth  
     dwell, [severe,  
 Shall laugh; the Lord shall scoff them; then,  
 Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell  
 And fierce ire trouble them; but I, saith he,  
 Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)  
 On Zion, my holy hill. A firm decree  
 I will declare: the Lord to me hath said,  
 Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee  
 This day: ask of me, and the grant is made;  
 As thy possession I on thee bestow  
 The heathen; and, as thy conquest to be sway'd,  
 Earth's utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring  
     full low  
 With iron sceptre bruised, and them disperse  
 Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so.  
 And now be wise at length, ye kings averse;  
 Be taught, ye judges of the earth; with fear  
 Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse  
 With trembling: kiss the Son, lest he appear  
 In anger, and ye perish in the way,  
 If once his wrath take fire, like fuel sere.  
 Happy all those who have in him their stay!

PSALM III. : August 9, 1653.

When he fled from Absalom.

LORD, how many are my foes!

How many those,

That in arms against me rise!  
 Many are they,  
 That of my life distrustfully thus say;  
 No help for him in God there lies.  
 But thou, Lord, art my shield, my glory,  
 Thee, through my story,  
 The exalter of my head I count:  
 Aloud I cried  
 Unto Jehovah: He full soon replied,  
 And heard me from his holy mount.  
 I lay and slept; I waked again;  
 For my sustain  
 Was the Lord. Of many millions  
 The populous rout  
 I fear not, though, encamping round about,  
 They pitch against me their pavilions.  
 Rise, Lord; save me, my God; for Thou  
 Hast smote ere now  
 On the cheek-bone all my foes;  
 Of men abhorr'd  
 Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the  
 Thy blessing on thy people flows. [Lord;

PSALM IV. August 10, 1653.

ANSWER me when I call,  
 God of my righteousness;  
 In straits, and in distress,  
 Thou didst me disentrall  
 And set at large; now spare,  
 Now pity me, and hear my earnest prayer.  
 Great ones, how long will ye

My glory have in scorn?  
How long be thus forborne  
Still to love vanity?  
To love, to seek, to prize,  
Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies?  
Yet know, the Lord hath chose,  
Chose to himself apart,  
The good and meek of heart;  
(For whom to choose He knows;)  
Jehovah from on high

Will hear my voice, what time to him I cry.  
Be awed, and do not sin;  
Speak to your hearts alone,  
Upon your beds, each one,  
And be at peace within.  
Offer the offerings just

Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.  
Many there be that say,  
Who yet will show us good?  
Talking like this world's brood:  
But, Lord, thus let me pray;  
On us lift up the light,

Lift up the favour of thy countenance bright.  
Into my heart more joy  
And gladness thou hast put,  
Than when a year of glut  
Their stores doth overcloy,  
And from their plenteous grounds

With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.  
In peace at once will I  
Both lay me down and sleep;

For thou alone dost keep  
 Me safe where'er I lie;  
 As in a rocky cell,  
 Thou, Lord, alone, in safety makest me dwell.

PSALM V. August 12, 1653.

JEHOVAH, to my words give ear,  
 My meditation weigh;  
 The voice of my complaining hear,  
 My King and God; for unto thee I pray.  
 Jehovah, thou my early voice  
 Shalt in the morning hear;  
 In the morning I to thee with choice  
 Will rank my prayers, and watch till thou appear.  
 For thou art not a God that takes  
 In wickedness delight;  
 Evil with thee no biding makes;  
 Fools or madmen stand not within thy sight.  
 All workers of iniquity  
 Thou hatest; and them unblest  
 Thou wilt destroy that speak a lie;  
 The bloody and guileful man God doth detest.  
 But I will in thy mercies dear,  
 Thy numerous mercies, go  
 Into thy house; I, in thy fear,  
 Will towards thy holy temple worship low.  
 Lord, lead me in thy righteousness,  
 Lead me because of those  
 That do observe if I transgress;  
 Set thy ways right before, where my step goes.  
 For, in his faltering mouth unstable,

No word is firm or sooth;  
 Their inside, troubles miserable;  
 An open grave their throat, their tongue they  
 God, find them guilty; let them fall, [smooth.  
 By their own counsels quell'd;  
 Push them in their rebellions all  
 Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd.  
 Then all who trust in thee, shall bring  
 Their joy; while thou from blame  
 Defend'st them, they shall ever sing  
 And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.  
 For thou, Jehovah, wilt be found  
 To bless the just man still;  
 As with a shield, thou wilt surround  
 Him with thy lasting favour and good will.

PSALM VI. August 13, 1653.

LORD, in thine anger do not reprehend me,  
 Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;  
 Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,  
 And very weak and faint; heal and amend me:  
 For all my bones, that ev'n with anguish ache,  
 Are troubled; yea, my soul is troubled sore;  
 And thou, O Lord, how long? Turn, Lord;  
 restore  
 My soul; O, save me for thy goodness sake:  
 For in death no remembrance is of thee;  
 Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise?  
 Wearied I am with sighing out my days  
 Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea;  
 My bed I water with my tears; mine eye

Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark  
 In the midst of all mine enemies that mark.  
 Depart, all ye that work iniquity,  
 Depart from me; for the voice of my weeping  
 The Lord hath heard; the Lord hath heard my  
 My supplication with acceptance fair [prayer;  
 The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.  
 Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash'd  
 With much confusion; then, grown red with  
 shame,  
 They shall return in haste the way they came,  
 And in a moment shall be quite abash'd.

PSALM VII. August 14, 1653.

Upon the words of Chush the Benjamite against him.

LORD, my God, to thee I fly;  
 Save me and secure me under  
 Thy protection, while I cry;  
 Lest, as a lion, and no wonder,  
 He haste to tear my soul asunder,  
 Tearing, and no rescue nigh.  
 Lord, my God, if I have thought  
 Or done this; if wickedness  
 Be in my hands; if I have wrought  
 Ill to him that meant me peace;  
 Or to him have render'd less,  
 And not freed my foe for nought;  
 Let the enemy pursue my soul,  
 And overtake it; let him tread  
 My life down to the earth, and roll  
 In the dust my glory dead,



In the dust; and there, outspread,  
Lodge it with dishonour foul.

Rise, Jehovah, in thine ire,  
Rouse thyself, amidst the rage  
Of my foes, that urge like fire;  
And wake for me, their fury assuage:  
Judgment here thou didst engage:  
And command, which I desire.

So the assemblies of each nation  
Will surround thee, seeking right;  
Thence to thy glorious habitation  
Return on high, and in their sight.  
Jehovah judgeth most upright  
All people from the world's foundation.

Judge me, Lord; be judge in this  
According to my righteousness,  
And the innocence which is  
Upon me: cause at length to cease  
Of evil men the wickedness,  
And their power that do amiss:

But the just establish fast,  
Since thou art the just God that tries  
Hearts and reins. On God is cast  
My defence, and in him lies,  
In him, who, both just and wise,  
Saves the upright of heart at last.

God is a just judge and severe,  
And God is every day offended;  
If the unjust will not forbear,  
His sword he whets, his bow hath bended

Already, and for him intended  
The tools of death, that waits him near.  
His arrows purposely made he  
For them that persecute. Behold,  
He travels big with vanity;  
Trouble he hath conceived of old,  
As in a womb; and from that mould  
Hath at length brought forth a lie.  
He digg'd a pit, and delved it deep,  
And fell into the pit he made:  
His mischief, that due course doth keep,  
Turns on his head; and his ill trade  
Of violence will, undelay'd,  
Fall on his crown with ruin steep.  
Then will I Jehovah's praise  
According to his justice raise,  
And sing the name and deity  
Of Jehovah, the Most High.

PSALM VIII. August 14, 1653.

O JEHOVAH, our Lord, how wondrous great  
And glorious is thy name through all the earth!  
So as above the heavens thy praise to set  
Out of the tender mouths of latest birth.  
Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou  
Hast founded strength because of all thy foes,  
To stint the enemy, and slack the avenger's brow,  
That bends his rage thy providence to oppose.  
When I behold thy heavens, thy fingers' art; [set  
The moon and stars which thou so bright hast

In the pure firmament; then saith my heart,  
 O, what is man, that thou remember'st yet  
 And think'st upon him; or of man begot,  
 That him thou visit'st, and of him art found?  
 Scarce to be less than gods, thou madest his lot;  
 With honour and with state thou hast him  
 crown'd.

O'er the works of thy hand thou madest him lord;  
 Thou hast put all under his lordly feet;  
 All flocks and herds, by the commanding word;  
 All beasts, that in the field or forest meet;  
 Fowl of the heavens, and fish that through the wet  
 Sea-paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth.  
 O Jehovah, our Lord, how wondrous great  
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth!

April, 1648. J. M.

Nine of the Psalms done into metre, wherein all, but what  
 is in a different character, are the very words of the text,  
 translated from the original.

PSALM LXXX.

- 1 THOU, Shepherd, that dost Israel *keep*,  
 Give ear *in time of need*;  
 Who leadest like a flock of sheep  
 Thy loved Joseph's seed;  
 That sitt'st between the cherubs *bright*,  
 Between their wings *outspread*;  
 Shine forth, and from thy cloud give light,  
 And on our foes thy dread.
- 2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,  
 And in Manasses' sight,

- Awake thy strength, come, and *be seen*  
To save us *by thy might*.
- 3 Turn us again; *thy grace divine*  
To us, O God, *vouchsafe*;  
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
And then we shall be safe.
- 4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,  
How long wilt thou declare  
Thy smoking wrath *and angry brow*  
Against thy people's prayer?
- 5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears,  
Their bread with tears they eat;  
And makest them largely drink the tears  
*Wherewith their cheeks are wet*.
- 6 A strife thou makest us *and a prey*  
To every neighbour foe;  
Among themselves they laugh, they play,  
And flouts at us they throw.
- 7 Return us, *and thy grace divine*,  
O God of Hosts, *vouchsafe*;  
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
And then we shall be safe.
- 8 A vine from Egypt thou hast brought,  
*Thy free love made it thine*;  
And drovest out nations, *proud and haughty*,  
To plant this *lovely vine*.
- 9 Thou didst prepare for it a place,  
And root it deep and fast;  
That it *began to grow apace*,  
*And fill'd the land at last*.

- 10 With her *green* shade that cover'd all,  
The hills were *overspread*;  
Her boughs as *high* as cedars tall  
*Advanced their lofty head.*
- 11 Her branches *on the western side*  
Down to the sea she sent,  
And *upward* to that river wide  
Her other branches *went.*
- 12 Why hast thou laid her hedges low,  
And broken down her fence;  
That all may pluck her, as they go,  
*With rudest violence?*
- 13 The *tusked* boar out of the wood  
Upturns it by the roots;  
Wild beasts there browse, and make their food  
*Her grapes and tender shoots.*
- 14 Return now, God of Hosts; look down  
From heaven, thy seat divine;  
Behold *us, but without a frown*;  
And visit this *thy* vine.
- 15 Visit this vine, which thy right hand  
Hath set, and planted *long*;  
And the young branch, that for thyself  
Thou hast made firm and strong.
- 16 But now it is consumed with fire,  
And cut *with axes* down;  
They perish at thy dreadful ire,  
At thy rebuke and frown.
- 17 Upon the man of thy right hand  
Let thy *good* hand be *laid*;

Upon the son of man, whom thou  
Strong for thyself hast made.

10 So shall we not go back from thee  
*To ways of sin and shame :*

Quicken us thou ; then *gladly* we  
Shall call upon thy name.

19 Return us, *and thy grace divine,*  
Lord God of Hosts, *vouchsafe :*

Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
And then we shall be safe.

PSALM LXXXI.

1 To God our strength sing loud *and clear,*  
Sing loud to God *our King ;*

To Jacob's God, *that all may hear,*  
Loud acclamations ring.

2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a song,  
The timbrel hither bring ;

The *cheerful* psaltery bring along,  
And harp *with pleasant string.*

3 Blow, *as is wont,* in the new moon,  
With trumpets' *lofty sound,*

The appointed time, the day whereon  
Our solemn feast *comes round.*

4 This was a statute *given of old*  
For Israel *to observe ;*

A law of Jacob's God, *to hold,*  
*From whence they might not swerve.*

5 This he a testimony ordain'd  
In Joseph, *not to change,*

- When as he pass'd through Egypt land;  
The tongue I heard was strange.
- 6 From burden, *and from slavish toil,*  
I set his shoulder free:  
His hands from pots, *and miry soil,*  
Deliver'd were *by me.*
- 7 When trouble did thee sore assail,  
*On me then* didst thou call;  
And I to free thee *did not fail,*  
*And led thee out of thrall.*  
I answer'd thee in thunder deep,  
With clouds encompass'd round  
I tried thee at the water *steep*  
Of Meriba *renown'd.*
- 8 Hear, O my people, *hearken well,*  
I testify to thee,  
*Thou ancient stock of Israel,*  
If thou wilt list to me :
- 9 Throughout the land of thy abode  
No alien god shall be ;  
Nor shalt thou to a foreign god  
In honour bend thy knee.
- 10 I am the Lord thy God, which brought  
Thee out of Egypt land ;  
Ask large enough, and I, *besought,*  
Will grant thy full demand.
- 11 And yet my people would not *hear,*  
*Nor* hearken to my voice,  
And Israel, *whom I loved so dear,*  
Misliked me for his choice.

- 12 Then did I leave them to their will,  
And to their wandering mind;  
Their own conceits they follow'd still,  
Their own devices blind.
- 13 O, that my people would *be wise,*  
*To serve me all their days!*  
And, O, that Israel would *advise*  
*To walk my righteous ways!*
- 14 Then would I soon bring down their foes,  
*That now so proudly rise;*  
And turn my hand against *all those*  
*That are their enemies.*
- 15 Who hate the Lord should *then be fain*  
*To bow to him and bend;*  
But *they, his people should remain;*  
Their time should have no end:
- 16 And he would feed them *from the shock*  
With flour of finest wheat,  
And satisfy them from the rock  
With honey *for their meat.*

## PSALM LXXXII.

- 1 God in the great assembly stands  
*Of kings and lordly states;*  
Among the gods, on both his hands,  
He judges and debates.
- 2 How long will ye pervert the right  
With judgment false and wrong,  
Favouring the wicked *by your might,*  
*Who thence grow bold and strong?*



- 3 Regard the weak and fatherless ;  
    Dispatch the poor man's cause ;  
And raise the man in deep distress  
    By just and equal laws.
- 4 Defend the poor and desolate,  
    And rescue from the hands  
Of wicked men the low estate  
    Of him *that help demands*.
- 5 They know not, nor will understand ;  
    In darkness they walk on ;  
The earth's foundations are all moved,  
    And out of order gone.
- 6 I said that ye were gods, yea, all  
    The sons of God Most High ;
- 7 But ye shall die like men, and fall,  
    As other princes *die*.
- 8 Rise, God ; judge thou the earth *in might*,  
    This *wicked* earth redress ;  
For thou art He who shall by right  
    The nations all possess.

## PSALM LXXXIII.

- 1 BE thou not silent *now at length*,  
    O God ; hold not thy peace ;  
Sit thou not still, O God of *strength*,  
    *We cry, and do not cease*.
- 2 For, lo, thy *furious* foes *now* swell,  
    And storm outrageously ;  
And they that hate thee, *proud and fell*,  
    Exalt their heads full high.

- 3 Against thy people they contrive  
Their plots and counsels deep;  
Them to ensnare they chiefly strive,  
Whom thou dost hide and keep.
- 4 Come, let us cut them off, say they,  
Till they no nation be;  
That Israel's name for ever may  
Be lost in memory.
- 5 For they consult with all their might;  
And all, as one in mind,  
Themselves against thee they unite  
And in firm union bind.
- 6 The tents of Edom, and the brood  
Of *scornful* Ishmael,  
Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,  
*That in the desert dwell;*
- 7 Gebal and Ammon *there conspire,*  
And *hateful* Amalek;  
The Philistines, and they of Tyre,  
*Whose bounds the sea doth check.*
- 8 With them *great* Ashur also bands,  
*And doth confirm the knot:*  
*All these have lent their armed hands*  
To aid the sons of Lot.
- 9 Do to them as to Midian *bold,*  
*That wasted all the coast;*  
To Sisera; and, as is *told,*  
*Thou didst to Jabin's host,*  
*When, at the brook of Kishon old,*  
*They were repulsed and slain,*

- 10 At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd  
As dung upon the plain.
- 11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,  
So let their princes speed;  
As Zeba and Zalmunna *bled*,  
So let their princes *bleed*.
- 12 *For they amidst their pride* have said,  
By right now shall we seize  
God's houses, and *will now invade*  
Their stately palaces.
- 13 My God, O, make them as a wheel;  
*No quiet let them find*;  
Giddy and *restless* let *them reel*,  
Like stubble from the wind.
- 14 As *when an aged wood* takes fire,  
*Which on a sudden strays*;  
The *greedy* flame runs higher and higher,  
Till all the mountains blaze;
- 15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,  
And with thy tempest chase;
- 16 And till they yield thee honour due,  
Lord, fill with shame their face.
- 17 Ashamed and troubled let them be,  
Troubled and shamed for ever;  
Ever confounded, and so die  
With shame, and 'scape it never.
- 18 Then shall they know, that Thou, whose name  
Jehovah is alone,

Art the Most High, *and Thou the same*  
O'er all the earth *art One.*

## PSALM LXXXIV.

- 1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair!  
O Lord of Hosts how dear  
The *pleasant* tabernacles are,  
*Where thou dost dwell so near!*
- 2 My soul doth long, and almost die,  
Thy courts, O Lord, to see;  
My heart and flesh aloud do cry,  
O living God, for thee.
- 3 There ev'n the sparrow, *freed from wrong,*  
Hath found a house of *rest;*  
The swallow there, to lay her young,  
Hath built her *brooding* nest:  
Ev'n by thy altars, Lord of Hosts,  
*They find their safe abode;*  
*And home they fly from round the coasts,*  
*Toward thee, my King, my God.*
- 4 Happy, who in thy house reside,  
Where thee they ever praise!
- 5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,  
And in their hearts thy ways!
- 6 They pass through Baca's *thirsty* vale,  
*That dry and barren ground;*  
As through a fruitful, watery dale,  
Where springs and showers abound.
- 7 They journey on from strength to strength  
*With joy and gladsome cheer,*

- Till* all before *our* God *at length*  
 In Zion do appear.
- 8 Lord God of Hosts, hear *now* my prayer;  
 O Jacob's God, give ear;
- 9 Thou God, our shield, look on the face  
 Of thy anointed *dear*:
- 10 For one day in thy courts *to be*,  
 Is better, *and more blest*,  
 Than *in the joys of vanity*  
 A thousand days *at best*.
- I, in the temple of my God,  
 Had rather keep a door;  
 Than dwell in tents, *and rich abode*,  
 With sin *for evermore*.
- 11 For God the Lord, both sun and shield,  
 Gives grace and glory *bright*;  
 No good from them shall be withheld  
 Whose ways are just and right.
- 12 Lord *God* of Hosts, *that reign'st on high*,  
 That man is *truly* blest,  
 Who *only* on thee doth rely,  
 And in thee only rest.

## PSALM LXXXV.

- 1 THY land to favour graciously  
 Thou hast not, Lord, been slack;  
 Thou hast from *hard* captivity  
 Returned Jacob back:
- 2 The iniquity thou didst forgive  
*That wrought* thy people woe;

- And all their sin, *that did thee grieve,*  
Hast hid *where none shall know.*
- 3 Thine anger all thou hadst removed,  
And *calmly* didst return  
From thy fierce wrath, which we had proved  
Far worse than fire to burn.
- 4 God of our saving health and peace,  
Turn us, and us restore;  
Thine indignation cause to cease  
Toward us, *and chide no more.*
- 5 Wilt thou be angry without end  
For ever angry thus?  
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend  
From age to age on us?
- 6 Wilt thou not turn, and *hear our voice,*  
And us again revive;  
That so thy people may rejoice,  
By thee preserved alive?
- 7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord;  
To us thy mercy show;  
Thy saving health to us afford,  
*And life in us renew.*
- 8 *And now,* what God the Lord will speak,  
I will *go straight and* hear;  
For to his people he speaks peace,  
And to his saints *full dear,*  
To his dear saints, he will speak peace;  
But let them never more  
Return to folly, but *surcease*  
*To trespass as before.*

- 9 Surely, to such as do him fear,  
 Salvation is at hand;  
 And glory shall *ere long appear*  
 To dwell within our land.
- 10 Mercy and Truth, *that long were miss'd,*  
 Now *joyfully* are met;  
 Sweet Peace and righteousness have kiss'd,  
 And *hand in hand* are set.
- 11 Truth from the earth, *like to a flower,*  
 Shall bud and blossom *then;*  
 And Justice, from her heavenly bower,  
 Look down *on mortal men.*
- 12 The Lord will also then bestow  
 Whatever thing is good;  
 Our land shall forth in plenty throw  
 Her fruits *to be our food.*
- 13 Before him Righteousness shall go,  
*His royal harbinger:*  
 Then will he come, and not be slow;  
 His footsteps cannot err.

## PSALM LXXXVI.

- 1 **THY** *gracious* ear, O Lord, incline;  
 O hear me, *I thee pray;*  
 For I am poor, and almost pine  
 With need, *and sad decay.*
- 2 Preserve my soul; for I have trod  
 Thy ways, and love the just:  
 Save thou thy servant, O my God,  
 Who *still* in thee doth trust.

- 3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee  
I call; 4. O, make rejoice  
Thy servant's soul; for, Lord, to thee  
I lift my soul *and voice*:
- 5 For thou art good; thou, Lord, art prone  
To pardon; thou to all  
Art full of mercy, thou *alone*,  
To them that on thee call.
- 6 Unto my supplication, Lord,  
Give ear, and to the cry  
Of my *incessant* prayers afford  
Thy hearing graciously.
- 7 I, in the day of my distress,  
Will call on thee *for aid*;  
For thou wilt *grant me free access*,  
*And answer what I pray'd*.
- 8 Like thee among the gods is none,  
O Lord; nor any works,  
*Of all that other gods have done*,  
Like to thy *glorious* works.
- 9 The nations all whom thou hast made  
Shall come, *and all shall frame*  
To bow them low before thee, Lord,  
And glorify thy name:
- 10 For great thou art, and wonders great  
By thy strong hand are done:  
Thou, *in thy everlasting seat*,  
Remainest God alone.



- 11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *most right*;  
I in thy truth will bide;  
To fear thy name my heart unite;  
*So shall it never slide.*
- 12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,  
*Thee honour and adore*  
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad  
Thy name for evermore.
- 13 For great thy mercy is toward me,  
And thou hast freed my soul,  
Ev'n from the lowest hell set free,  
*From deepest darkness foul.*
- 14 O God, the proud against me rise,  
And violent men are met  
To seek my life, and in their eyes  
No fear of thee have set.
- 15 But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,  
Radiest thy grace to show,  
Slow to be angry, and *art styled*  
Most merciful, most true.
- 16 O, turn to me *thy face at length*,  
And me have mercy on;  
Unto thy servant give thy strength,  
And save thy handmaid's son.
- 17 Some sign of good to me afford,  
And let my foes *then* see,  
And be ashamed; because thou, Lord,  
Dost help and comfort me.

## PSALM LXXXVII.

- 1 AMONG the holy mountains *high*  
Is his foundation fast;  
*There seated is his sanctuary;*  
*His temple there is placed.*
- 2 Sion's *fair* gates the Lord loves more  
Than all the dwellings *fair*  
Of Jacob's *land, though there be store,*  
*And all within his care.*
- 3 City of God, most glorious things  
Of thee *abroad* are spoke;
- 4 I mention Egypt, *where proud kings*  
*Did our forefathers yoke.*  
I mention Babel to my friends,  
*Philistia full of scorn;*  
And Tyre, with Ethiop's *utmost ends:*  
Lo, this man there was born:
- 5 But *twice that praise shall in our ear*  
Be said of Sion *last;*  
This and this man was born in her;  
High God shall fix her fast.
- 6 The Lord shall write it in a scroll  
That ne'er shall be outworn,  
When he the nations doth inroll;  
That this man there was born.
- 7 Both they who sing, and they who dance,  
*With sacred songs, are there;*  
In thee *fresh brooks and soft streams glance,*  
*And all my fountains clear.*

## PSALM LXXXVII.

- 1 LORD GOD, that dost me save and keep,  
All day to thee I cry;  
And all night long before thee *weep*,  
Before thee *prostrate lie*.
- 2 Into thy presence let my prayer  
*With sighs devout ascend*;  
And to my cries that *ceaseless are*,  
Thine ear with favour bend.
- 3 For, cloy'd with woes and trouble store,  
Surcharged my soul doth lie;  
My life, at *Death's uncheerful door*,  
Unto the grave draws nigh.
- 4 Reckon'd I am with them that pass  
Down to the *dismal pit*:  
I am a man; but weak, alas!  
And for that name unfit.
- 5 From life discharged, and parted quite  
Among the dead to *sleep*;  
And like the slain in *bloody fight*,  
That in the grave lie *deep*.  
Whom thou rememberest no more,  
Dost never more regard;  
Them, from thy hand deliver'd o'er,  
*Death's hideous house hath barr'd*.
- 6 Thou in the lowest pit *profound*  
Hast set me *all forlorn*,  
Where thickest darkness *hovers round*,  
In horrid deeps to *mourn*.

- 7 Thy wrath, *from which no shelter saves,*  
Full sore doth press on me;  
Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,  
And all thy waves break me.
- 8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,  
And makest me odious,  
Me to them odious, *for they change,*  
And I here pent up thus.
- 9 Through sorrow and affliction great,  
Mine eyes grow dim and dead;  
Lord, all the day I thee entreat,  
My hands to thee I spread.
- 10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead?  
Shall the deceased arise,  
And praise thee *from their loathsome bed*  
*With pale and hollow eyes?*
- 11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell,  
On whom the grave *hath hold?*  
Or they, who in perdition  *dwell,*  
Thy faithfulness *unfold?*
- 12 In darkness can thy mighty  *hand*  
*Or wondrous acts be known?*  
Thy justice in the  *gloomy land*  
*Of dark oblivion?*
- 13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,  
*Ere yet my life be spent;*  
And  *up to thee my prayer doth hie,*  
Each morn, and thee prevent.
- 14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake,  
And hide thy face from me,

- 15 That am already bruised, and shake  
 With terror sent from thee?  
 Bruised, and afflicted, and *so low*  
 As ready to expire;  
 While I thy terrors undergo,  
 Astonished with thine ire.
- 16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow;  
 Thy threatenings cut me through;
- 17 All day they round about me go;  
 Like waves they me pursue.
- 18 Lover and friend thou hast remov'd,  
 And sever'd from me far:  
 They *fly me now* whom I have loved,  
 And as in darkness are.

## A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV.

This and the following Psalm were done by the author at  
 fifteen years old.

WHEN the blest seed of Terah's faithful son,  
 After long toil, their liberty had won;  
 And pass'd from Pharian fields to Canaan land,  
 Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand;  
 Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,  
 His praise and glory were in Israel known.  
 That saw the troubled sea, and shivering fled,  
 And sought to hide his froth-becurled head  
 Low in the earth; Jordan's clear streams recoil,  
 As a faint host that hath received the foil.  
 The high huge bellied mountains skip, like rams  
 Amongst their ewes; the little hills, like lambs.

Why fled the ocean? And why skipt the mountains?

Why turned Jordan toward his crystal fountains?  
Shake, Earth; and at the presence be aghast  
Of Him that ever was, and aye shall last;  
That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,  
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush!

PSALM CXXXVI.

LET us, with a gladsome mind,  
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;  
For his mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his name abroad,  
For of gods he is the God:  
For his, &c.

O, let us his praises tell,  
Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell:  
For his, &c.

Who, with his miracles, doth make  
Amazed heaven and earth to shake:  
For his, &c.

Who, by his wisdom, did create  
The painted heavens so full of state:  
For his, &c.

Who did the solid earth ordain  
To rise above the watery plain:  
For his, &c.

Who, by his all-commanding might,  
Did fill the new-made world with light :

For his, &c.

And caused the golden-tressed sun  
All the day long his course to run :

For his, &c.

The horned moon to shine by night,  
Amongst her spangled sisters bright :

For his, &c.

He, with his thunder-clasping hand,  
Smote the first-born of Egypt land :

For his, &c.

And, in despite of Pharaoh fell,  
He brought from thence his Israel :

For his, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain  
Of the Erythræan main :

For his, &c.

The floods stood still, like walls of glass,  
While the Hebrew bands did pass :

For his, &c.

But full soon they did devour  
The tawny king with all his power :

For his, &c.

His chosen people he did bless  
In the wasteful wilderness :

For his, &c.

In bloody battle he brought down  
Kings of prowess and renown :

For his, &c.

He foil'd bold Seon and his host,  
That ruled the Amorrean coast :

For his, &c.

And large-limb'd Og he did subdue,  
With all his over-hardy crew :

For his, &c.

And, to his servant Israel,  
He gave their land therein to dwell :

For his, &c.

He hath, with a piteous eye,  
Beheld us in our misery :

For his, &c.

And freed us from the slavery  
Of the invading enemy :

For his, &c.

All living creatures he doth feed,  
And with full hand supplies their need :

For his, &c.

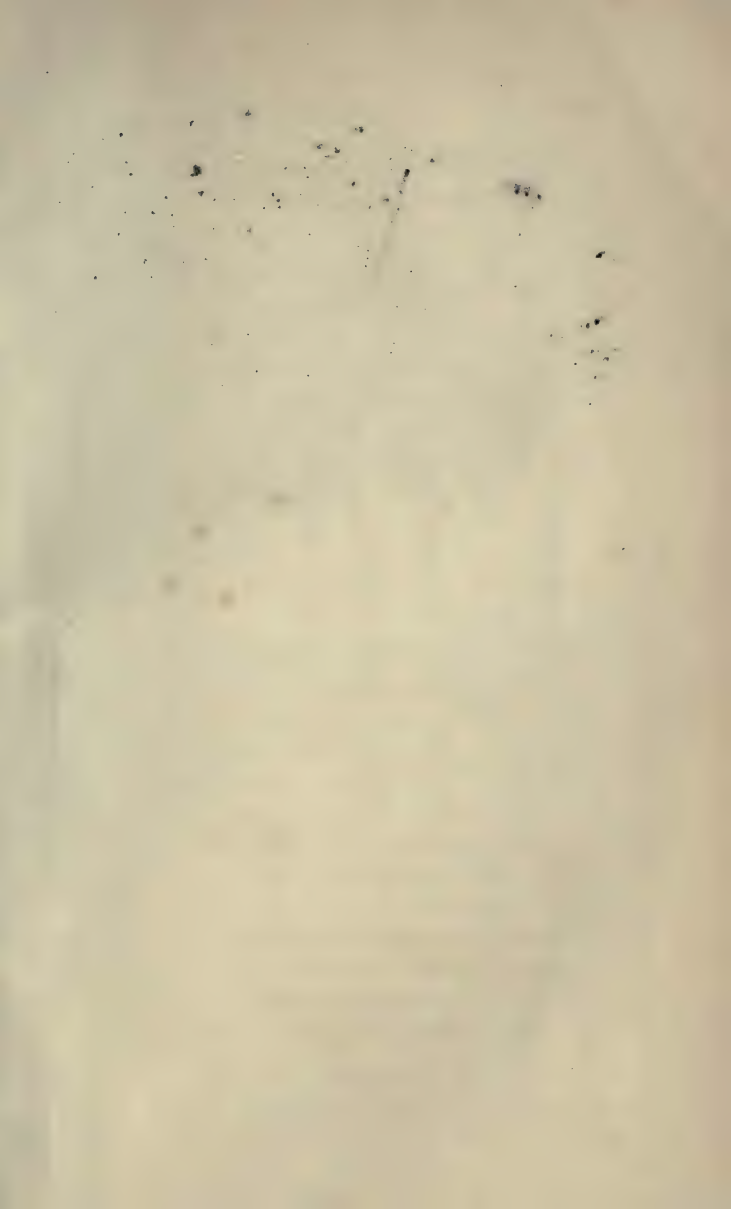
Let us therefore warble forth  
His mighty majesty and worth :

For his, &c.

That his mansion hath on high  
Above the reach of mortal eye :

For his mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.





Amidst the Neesperian gardens, on whose bank  
Bedew'd with nectar and celestial songs  
Eternal roses grew and hyacinth,  
And fruits of golden rind, on whose fair tree  
The scaly-horned dragon ever keeps  
His unenchanted eye; around the verge  
And sacred limits of this blissful isle  
The jealous ocean, that old river, winds  
His far extended arms, till with steep fall  
Half his waste flood 'tis wild Atlantic fill  
And half the slow unfortun'd Stygian pool  
I doubt not, gentle spirits, thus easy  
Strange distances to hear, and ~~unknown~~ <sup>unknown</sup> clear  
But soft, I was not sent to cure your wonder  
With distant worlds and strange removed  
Yet thence I come, and oft from thence <sup>clime</sup>  
The smoke and stir of this low- <sup>behold</sup> thoughted  
care.



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